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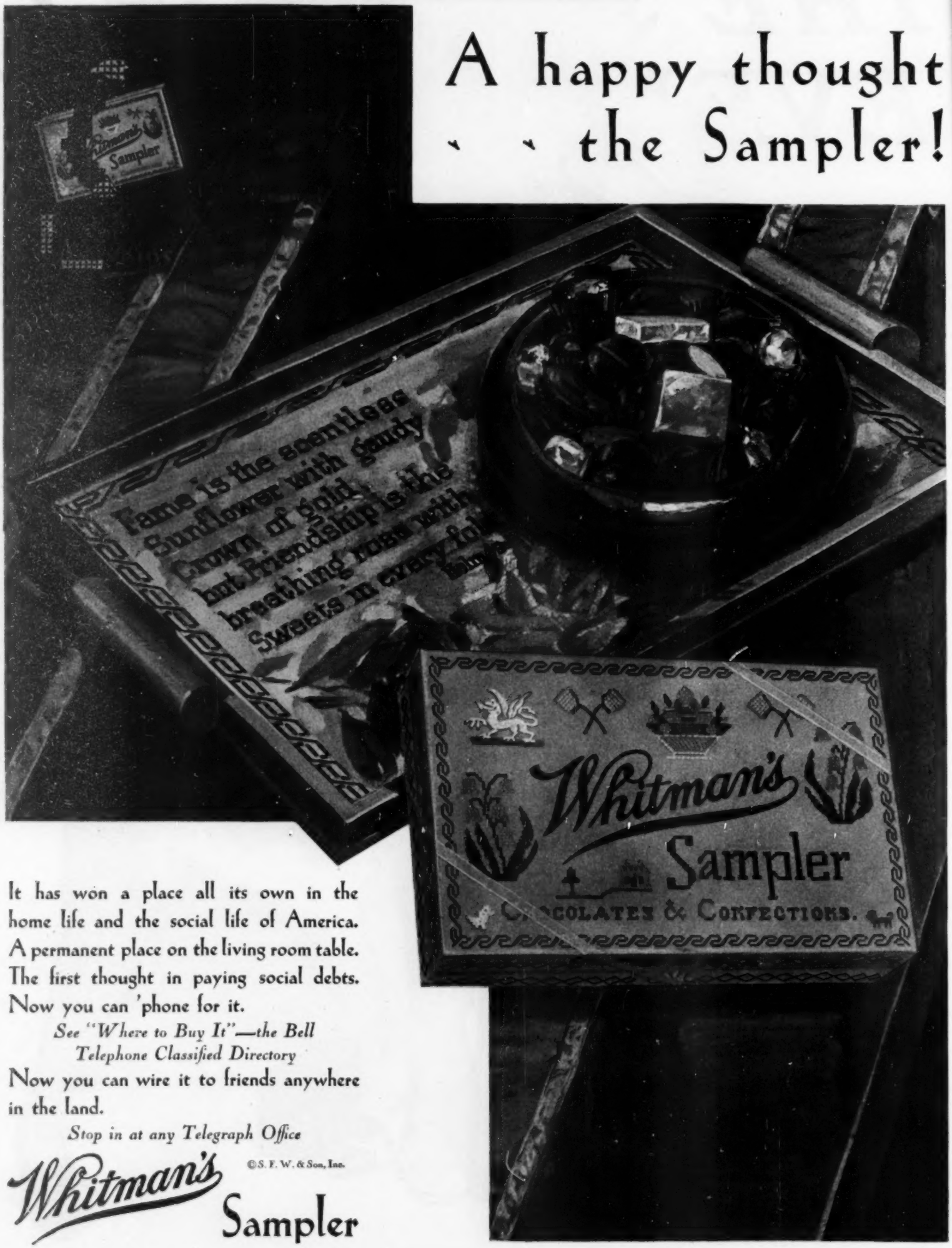

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BRITAIN TURNS TO TARIFF

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE by one the cherished bulwarks of Britain which for generations have been her shield and strength are going by the board. In the World War the Zeppelin and the submarine shattered the security of insularity. The sea is no longer the traditional defense of the tight little island. Another historic change, this time involving the economic integrity of the nation and with it the commercial cohesion of the empire, is in the making.

For the first time in more than a century the British are turning to protection. Nor is it the type of war-born tariff expediency devised to save cargo space and bolster exchange, or the temporary safeguarding of key industries such as was set up when dislocated Europe concentrated on reconstruction. Rather is it a clear-cut and therefore epochal reversal of political belief that menaces the citadel of what was believed to be a rock-ribbed faith. "Free trade within the empire and protection without" is the formula crystallizing for relief from the business predicament in which John Bull has found himself since the Armistice. Reluctantly he has come to the conclusion that he cannot afford the luxury of free trade at a time when the rest of the universe, the United States in particular, is intrenched behind tariff walls.

A Gigantic Merger

IT IS not reprisal in the sense that the Continent is welding a customs union under the ægis of a United States of Europe. It is a step in economic self-preservation. In a larger sense, free trade for Britain has practically meant free imports. Our latest tariff maneuver has played directly into the hands of the United Kingdom protectionists. No longer do the great mass of the people see protection as a nostrum. The one-time die-hard free trader, from hard-boiled London banker and merchant to the humble hop grower in Kent, envisages an era of rigid customs barriers as the only way out of the slough of economic despair.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO, LONDON

A Crowd Outside a London Employment Exchange for Work or Dole

On one hand it means, if consummated, a gigantic merger, enjoying the widest tariff privileges, projected in terms of dominions and colonies, with Britain as chairman of the board. On the other, it sets up a tariff program against the rest of the globe which will wipe out still another decades-old slogan embodied in the phrase, "No tariff on food." For generations no British political party dared to raise this issue, because it aimed at an ingrained prejudice and spelled defeat. Today it is a light amid the encircling gloom. To such an extent is the British mind shifting. When you consider that exactly 44 per cent of our exports go to the British Empire, you realize that we are not altogether disinterested bystanders in the chain of events which make Britain a subject for timely analysis.

Such is the outstanding fact in any survey of the British situation. A political issue is raised in 100-per-cent economic terms. It is not the kind of capitalization-of-material problem for selfish nationalistic purpose, such as dogged and defeated European reconstruction after 1918, in which reparations were only one instance. It represents the heroic attempt—a sort of eleventh-hour national sortie—of a sorely pressed people to solve the problems of lost trade and unemployment. With overseas commerce slipping at the rate of £8,000,000 a month—this was the figure for June—and with the roster of the idle of 1,993,500—the record for the first week of July—Britain, at the time I write, is at the crossroads of her destiny.

A Political Tangle

NO LESS distracting is the political picture. A minority government, natural result of the three-party system, shies at a showdown on the vital tariff problem which has overshadowed every other issue—even India. No party seeks an immediate election, despite the fact that on a parliamentary division in mid-July the Labor Government kept its tenure of office by only three votes. A new political entity—the United Empire Party—the creation of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere, whose first breath of life was injected by the bellows of vast newspaper circulation, lies in the offing to advance the protection cause when the electoral lines are formed. Logically allied with the Conservative Party and temporarily operating under its wing, it has already won one by-election and influenced two others.

Britain faces complexity at every turn. The most drastic taxation imposed in a decade sterilizes purchasing power and stifles industrial initiative. Cotton, steel and shipping—the triumvirate that once made for economic might—are in the dumps; shipping is almost stagnant. Rubber is at the lowest price ever known. Abroad, as at home, the caldron simmers. The fate of India is at stake. Egypt flames with revolt. No wonder an eminent Britisher, a convert to protection, remarked to me, "We are willing to grasp at anything to help us out of the hole." That "anything" is being increasingly construed as empire free trade and protection.

Yet this desperate remedy for the desperate disease has no guaranty of complete consummation so far as the empire end is concerned. In the first place, the dominions have not been officially consulted. Most of them, Canada in particular, have their infant

industries to protect. There can be no laying of the cards on the table until the Imperial Conference meets this autumn. Although Labor is divided on the subject—Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, heads the uncompromising old-line free-trade wing—the issue cannot be frowned down.

Whatever the outcome, one conclusion is certain. The British economic and political consciousness is turning from the fetish of free trade. It may be camouflaged as imperial economic unity, which takes the curse off the defection to out-and-out protection, but, by any other name, it will inevitably mean a drastic overhauling of the fiscal machine. The burden of dole, debt and depression has reached the point where, let me repeat, all tradition to the contrary, self-preservation dictates a radical departure. The very foundations of national prosperity are endangered.

Fully to comprehend the expanding British mood for protection, we must briefly probe the beginnings and consequences of free trade. The average American is so apt to regard Britain and free trade as synonymous that he scarcely realizes that any other alignment obtains. Such is not the case.

If you turn back for a moment to the period immediately following the close of the Napoleonic wars, you will find that then, as after every other great conflict, depression ruled. The antidote has always been the tariff. The tax on blood, so to speak, is usually followed by the tax on food. In those days Britain was preëminently an agricultural country and it was deemed necessary to protect her farmers. Hence the enactment in 1815 of the notorious corn laws which opened an era in British economics. They were also responsible for one of the most dismal epochs that the kingdom has experienced. Under the act, the importation of foreign corn was practically forbidden.

Philip Snowden, Britain's Iron Chancellor of the Exchequer

The corn laws, which have frequently been called "the keystone in the arch of protection," did anything but protect the British pocketbook. Food became dearer instead of cheaper. As the decades after Waterloo widened, Britain lost her fat. Starvation stalked about. The period known as the hungry forties did not belie its name. It was the time of the great famine in Ireland.

Protection Sleeping, Not Dead

FREE trade brought relief and with it a great span of prosperity for Britain. In 1838 the Anti-Corn-Law League was formed in Manchester, always the seat of liberal thought. To its ranks came Richard Cobden, whose name is forever linked with what was even then termed the new economic freedom. Free traders, to be sure, had preceded him, because the school goes back to Adam Smith and the Wealth of Nations. It was the kindling logic and eloquence of Cobden, reënforced by the no-less-persuasive powers of John Bright, that sold Peel on the proposition and brought about the repeal of the corn laws in 1846. The capstone was placed by Disraeli with his famous remark that protection was "dead and damned."

But, as present-day Britain has discovered, protection was not dead but sleeping. With the birth of imperialism in the eighties and the dawn of imperial preference in the nineties, the protectionists' agitation flared again with "tariff reform" as the cry and Joseph Chamberlain as chief protagonist. Succeeding budgets in turn swept away all traces of protective and preferential duties. By the end of the nineteenth century the Cobdenites ruled an undisputed field. It was not until the World War that protection again lifted its head in Britain to any appreciable extent, and then only as an emergency measure.

The antiprotectionists have always had one effective argument. Great Britain imports more than half of what she eats. Eternally there has arisen the nightmare of dearer food. Hence that slogan, "No tax on foodstuffs." Moreover, only one-twentieth of the British people live by cultivating the soil. "Check the channels of free trade and you get a surplus of industrial workers," was the incessant refrain. Free trade persevered, yet a surplus of industrial workers developed, as the costly toll of the dole shows. The present parting of the ways is the result.

This seems to be the logical place to inject the chronology of such protection as Britain reared during and after the World War, not only because it represents the first definite breach in free trade but because its inadequacies have given the empire free-trade-tariff group one of its strongest selling points.

During the half century prior to 1914, the British tariff system was somewhat akin to our Democratic conception, in that it was raised for revenue only. In 1915 came the McKenna duties, so named because Reginald McKenna was Chancellor of the Exchequer. They placed a 33⅓ per cent duty on imported motor cars, musical instruments, clocks, watches and motion-picture films. As I have already intimated, they were created largely to conserve shipping space and to relieve pressure on foreign exchange. The McKenna duties were repealed by Snowden, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, when the first Labor Government went into office, in 1924, but were restored directly the Conservatives came back into power. The natural expectation was that Snowden would again cancel them with the Labor comeback. Instead, he permitted them to remain because the government needs the money badly. Snowden did, however, repeal the duties on lace, while the duties on cutlery, gloves and gas mantles will expire on December twenty-first.

PHOTOS. SUPPLIED BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, LONDON

An Unemployment Demonstration in London

These last-mentioned duties were imposed under the so-called Safeguarding of Industries Act. They set up a 50 per cent ad valorem tariff on optical glass and instruments, and a 33⅓ per cent duty on scientific glassware, laboratory porcelain, scientific instruments, instruments of precision, certain rare compounds and synthetic organic chemicals. Other items safeguarded include embroidery, buttons, packing and wrapping paper. The safeguarding measure also carried an antidumping section. British dyes are protected under the dyestuffs regulation bill which antedated the safeguarding measure and established the British Dyestuffs Corporation. The tea duty was repealed in the Churchill budget of 1929.

The only other noteworthy addition to the protective tariff was made by Winston Churchill in his farewell budget when he clamped down a duty of 33⅓ per cent on certain articles made of silk and artificial silk. This tariff has become the terror of the British tourist to the Continent. The channel ports now resemble New York in the kinship of frustrated smuggling and excessive fines.

The big fact to emphasize here is that despite these duties Britain has remained, for all practical purposes, a free-trade country. Top-heavy cost of production within the island confines, restriction of output due to trade-union domination, and a lost will to work have enabled foreign goods to scale such tariff hurdles as exist and compete successfully in the home market. The chronic unfavorable balance of trade tells the whole tale.

Mass Production Shatters Dreams

WE NOW reach the crux of the existing impasse. Once more it is necessary to take a brief backward look, this time to link the age of Peel with that of MacDonald and Snowden.

Cobden's idea of free trade was the natural conception of the productive times in which he lived. It was based on what might be termed the universal division of labor—a beautiful, if Utopian, vision. As more than one economist has pointed out, those early free traders assumed that providence endowed each nation with a special fitness for producing different kinds of goods. Each, in turn, would make what it was best suited to turn out, and production therefore would so neatly balance that there would be a happy exchange with employment for everybody.

They also assumed, in the words of a well-known British authority, "that if we went on pointing out this fortunate truth long enough to the benighted foreigners they would, in due course, all be converted and free trade become universal."

But Cobden, seer and thinker though he was, did not foresee that the America he twice visited—the first trip stimulated his initial free-trade campaign—would arise as the vast dynamo of modern industry planting its products wherever the trade winds blew. He could not comprehend in that far-away day the miracle of mass output that would change the face of international economy. He did not dream of a world conflict whose aftermath would stimulate the mightiest of all efforts for reconstruction and make tariffs an instrument no less potent in bloodless effect than the actual weapons of war.

Here, then, is the other side of that idealistic free-trade picture, which brings us to the present British situation. I continue the quotation that I began a moment ago:

"Instead of free trade winning the world over, one industrial country after another has raised a high tariff wall against our goods, and has then, aided by a protected home market, dumped its surplus products into Great Britain or into the markets in which Britain is trying to sell. Foreign industries have been rationalized and cartelized behind high tariff walls, and have thus stolen a march in organization upon our own.

"Moreover, the assumption on which we set out a century ago to preach free trade to the world simply is not true today. So far from the leading industrial countries having special aptitudes to produce different things, they have more and more, under modern technical conditions, an aptitude for producing the same things. Competition, instead of mutually advantageous exchange, therefore comes to be the chief feature of their commercial relationships.

"The great producing industries are largely the same in all the advanced countries. Steel, ships, machines, cotton goods, woolen goods and the rest of our staple products are the staples of France and Germany, too, and even largely of the United States. But as soon as this is admitted the theoretical case for free trade falls to the ground. These are the industries by which we must live, exporting their products in exchange for foodstuffs and raw materials which are vital to our existence."

The Glory of the Past

BEHIND what I have just quoted lies the glory of the British industrial past and the reason for her precarious present. In the Victorian era, and well up to the outbreak of the World War, Britain was the workshop of the world. She made the age of coal her own and the sea her particular domain. Her ships went forth laden with coal and merchandise, and they brought back raw materials. They had cargoes both ways. Her industry was built throughout the nineteenth century upon the foundation of an essential export market. Then, as now, 30 per cent of her products had to be sold overseas. In some specialized lines, such as cotton piece cloths, the percentage was more than double. London was the international center and the pound sterling ruled the money roost. British wealth was proverbial. Its surplus helped to build the American railroads as well as those in Argentina and elsewhere. That fine old phrase—the British ironmaster—was synonymous with riches, while Lancashire cotton stewardship meant opulence. The income tax was sixpence to the pound and death duties were trifling. In a word, British goods, British workmen and British trade methods challenged the universe.

Today, as few people need now be told, almost the exact reverse obtains. Practically every belligerent power in

PHOTOS, BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, LONDON

J. H. Thomas, Minister for the Dominions, Who Will Preside Over the Imperial Conference

Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England (Center) With Two of His Secretaries

DAILY EXPRESS PHOTO.

Lord Beaverbrook Addressing an Empire Free-Trade Meeting in North Norfolk

the World War has got back to fairly normal conditions save only Britain. You have France with the second largest gold reserve in the world, with no unemployment, and more prosperous than ever before; Germany, despite the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar and Upper Silesia and the burden of reparations payments, not only getting back to her old place in shipping but to second place in the markets of the globe; Italy galvanized by the gospel of expanding output. Why has Britain lagged in the international economic procession?

During the first period of British postwar depression, two contributory factors gave the apologists for conditions at home something to talk about. One was the orgy of strikes, notably the four upheavals projected by the coal miners, the last of which precipitated the general strike and alone cost the country £300,000,000. The other was the depreciated spending power of the rest of the world, the United States excepted. Both of these causes have largely disappeared. The new labor deal in Britain, instigated by the Mond-Turner discussions, has brought about an era of industrial peace. A strike in the British Isles is now a rarity. A recuperated world, operating on stabilized currencies, is getting back to purchasing normalcy.

At the root of the British trouble lies the unemployment deadlock. Most Americans are familiar with the fact, but few comprehend the underlying causes. We are not entirely unacquainted with the phenomenon of the idle in our midst. In the United States, however, it is, happily, a sporadic phase, and the by-product of those ever-widening cycles of panic and prosperity.

With Britain you have an entirely different story. For exactly a decade the problem of the unemployed has baffled every attempt to solve it. Instead of improving, it has grown worse. Since the beginning of this year the dole demands have steadily increased until the unemployment registers at the end of the second week in July recorded 1,993,500, which is the largest total since 1922. It is 789,254 higher than for the corresponding period last year. There is every indication that before spring rolls around a possible record of 2,500,000 will have been set up. Including cost of administration and other disbursements, this idleness had cost the stupendous total of nearly £600,000,000—or, roughly, $3,000,000,000—up to July 1, 1930.

The Drain of the Mounting Dole

EVERY out-of-work man over twenty-one years of age receives seventeen shillings per week unemployment pay. If he is married, he gets an additional nine shillings in respect of his wife and two shillings for each child under fourteen. Women receive fifteen shillings each. If they are widows with children, the dole is two shillings for each child. More than 200,000 women are on the registers.

The unemployment fund is overdrawn to the extent of £43,000,000, which represents the amount paid out in excess of the total contributions by employers, workers and the state. Expenditure has been exceeding income at the rate of £450,000 a week.

On July nineteenth Miss Bondfield, the Minister of Labor, asked Parliament for another £10,000,000 loan—the £50,000,000 borrowing power of the unemployment-insurance fund had been exhausted—from the Treasury to enable unemployment benefits to be paid. It is like pouring money into a bottomless pit.

Obviously, this subsidized unproductivity cannot go on forever, nor can the malady be cured without discovering

(Continued on Page 163)

ROMANCE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

IF EVER you should mislay a spinster who is well-to-do and in the fifties, or if ever you should be compelled to find a missing widow with the same qualifications, look for her in Rome. She will be occupying an apartment, probably in the Ludovici Quarter, and living, as the saying goes, the life of Riley. She will know everybody and everything. The politics of the Vatican and the Quirinal will be an open book to her, and her comparisons between Italian and American servants will be lengthy, detailed and illuminating.

Probably she will know a cardinal; certainly she will have in a marquis to tea. She will have a pet charity, and she will visit, frequently, the American Academy, where she will select some young artist to patronize, and he will pay for the patronage by running errands and listening to the heavy-handed innuendos of his fellows.

She will carry on feuds with other spinsters and widows, and will establish a peculiarly close and constant friendship with the one she hates most bitterly. She will know about food and the latest excavation and the ripest scandal. She will live wonderfully economically, and because she has little or no occupation, will be delighted to bury herself with your affairs, if you permit. In short, she is in Paradise, and very happy, and you will do well to look her up when you visit the City of the Seven Hills, for she will do you good.

Miss Janet Adams was such a spinster, age fifty-five, weight one hundred and sixty pounds, but it was not a rotund and chubby weight; it was a square, craggy and determined weight. Mr. Tom Jenner was an art student, laboring in the American Academy, the most recent winner of the Prix de Rome, and architecture was his father, mother, cousins, sweetheart and joy. As for the girl, she had not yet appeared upon the scene, but the ordinary gossip would have told you that the less said about her the better, and that boys would be boys, and do not place your fingers near the buzz saw. In which, gossip might be right and might be wrong, but it would be interesting to investigate.

"I Myself Have Seen Him With Her of Afternoons. The Boy is Mad. A Russian Dancer! Everybody Knows What That Means! Who is She?"

The ocean is a remarkable body of water. If you remain on this side of it, evil is evil, to be naughty is to be naughty, and black is black. If you cross it, naughtiness is likely to become romance, moral turpitude becomes amiable and understandable, and black is gray, or even amber, or carnelian, or a delicious vermilion. So much for the chemical action of three thousand miles of salt water upon the conscience.

It is merely said by the way, as *obiter dictum*, and to explain in a measure the glamour which vibrates about certain young women in Europe who might find their way into night court in New York.

Whether or not Nadja was this or that remains to be disclosed, but in either event, she was an engrossing person, vivid as an orchid, so beautiful you couldn't believe she was good, with a voice that made you want to laugh or cry or seize her in your arms and rush away to a tropical desert island, and with a body whose grace was not grace but a magic learned, perhaps, from Calypso. Nadja did not dance; she was wafted about by the music.

Tom Jenner and Miss Adams saw her on a Wednesday night. Miss Adams had been early on the ground when a new quota of students came over to the academy, and Tom, by right of person and manners and family, being easily the choice of the lot, she chose him immediately; kidnaping him, in effect, before any of her compatriots could lay hands upon him. Quite unconsciously, being lonely and strange among strangers, he found himself to be the property of this kindly, determined, terse, masterful woman.

She was proud of him. Art students, as run-of-mine, are rather grubby persons, dressing for breakfast in Bohemia. Which is another way of saying they are too lazy to press their trousers. But Tom Jenner dressed as a young gentleman should, because he came of a family of gentlemen and ladies, and because he had gone to the right school, and because he had been reared in an atmosphere and a circle which was so accustomed to its wealth and its social eminence that it was quite unconscious of it. It was not so much that Tom knew just what to do, as it was that generations of doing it made it a sort of reflex action with him. Besides which, he was intelligent, talented, knew where he was going, and why, and in twenty years would be the most distinguished architect in Boston. Which was his right as a member of his clan.

When Janet Adams, who belonged to a clan herself, was assured of his identity, that settled matters.

"Young man," she said tersely, "I commend you. Without necessity, you take up a career seriously."

"The men of my family," said Tom, "always work."

"Fine tradition. I approve. Dinner will be at 9:30."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I dine early," said Miss Adams, with a snap of her square jaws which said that Rome might set whatever dinner hour it chose, but she would take food when she desired. And Rome does dine at outlandish hours. You find yourself at tea when less civilized and effete centers are at dinner. You start for the theater at an hour when other performances are drawing to a close. Morning may not be said to exist in this capital, socially; afternoon barely is tolerated; the tea hour commences the correct day.

"You are asking me to dine with you, Miss Adams?"

"You certainly are not deaf."

"But, Miss Adams, you did not name an evening."

"Not Miss Adams! Miss Janet! This evening."

"Thank you, Miss Janet. At 9:30."

"Don't be a parrot. I said 9:30. You do not have to check me back as if I were an invoice. Nine-thirty."

"Mother will be grateful. I'm writing her this afternoon."

"I'm grateful to your mother," said Miss Janet. "She might have had a daughter."

Tom betrayed no flicker of a smile, though Miss Janet's sharp eyes scrutinized his face to detect such a weakness. It was her way of laying a trap. He escaped it, though he was formulating in his mind a letter to his mother descriptive of this blunt spinster, and of the fix the Jenner family would have found itself in had he been born Mary instead of Tom.

"Have you a car?" she asked.

"No."

"Why?"

"I wanted the experience of living as an art student. And it might—well, you see, it might seem like putting on dog."

"Good," said Miss Janet, "but silly. I'll send my car for you."

"Please, no," said Tom, and he said it rather firmly, so that she understood, and her respect for him climbed. She was not accustomed to being opposed, but she liked those who dared it.

"You know the ambassador?"

"Yes. But I asked dad to write him to lay off me. I—well, you see, I want the other fellows here to—give me a square deal."

"Smart," she said, "but idiotic. Enjoy the best you can get. Plenty of the worst to be had. Idiotic."

"Nevertheless ——" he said, and smiled charmingly.

"My guests are prompt," said Miss Janet.

"I shall be promptest of all," he said as he escorted her to her car. "And thank you again."

"Home," said Miss Janet to her chauffeur. And then: "Nice boy."

"Yes, madam."

"I was stating," said Miss Janet, "not asking you to agree."

"Yes, madam," said the chauffeur.

It was two evenings later that Tom Jenner made one of a party to occupy a bare box in the theater called the Salone Margherita. Rome has no Broadway; she is not a theater-going city and her places of amusement are few, scattered and primitive, and it is a difficult city for strangers who desire an evening of innocent amusement. Or not innocent, for that matter—to an outlander.

A Russian company occupied the Salone in one of those swift, confused, delightful entertainments made familiar to America by the Chauve Souris, and in the third number Tom Jenner saw Nadja. Back Bay confronted the Magic Isle! When Tom's eyes rested upon her, he did rather more than see her; the sight of her seemed to explode inside his conservative head. It was not that she was exquisite, not the perfection of her exotic art, not the lure of the music of her body in motion, or the jewels of her voice. It was Nadja. The sum total of her, plus an imponderable emanation which was glamour itself, was more than Beacon Street could endure with equanimity. She was impossible, out of a dream. To a Hotchkiss boy who had roamed the more rarefied heights of Harvard and spoken with Cabots and Lodges, she represented everything against which his race, through generations, had erected a rampart of inhibitions. Inhibitions, when they take fire, are highly inflammable. Tom Jenner found himself a conflagration to be likened only to a Vesuvian eruption. If ever you have passed Stromboli at night, on your way to the golden island of Sicily, and if that incredible cone, rising sheer from the sea, has become for you a miracle of volcanic fires, then you may understand in some degree what happened to Tom.

As a good Bostonian should, he sat erect in his chair, his face lighted by courteous interest in the performance, and suffered almost as much from fear lest he betray his state of mind as he did from the glorious torture of that state of mind itself.

In the intermission Miss Janet addressed him. "Did you notice that girl, Mr. Jenner?"

"What girl, Miss Janet?" he asked.

"Oh, so you did notice her," she said, with grim acuteness.

He did not wish to talk about her. He wished only to sit very silent and wait for her to appear again, but Miss Janet's was not the way of silence.

"When a Russian woman," she said, "is beautiful, she overdoes it. Animal perfection."

"She was born too late," said a young man from the Embassy.

"Eh? Why too late?"

"There are no more grand dukes," said the young man.

"And too bad it is. The Russian revolution ruined Monte Carlo. No more Muscovite nabobs rolling in gold and flaunting gorgeous beauty."

"She probably belongs to a Soviet commissar and starves in a garret."

"Need she," asked Tom in his most chilling Boston manner, "belong to anyone?"

"Some women," said Miss Janet succinctly, "are born spinsters, some are born wives, some are born mistresses."

"And some," said the young diplomat, "are just born."

The stage was disclosed again, and silence fell. Four times before the final curtain, Nadja appeared. The performance ended and Tom Jenner drove with Miss Janet to her apartment, where they were joined by others of the party.

It was, for the most part, a sprightly group, entertaining and apt in rejoinder, for Miss Janet had scant toleration for dull wits. But Tom did not scintillate; he was distrait. He could not rid his thoughts of that dancing Russian flame which was Nadja. He wished to discuss her, to hear the opinions of others, to speculate upon her and her doings, but not for the world would he have mentioned her. Not with his inherited reticences.

"Homesick?" asked the young diplomat. "Or just sleepy?"

"He's thinking deep and solemn thoughts," said Miss Janet. "All the Jenners do. Or is it the girl you left behind you?"

"He's overpowered by Imperial Rome," the young diplomat said presently. "The cure for that is to sit by Trajan's Forum and watch the cats. *Sic transit gloria!* From Cæsars to pussies. Homeless tomcats chase mice where an emperor perpetuated his glory. Do tourists go there to see the column of Trajan's victories? They do not. They crane their necks and count cats."

Tom smiled. "I suppose the cats look at the tourists, too," he said, "proving this is a world of checks and balances and compensations. Which reminds me that I am a poor student of architecture who labors by daylight. I must home to my attic."

"Wait," directed Miss Janet. "I'll send you home."

"I prefer to walk tonight, if I may."

Miss Janet snorted. "So you have something on your mind," she said.

"Lunch with me tomorrow at the Ulpia," invited the young man from the Embassy. "I'll introduce you to the feline successors to Augustus. I'd offer to walk a ways with you, but something tells me you prefer solitude. It is the ability to perceive things like this that makes me a diplomat."

Tom said his good nights with correct deference and graciousness, and descended to the dim street. Inevitably they discussed him when he was gone.

"Are we too frivolous?" asked a young widow.

"If he had disliked us," said Miss Janet acutely, "he would not have shown it. No. I know the signs. Something is caught crosswise. He is amazed or shocked or shaken. We Adamses and Jenners and Cabots and the like do not like to be amazed or shocked or shaken. It so seldom happens to our perfect equilibrium that we do not know how to act. He will study it out and rise to the emergency with all the traditions of Plymouth Rock galloping at his back. No. He rather likes us when he notices us."

"Is he really very poor?" asked the young widow.

"Hands off," said Miss Janet. "You're not in the least suitable."

"You never can tell. I've gorgeous possibilities."

"That," said Miss Janet, "is the principal drawback. Um-m. . . . I wonder what it was. He was normal until the intermission."

"Maybe a pair of Russian legs," suggested the diplomat.

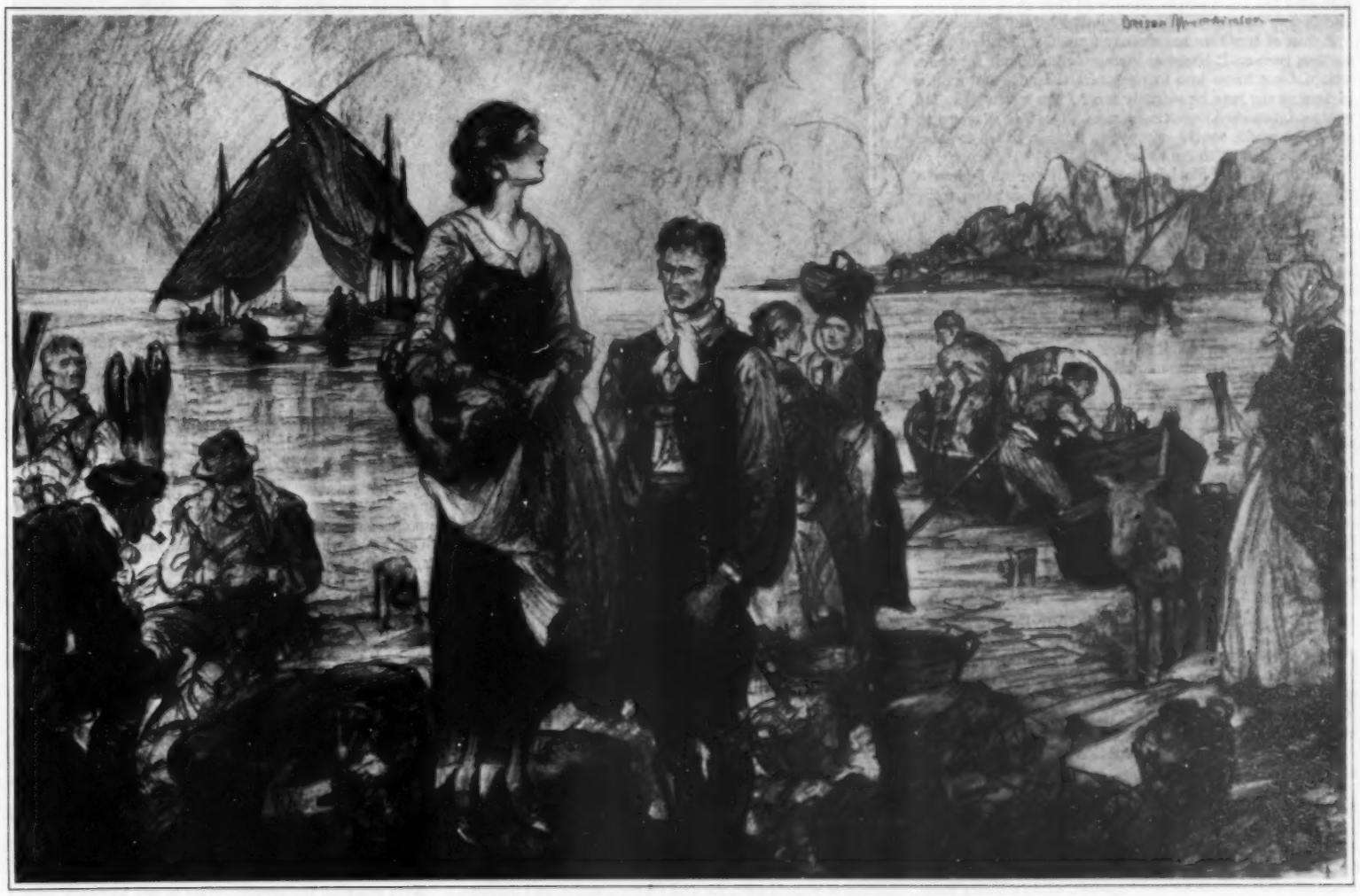
"The Jenners, sir," said Miss Janet, "are conscious only of limbs."

"When in Rome," suggested the young man.

"When in Rome," said Miss Janet, "the Jenners continue to behave as the Jenners do."

Tom, however, was not behaving precisely as a Jenner; or it may be that he was being very much indeed one of

(Continued on Page 83)



Sicily, Jewel of the Sea, Glamorous in the Glow of its Past and Miraculous in its Beauty of the Present!

A SOVIET SAINT

The Story of John Reed—By Julian Street

The Young John Reed in His Greenwich Village Before the War Period

OUTSIDE the Kremlin walls, close to the tomb of Lenin, in what to Russians is sacred ground, stands the gravestone of the American radical, John Reed, who died ten years ago in Moscow at the age of thirty-two and is now in process of being sainted by the Bolsheviks.

A mist of tradition has already formed round Reed, and as time goes on it becomes increasingly difficult for those who did not know him to penetrate the mist and gain a picture of the man he actually was. I knew him well. He was an intensely interesting figure. Therefore it seems to me worth while, ere the mist grows thicker, to try to show him as he seemed to me to be.

The John Reed I like best to recall is the youth I came to know in 1911, a few months after his graduation from Harvard. Tall, broad-shouldered, restless, eager, talented, perverse and disputatious, with brown hair, tousled and strong-growing, a forehead wide and lofty, façade of a storehouse crammed with ideas, a pair of little devils laughing from shrewd gray-green eyes which took in everything, and another little devil armed with a sharp lance riding always on his tongue, Jack, as we called him, was the embodiment of sparkling and audacious youth. He wished to be a poet, but was supporting himself by writing articles and doing part-time editorial work upon a magazine. Life was fresh and wonderful and he went after it with the scattering zest of a big, shaggy puppy hunting new objects on which to try his teeth.

Reed came of a sound and cultured American family in Portland, Oregon, and there was much about him in his early New York days that hinted of the boy he had been. A former school-teacher bears witness to his skill at talking himself out of trouble when he did not know his lessons, and neighbors still recall his love of weapons and of military games.

Conspicuous at Harvard

ONE may still hear in Portland the tale of the Roman feast he gave for some young friends when his family was absent. The boys draped themselves in sheets and lounged on couches drawn up to the table. When they were thus assembled, Jack rang the bell for the cook.

"Ho, slave," he ordered with a lordly gesture, "bring on the viands."

It is related that the cook, who was colored, resented the term "slave" and left.

In Harvard, Jack was conspicuous rather than popular. He was on the editorial boards of the Harvard Monthly and the Lampoon, was a debater, was a member of the dramatic club and the swimming team, wrote a Hasty Pudding show, was a favorite of "Copey," and was ivy orator on class day. Far from aligning himself with the advanced thinkers who were the radicals of Harvard, he associated with wealthy and socially prominent young men and had an eye to clubs, cheer leaderships, and the like. But in spite of these typical collegiate tendencies, he was essentially an original, a nonconformist.

I remember his telling me with glee how he sassed the dean, and if his account of the interview was accurate—his stories never lost anything in the telling—it is amazing that he got his diploma.

His objectives when I first knew him were to be a serious poet and to live excitingly. Reckless to the point of foolhardiness, he sought adventure everywhere, and adventure no less diligently sought him.

The evening on which I first met him I spent in listening to Münchhausen-like tales of his experiences on a trip abroad from which he had lately returned. The trip began on a cattle boat on which he set out with a classmate, Waldo Pierce, swimmer, football player and subsequently artist. According to Reed's tale, the ship was ten or twelve miles off Boston light when Pierce decided that he could not stand the vermin and the smells and, giving his watch and pocketbook to Reed for safekeeping, dived overboard and struck out for shore. He proposed to catch the Mauretania, sailing a day or two later, and meet Jack on the other side.

That night when Pierce was missed Jack told what had happened, and in substantiation of a tale regarded by the captain as improbable, showed Pierce's watch and pocketbook. These articles were, however, regarded as pointing to foul play. As the vessel neared port Jack was placed in confinement, but he continued to consider the situation a joke until she docked and Pierce failed to appear. Under guard, Jack was taken for a hearing before the Board of Trade, and a charge of murder would undoubtedly have been laid against him had not his friend arrived.

Free Lodging, and Breakfast in Bed

CROSSING on the fast Cunarder, Pierce had told his story to an officer, who warned him that he was liable to punishment for desertion and advised him to avoid the cattle boat. Reed's predicament, however, forced him to come forward, and though the captain was at first inclined to make trouble, the young men succeeded in talking him out of the idea and went gayly on their way. It seems well to add, in case this story sounds familiar to some readers, that I collaborated with Reed in making it into a piece of fiction which was published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST nineteen years ago.

Proceeding to France, Reed and Pierce set out upon a walking trip, and on the theory that they could have more adventures singly than together, they would part company for several days at a time, going by different routes to an appointed meeting place.

One night when very tired, Reed saw an inviting haystack in the grounds of a château. He climbed the wall, crept into the hay, and by way of composing himself for slumber lighted a cigarette. He had taken but a puff or two when a manservant in livery came scolding out of the château. It was the residence, he said, of Mrs. Vanderbilt of New York, and it was she who had chanced to notice from a window that someone was smoking in the hay.

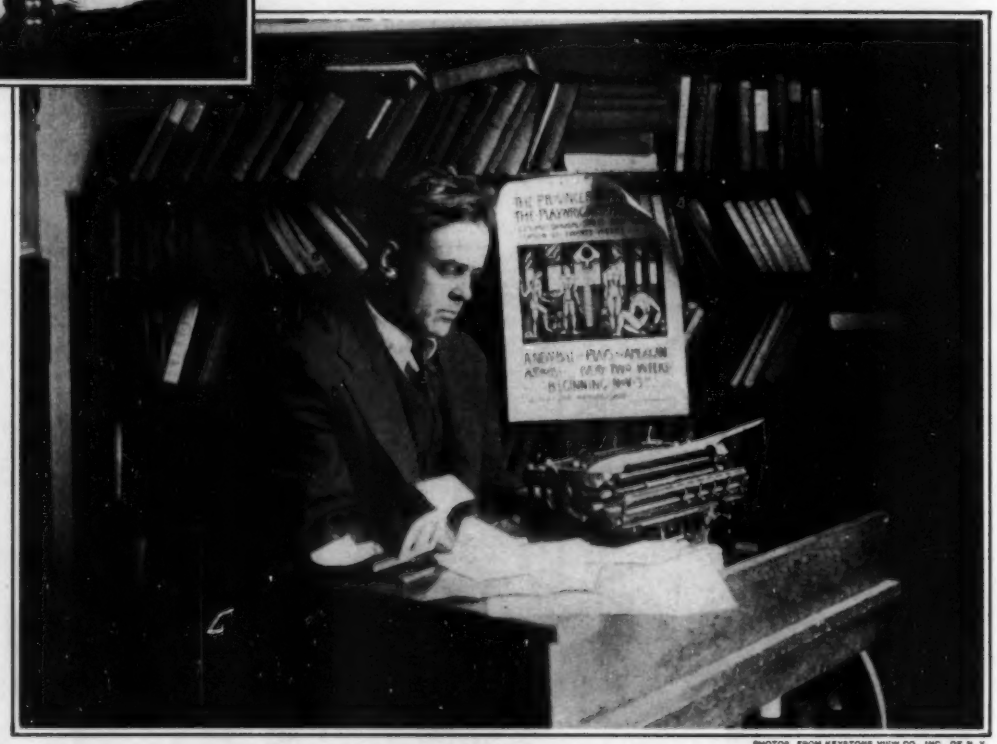
"You had better be on your way," ordered the man.

The road outside was desolate and the hay was comfortable, so Jack resorted to diplomacy. He carefully extinguished his cigarette, volubly reproached himself for having lighted it, and made himself so agreeable that the man not only relented but became respectful.

"Is there anything I can do for monsieur's comfort?" he inquired before leaving.

"Thank you, not at present," said Jack loftily; "but you may call me at half-past six, and I will breakfast at seven."

Next morning the servant came to the haystack with a pitcher of hot water, a basin, soap and soft towels, and



PHOTOS. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y.

Back in Greenwich Village After the War

before Jack was ready for the road he returned bearing a silver tray set with a dainty breakfast.

In Paris, Reed found many diversions. Struck by the indifference of the French to vagaries of costume, he arrayed himself in unmated stockings, one red, the other black, knickerbockers and an enormous cowboy hat, and paraded the boulevards. At night he would seek out tough little cafés frequented by apaches—cutthroats who at that period were much feared.

Later he continued his travels afoot in the south of France, enjoying occasional meetings with the riffraff of the road. Twice he fell in with thieves and in one case traveled with a group of them for several days. Missing his watch one morning after having slept with them in an old barn, he said nothing of his loss, but guessed which one had taken the watch, and on the next night stole it back. This episode caused no ill will on either side, and they parted friends, without ever having mentioned it.

This attitude toward criminals was characteristic. I remember his arriving at my house in New York one evening, his face bruised as the result of an encounter with footpads.

"I had less than a dollar in my pocket," he announced proudly, "but they didn't get it."

Artist's Life in Greenwich Village

HE SPOKE not like a victim of assault and attempted robbery, but as one who has played a game and outwitted his opponents. I suggested his reporting the attack to the police, but he refused, and I presently came to understand his point of view. Lawlessness fascinated him, and if he was consistent in one thing it was in his sympathy for the under dog. He was for the under dog even if it was a mad dog. He was for it even when it bit him. Footpads were of the downtrodden masses, so he could forgive them for knocking him on the head; the police, on the other hand, represented law, order and vested authority, to all of which he had an instinctive aversion.

After his European trip he settled with some young companions in a barrackslike chamber at the back of a dilapidated rooming house, once a fine residence, on the south side of Washington Square. The Greenwich Village neighborhood was then beginning to be heard of as a center of art and gayety, and Jack conceived it as another Latin Quarter, modeled after Murger's tales, in which it was correct to wear long hair, be dunned by one's landlady, owe bills at little restaurants, and generally jeer at the conventions and dull folk who heeded them.

In whatever he did he dramatized himself, and as poets are traditionally underfed, Jack, faithful to his rôle, sometimes did a little amateur starving. A woman who knew him well gives me an anecdote upon the subject.

"Once, when I was in a hospital," she writes, "he came to see me at about 5:30 in the evening. The nurse brought in a tray on which were a squab and other delicacies. I couldn't eat, and I noticed that Jack kept eying the tray. 'Aren't you going to eat that dinner?' he asked, and when I told him I couldn't he drew up his chair and made a clean sweep of it. I remarked that he seemed hungry. You know the way he used to wriggle, like a big puppy, expressing his joy. He did that and said: 'I was. I've had nothing but a cup of coffee since last night.' While I remained in the hospital he came and ate my dinner every evening until my appetite returned, and after that we shared it."

He supported himself chiefly by writing articles, but poetry was what he cared for most in those days, and often he let his roguish fancy play with a gay jingle. It was he who wrote the first show ever given by the Dutch Treat Club of New York, an organization composed largely of artists, writers, editors and musicians, whose annual entertainments have since become locally famous.

No one who saw Jack's musical burlesque, Everymagazine, given by the club at Delmonico's in the winter of 1912–13, will have forgotten the verse beginning:

The artist never pros-ti-tutes
His ge-ni-us, you bet your boots!

and the rollicking chorus, with music by the now widely known Bill Daly:

Then drink to the artist,
Of all creation smartest;
He doesn't even brush his hair,
And yet he's welcome everywhere;
His private life's a scandal,
His manners they are free,
But the game is worth the candle—
The artist's life for me!

From the Harvard Class Album of 1910. John Reed Second From Left, Seated

At the dinner before the show Jack, turned pamphleteer, passed among the tables peddling copies of a paper-covered book of his own lively verse. It was called The Day in Bohemia, or Life Among the Artists, and he shrewdly let it be understood that in the pamphlet he had lampooned various members of the club; consequently the edition was quickly sold out, and Jack went home richer than he had ever been before.

The book contained references to the scene from his window—the barren little back yard in which the landlady tried patiently to make a flower grow; densely populated Italian tenements with sagging fire escapes and lines of many-colored washing "like battle-riven pennants fluttering" in mid-air.

Then back to the room itself:

The dust it flies in at the window,
The smells they come in at the door,
Our trousers lie meek where we threw them last week
Bestrewing the maculate floor.
The gas isn't all that it should be,
It flickers—and yet I declare
There's pleasure or near it for young men of spirit
At Forty-two Washington Square!

Jack had not been long in New York before he earned a reputation as a character. He greatly enjoyed the limelight and made it his business to keep his friends—who were widely scattered and assorted—well stocked with anecdotes of his latest exploits.

One night he went to a party far uptown and at the end of it found himself appointed to take home a young woman who lived far downtown. Jack called a taxi and told the chauffeur to drive them seventy-six cents' worth. "That's all I've got," he explained to the girl, "so we'll have to walk the rest of the way." And they did—some forty blocks.

On another occasion, when a friend invited him to lunch at Delmonico's on a hot day, he appeared in pajamas and was turned over to the police by an outraged head waiter with whom he attempted to debate his right to wear what he pleased.

All Dressed Up in an Orange Necktie

JACK was very fond of Miss Ida M. Tarbell and used occasionally to visit her at Redding Ridge, Connecticut. One Saturday when he was due there for a week-end he failed to arrive by the appointed train but toward evening came swinging over the hills. His face and hands were grimy, his trousers were out at the seat, his coat was out at the elbows, but he was wearing a gorgeous orange necktie and, as usual, seemed well pleased with life.

While he was taking a bath a motherly lady mended his clothes. He beamed when his tie was admired. On the way to the train he had seen it in the window of a Fifth Avenue shop and had not been able to resist it. It took all his money, so instead of making the trip to Connecticut by passenger train, he jumped a freight which took him to within six miles of Miss Tarbell's house, and walked the remaining distance.

That evening he was full of talk of an old tramp with whom he had struck up an acquaintance on the way, an extraordinary man, a true philosopher. "I'm going to put him into a story," he declared.

But the tramp never got into a story, for with Jack life began anew each day, and next morning, with the discovery of a natural amphitheater, wooded with oak and pine, he was off on a new scent.

"It's a perfect situation for a Greek theater!" he cried. "I've never seen anything to equal it!"

Bubbling with enthusiasm, he led Miss Tarbell over the slope, showing her how the Greek theater could be arranged.

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Fannie Hurst at the Grave of John Reed

Women Have No Sense of Humor

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

E. T. COTTON, of Cotton, Blake & Co., and Ralph Milstead, of the Harris Company's downtown branch, had luncheon together at the Statisticians' Club, and during the meal it began to rain. Feeling lazy anyway, they decided to sit the weather out, if it did not last too long, in two large leather armchairs facing a window that looked out on lower Manhattan, the Battery and the bay.

This is one of the most stirring views that man's muddling hand has had any part in making. Its sweep, its strength, its restless beauty catch the breath like fingers at the throat; and because it is alive and moving, it is never old, never the same. No man ever sees there what he has seen before; few souls are not lifted ——

For ten minutes Mr. Cotton and Mr. Milstead sat silent, contemplating this ever-new majesty; then Mr. Cotton spoke.

"I think I am getting the hiccups," he said.

"Boy," Mr. Milstead called obligingly, "a glass of water for Mr. Cotton."

"Ten swallowa?"

"Twenty," Mr. Milstead said, "in exceptional cases."

The remedy worked, and for another five minutes they sat drinking in the matchless wonder of the scene, now more unreal, more impossible than ever through the hazy gray mist that was settling down over the harbor; and this time it was Mr. Milstead who was unable longer to control himself.

"I have to laugh sometimes," he said, "the way people say women have as good a sense of humor as men."

"I don't know what I'd have done half the time without my sense of humor," Mr. Cotton admitted.

"What I was thinking of," Mr. Milstead went on, "I had a concrete example last night. You know Mrs. Milstead, of course; well, she hasn't any more sense of humor than a jack rabbit. I've always known that. It don't matter any more. But I always had the idea that my daughter Betty was all right that way. You ever meet Betty?"

"She works in the slums, doesn't she?"

"She does settlement work."

"You don't tell me! Well, that's mighty fine for a girl."

"It's mighty fine for a settlement too," Mr. Milstead pointed out.

"Naturally."

"As a matter of fact, that's what started it—her doing all this settlement work and never any social life. She's a pretty girl and, in most things, as smart as a whip. But for months I've been saying to her, 'Betty, this settlement work is all right, but don't you ever think of seeing fellows sometimes? Don't you ever think of meeting up with some nice boy and maybe marrying and having a home?'"

"Yes?" said Mr. Cotton, interested. "What did she say?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing?"

"Practically nothing. All she'd say was that some day the fellow would come along, and when he did, she'd know it. All they'd have to do, she said, was have a few minutes' talk and they'd both know it. Meanwhile, she said, she wasn't in any hurry."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Cotton.

"Now, as practical men of affairs," Mr. Milstead continued, "you and I know that that's no way to go about a thing. Anybody that talks like that, even about love, as you might say, has just got her head in the clouds, that's all. Why, goodness me, Cotton, but where would business be, for example, if it was run that way?"

"Chaos," Mr. Cotton replied promptly.

"If not worse! Where would Rockefeller be if he'd set out in life with any such fool notion?"

"Nowhere."

"Why, we might not even have any gasoline at all!"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised."

"I wouldn't myself!"

They brooded solemnly for a moment or two over this appalling thought.

"So, naturally," Mr. Milstead resumed, "the way Betty was going at the situation got me worried. I got to thinking maybe I wasn't doing my part. Now, down here in the club and all around the Street, I meet some mighty fine young fellows. You won't find any finer anywhere. Fellows, you know, with some starch in them."

"I wouldn't have a man around me a minute," declared Mr. Cotton, gazing out on lower Manhattan, "if he didn't have any starch in him."

"I got to thinking this thing over then, and I decided, well, I'd take one up to the house, for dinner, and introduce 'em, and I'd just see how she reacted, as the fellow puts it. I'd pick me a good one; not one of these fellows that's just business, business, business all the time, because a woman likes a little social talk now and then. I wanted to get me a regular all-around fellow—and you know who I took up last night?"

"Who?"

"Young Harry Lawrence!" Mr. Milstead beamed.

"Harry Lawrence." Mr. Cotton repeated the name thoughtfully. "Is that the fellow with the match box?"

Mr. Milstead looked puzzled. "What match box?"

"The one that jumps."

"Jumps?" What Mr. Cotton said didn't seem to make sense to Mr. Milstead. "What do you mean — jumps?"

"One evening," Mr. Cotton explained, faintly embarrassed, "I was at some friend's home, and a Harry Lawrence was there. I was looking for a match and he handed me this match box out of his pocket, and when I took it, it jumped."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," Mr. Milstead said, still puzzled. "Match boxes don't jump."

"His did," Mr. Cotton insisted doggedly. "It had some kind of doohicky inside, some kind of little thing that you wind up, and when you hand it to somebody and let go a little button or something, it jumps. It nearly jumps out of your hand."

"Oh, I see!" Mr. Milstead cried. "It was a trick!"

"Sure. That's what it was—a little trick."

"That's the fellow, all right!" Mr. Milstead chuckled. "That's Harry Lawrence, all right! That's just the kind of thing he's always up to—always full of fun! Never a dull minute while he's around! Don't you think he's a great fellow?"

"Great—absolutely great," Mr. Cotton agreed, "when you get used to him."

"Yes," said Mr. Milstead reminiscently, "that's Harry Lawrence. That's the fellow I brought to dinner last night, and I don't mind saying I have rarely had such a good time. . . . Are you in a hurry?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Cotton. "We can't go until this rain lets up."

Well, yesterday morning—Mr. Milstead began—I told Betty I'd like for her to be sure to be home for dinner, because I was bringing a young fellow out, and besides

"The Bride Screamed and Grabbed Dick, and We Beat It"

wanting her to meet him, and him her, I told her she'd be in for a big evening of fun.

"Dad," she said, "are you actually plotting to marry me off?"

"Listen," I said, "I'm not plotting anything. All I'm doing is bringing a young fellow out, and he'll be a lot of fun. I don't ask you to marry a man just because I bring him home for dinner. I don't ask you not to marry him either. All I'm saying is, he'd like to meet you and he is a mighty fine young fellow, and if you can give up your slums for one evening, I would like for you to be here."

"All right," she said, "this evening I will give up my slums, but I won't marry your young man—not this evening anyway."

"That's all I ask," I said.

"Is he really fun?" she said.

"Fun! Just wait!"

Well, we went out together, Harry and I, and I must say that he wasn't very lively on the way. But I understood. The way he is, he isn't really at his best until he's got a lot of people around him. Kind of gets pepped up then, you understand. With just one person he's like anybody else; all right, you know, but not exceptional.

Now, Betty's my daughter and I've watched her since she was born, and when I say that she liked him when she first saw him, I'm talking facts, not theory. I could see it when I introduced them. Instead of that frozen face that Betty's liable to put on sometimes when she meets my friends, she was giving him a good old smile—the kind that I know she means it.

"You see?" I said, winking at her over their heads.

"What's that?" asked Harry.

"Nothing," I said. "Just a little secret Bettikins and I have got between us."

I sent them on out in the yard then, to look around together until dinnertime, and I went upstairs to change my shirt. I must have been up there about fifteen minutes, and I was in my pants and undershirt, shaving, when, by George, all of a sudden I heard somebody holler "Fire!" Well, sir, I heard Mrs. Milstead give one yell in the next room, and the next minute the both of us were jumping down the stairs like we was crazy. Out the front door we run, and what do we find but Harry standing on the lawn laughing like he was going to bust. Betty had to laugh, too, the way her mother and I must have looked, busting out of the house in our undershirts.

At first, I don't mind saying, I was about to get sore, having "Fire" being yelled around the house for a joke, and then my sense of humor came to the rescue and I laughed just as heartily as any of them.

"That's the way I was about the match box," Mr. Cotton said.

"What match box?" Mr. Milstead asked, thrown slightly off the track by this interruption.

"The one that jumped. I laughed too."

"I suppose so," Mr. Milstead said vaguely.

Anyway—he resumed—I hope I'm not the kind of fellow that can't see a joke played on himself just as well as one played on somebody else. Of course, I didn't like to see mamma—Mrs. Milstead, I should say—show herself in public like that; and, after all, we all got a good laugh out of it—that is, all except mamma.

At dinner he had some other trick to pull. He made like he swallowed his knife. Just sleight of hand, you know. All he did was stick it up his sleeve. But the way he did it, it did look like he'd swallowed it, and Mrs. Milstead got scared. He had to pull it out of his sleeve before she'd believe he hadn't—and then did we have the laugh on her!

That was all right, you know, and all that, but it was after dinner, when we were all just sitting around and chinning together, that we really had the fun. Cotton, I wish you could have been there. I just wish you could have heard some of the tricks he told. You'd have had the time of your life! He got to telling us about some of the stunts he and the other fellows down there at Bushman's pulled. You know Bushman's; it never has done much business, but it must be more fun than a barrel of monkeys just working there. They got a crowd of young fellows there just out of college, five or six years out anyway. And if they're not up to one thing, it's another. Never take a thing seriously! And they just as soon pull one on old Bushman as anybody else!

Well, Harry's the ringleader. He says he ain't, but he is too. You can tell. Some of the tricks he was telling about, nobody could have thought them up but him. He's just got the gift of fun—the God-given gift of fun, you might say—and you don't find that in a fellow every day of your life.

I knew about the way they carried on, but I didn't want to say anything until after dinner. On account of the interruptions, you understand. I waited until everybody was all through and settled down and quiet in the living room. I knew it would be rich and I didn't want mamma and Betty—especially Betty—missing any of it.

"Harry," I said then, "what's this I hear about what you boys did on Dick Palmer's wedding night?"

I winked at Betty.

"Oh, that wasn't anything," he said. "We just played a little joke, that's all."

"Come on!" I said. "You can't wiggle out of it that way. We want to hear the whole story, don't we, Betty?"

"It sounds funny," she said.

"He just wants coaxing," I said. "You ask him, Betty."

"Pretty, pretty!"

"Oh, well!" And he began to smile, and when I saw that, I had to smile myself, because I saw what was coming. "It isn't much of a story," he said, "but we got a fellow down at the office named Dick Palmer. He's from out West—Pittsburgh, I believe—and that fellow's a card! You'd have to see him—just see him—to see what a card he is.

"I mean, he used to be a farmer or something like that. Born on a farm anyway. He went to college—Illinois, Iowa, one of those states—but you know what they say: You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy. Ever hear that line?"

"Never," Betty said. "A little thing of your own?"

"Oh, no, it's old. You can take the boy out of the country," he said, "but you can't take the country out of the boy. Well, that describes Palmer. Just a big country jake. And serious! Most serious man you ever saw! You know the kind—always on the job at nine sharp, working like a slave until five, or even after, never having fun, never sitting around with the boys. He never was exactly one of us, as you might say. Well, anyway, we all liked him, whether he was one of us or not, but you get a fellow like that around and he just invites you to kid him a little. I mean, he's just one of those fellows that you ought to kid or else you just aren't human, that's all. . . . About three months or so ago he got married.

"What Mr. Milstead was referring to, that was just one of the jokes we played on Palmer. That was the one we played on his wedding night. Naturally, he invited all of us boys in the office to the wedding, and I want to say here that he certainly married a nice little girl. She was from the country, too—from Indianapolis, as I remember it—and scared to death! Petrified! And so little alongside Palmer when they stood up before the minister at the altar to be married that one of the fellows whispered 'Mutt and Jeff,' so loud you could hear it all over the church—and did that bring down the house! I nearly died!

"But we'd figured we'd pull a little gag on the happy couple in celebration of the occasion, and so, after the wedding, we all got together. First they give it out that they were boarding a train right after the wedding and going to Canada on their honeymoon; and we were all fixed for that. We were going to slip an old watch in his pocket and then wire to Albany to the police and have him arrested for stealing it. Wouldn't that have been a scream though!"

"Jolly!" Betty said.

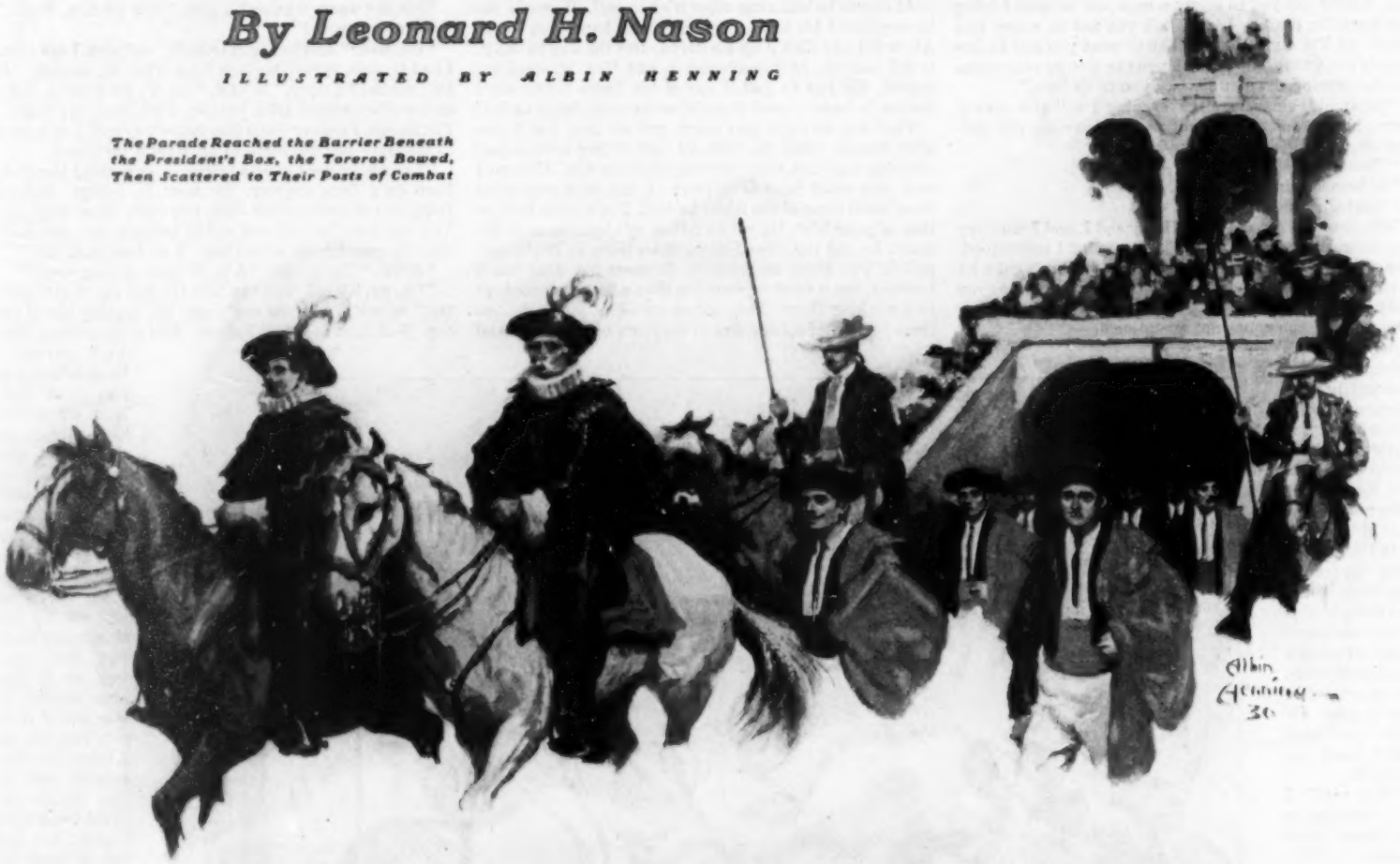
"The Palmers Got Excited at First and Thought Somebody Was Making Them Presents"

(Continued on Page 156)

THE ALGUACIL'S WIFE

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



The Parade Reached the Barrier Beneath the President's Box, the Toreros Bowed, Then Scattered to Their Posts of Combat

ANDALUSIA, the southernmost part of Spain, has been a country of song and romance and adventure since the dawn of time. It was the Tarshish of the Bible, whose ships, said the Psalmist, were broken with an east wind. Jonah was fleeing there, instead of going to Nineveh, when he was swallowed by the whale.

The Moors, or Saracens, however, are the people who made Andalusia great. They called it, strangely enough, the Country of the West. They colonized it, beautified it, erected palaces and temples, and builded so well that from the time they were driven out, two hundred years before the discovery of America, no other people in the world have been able to equal them. The Giralda of Seville, the Mosque of Cordova and the Alhambra of Granada are the greatness of Spain, but they were built by the Moors.

Andalusia is a lonesome country, where rugged, brutal mountains alternate with barren steppes, and poor wretched towns wither in tropic heat in summer and shiver in the bitter wind in winter. But from time to time the traveler will see a pile of stone from which rises a single column, or a window like the eye socket of a skull, a vestige more magnificent in its ruin than the proudest building of the conquerors. The native, born in the ruin's shadow, as was his father before him, does not know the name of it. It was, perhaps, the castle called, by the Moors, The Eyes of Granada. If not the Eyes, why, then the Keys, or the Door, or the Window. It would seem that those who now hold the land were so exhausted in the struggle to wrest it from those who held it, that they have been unable to do anything since.

There is one thing, however, that the Andalusians do better than anyone else. They raise bulls, and also men to fight them. Nowhere else is the bullfight so passionately adored.

In Cordova was to be held a *corrida de beneficencia*—a benefit for the Red Cross. A benefit bullfight is always sure to be a good one. The beauty and chivalry of the country attend, the bullfighters try to do their best, and every man, woman and child that can scrape up the price of a ticket, though they miss a meal or two on account of it, will be there.

To Cordova, upon a Sunday morning, came the entire countryside, some on wagons, some afoot, and many on horseback, the women riding behind husband or sweetheart on a pillion, their many ruffled petticoats spread to hide their ankles, their right arms coyly about the waists of their proud cavaliers, and their left arms tightly holding the red-leather cruppers. Off the Paseo del Gran Capitan, the main street, between Calle Moreria and Calle Gongora, was a tiny square, the Plazuela de Bermudez. There were a number of stores under the arcades that surrounded the square, and from one came a flow of bitter words in the shrill tones of a woman to whom love is something she has read of in a book, and a husband a fatality to be borne, like cold in winter and heat in summer, but not necessarily with patience.

"Ah, thief!" she cried. "Fool! Loafer! *Por Dios, hombre!* At least you think you are a duke, to do such a thing! A grandee, who may keep his hat on in the king's presence! But who is to pay? Not the duke, the prince, the *arzobispo*, but me, poor worm of God that I am! With what? With my heart's blood! Not surely with the pennies I make by selling this!" She unhooked and hurled a rope of garlic. "Nor this!" A five-pound lump of Antiquera cheese, as hard as granite. "Nor this, this, this!" Tinware, buckets and brass basins clanged and crashed, and a bright blue pail rolled out into the plaza, where it rattled over the cobbles.

Arcadio Took His Way Across the Town Toward the Plaza

A fat, patient-looking man, his face white and harried, burst from the door as if in pursuit of the pail. There was a smart crack from the interior, as from the violent collision of a broomstick and a skull, that speeded the fat man on his way. At a safe distance he paused. "Concepcion!" he said pleadingly.

"Come," replied the voice from the shop, "bring back the pail, my little one!"

"Concepcion! The *fiesta!* The *beneficencia!* Could you have me wear black faded to green, and a hat my hair comes through? Think of my honor!"

"Your honor! Bring in my pail and I'll honor you! His honor, for which his wife works her fingers to the bones! Bah! Pig, thief, liar, drunkard!"

A paroxysm of rage seemed to sweep her, for her voice shook. She appeared suddenly at the door of the shop, and the fat man turned to go away again, but the woman halted suddenly and her voice died. Another man had appeared from the shadows of the arcades. He inspected the window, fingered his lip, then entered. Concepcion was before him, bowing, dusting a chair with her apron, hastily gathering up the cheese and the scattered tinware.

"*Señor*," said she in honeyed tones, "be welcome! What does your mercy wish? *Señor*, deign to accept this chair?"

The newcomer was a foreigner—an Englishman or an American—and birds of such golden plumage were not seen in the Plazuela de Bermudez once in two years. The newcomer removed his hat and, sitting down, looked about him with a grin, first at the side of the shop where cheeses, garlic and dried sausage were displayed, and then at the other, where hung clusters of long candles varying in size from a broomstick to a young oak tree—the first are burned in church and the second carried in religious processions—and then at the back, where pottery water jars, casseroles and various dishes for cooking *olla podrida* and stewed fish contrasted with more modern implements of graniteware.

"*Mira!*" cried Concepcion. "Post card! Church! Verree nice post card! *Recuerdos de Cordoba!* Souvenir! You want picture? Nice church?"

The stranger's grin widened. He was a young man, light-haired, and with a most engaging appearance of wealth and easy spending about him.

"*Señora*," he began in Castilian that had no trace of accent, "good morrow to you all, and peace be upon this house!"

"You speak Spanish?" cried Concepcion. "You are Spanish? My mother! If I didn't take you for a cursed Englishman!"

"I'm even worse," smiled the young man. "I'm an American of the North."

"But you speak excellent Spanish!"

"I learned it when I was young. Languages are easy to children. I was born in a town where half of the main street was in Mexico and all my playmates little Mexicans."

The Andalusian sun, so bright that its rays are almost blue-white, cast a rotund shadow across the floor. The fat man with the patient face stood in the doorway.

"Your pail, Concepcion," said he gently, extending it.

The woman snatched it from his hand, glared at him, then, smiling again, turned with her company manner to the American.

"But now you would like to see some *recuerdos?*" she asked. "Church picture. Gardens—preety gardens."

It would seem that she was afflicted with that common fault among Europeans, of persisting in parading their few words of English, though the person to whom they are speaking be ever so familiar with their own tongue.

"*Señora,*" smiled the American, "let me teach you an English word you don't know. Nix. It means 'No!' Now they told me at the hotel that there was a store under the arcades, kept by one Concepcion Castellar, where I could buy shirts made by her fair hands. Is this the place?"

"Shirts? Why, yes; yes, I make them, but only to order. If I have any—wait! Yes, two or three for a gentleman of Alhama. Now, perhaps, if he would be your size ——" She turned and hurried to the rear of the shop, her many petticoats rustling.

The patient man, who had all this time stood in the shadow of the door, now stepped timidly in with an expression of innocence, as Concepcion's step was heard returning.

"Here," said she; "I have two. A purple one and a green one. Which would your mercy prefer?"

"Note," said the fat man in a wheedling tone, "the excellent workmanship."

"It is not yours!" Concepcion began bitterly, but stopped suddenly as she glanced at the American. "He is my husband," she said. "Do not mind him. His name is Arcadio. One cannot be annoyed by a man named Arcadio."

"No, I wouldn't throw the rope after the bucket at him. *No echa la soga tras el caldero,*" grinned the American.

"How well you speak Spanish," smiled Concepcion. "And you know proverbs too! Only here we do not say '*echa.*' We say '*arroja.*' . . . But now the shirt! How fine the green one looks! See!"

"No," replied the American, who had been poking about in the basket of shirts, "this is what I want. This is what I came after." He drew out a white shirt, its bosom covered with pleats of lace like old-fashioned ruffles. He looked at it admiringly.

"That?" cried Concepcion. "But that's not a shirt for you. That's a *torero's* shirt. Bullfight!" She went through a short pantomime indicative of a pass with a cape and a thrust with a sword.

"That's why I want it," smiled the young man. "I haven't got a clean one for the fight this afternoon."

"But you're not a *torero!*"

"Yes, *señora,* with your permission, I am!"

"*Hombre!*" interjected the fat Arcadio. "Ah, yes! I know! I have seen the name on the bills. 'David Baxter, the American bullfighter, will fight a selected bull of Pablo Perez-Tabernero.' But you are only a *novillero!* This is a formal bullfight."

"I only fight one bull," smiled David Baxter. "It will be, of course, a young one. It is an exhibition. For the *beneficencia.*"

"Arcadio," said Concepcion with disdain, "is an *alguacil.* He has to know everything."

"Ah! Is he? So we're both *toreros.*" Baxter arose and shook Arcadio's hand. "Greetings, my brother!"

An *alguacil* is a sort of usher at a bullfight, whose principal function is to wear a costume and lead the opening parade, but who sometimes performs police functions. Though the *alguacils* feel that they are as much *toreros* as the proudest *matador,* it is extremely rare that the *matadors,* even though they be only *novilleros,* or novices, will agree with them. Arcadio's round face became suffused with joy.

"Concepcion," he cried, "a bottle of wine and two glasses! We bullfighters must drink to each other's success!"

"Forgive me, I cannot!" smiled Baxter. "On an empty stomach, and before a fight. I must hurry back to the hotel. . . . Now, the shirt. How much may I persuade you to accept for it?"

"Seven *duros!*" smiled Concepcion.

"*Hombre!*" protested Baxter. "Why, that's twice what they cost in Seville!"

"Out There," Said He Solemnly, "the President is a Simple Citizen. Here He is the Law"

"What is good in Seville is better in Cordova," smiled Concepcion winningly.

Baxter roared with laughter. "The price of a journey is not all for the mule," said he, and smacked seven duros on the counter. "And now, *señora,* permit me to withdraw. From my knees I kiss your hands. Until this afternoon!"

"Go with God, *caballero!*" cried Concepcion. No longer *señor* but *caballero!* Knight! That was the proper title for this smiling young man. That he had paid seven *duros* for a four-*duro* shirt was nothing, but he had taken leave of her as though she were Oriana and he Amadis.

"*Esta de suerte, caballero!*" called Arcadio. This means "Good luck," but, among followers of the sanded ring, means also "Be on your game." For *suerte,* which means "luck," means also "stunt," as applied to bullfighting.

Concepcion turned silently. This mountain of flesh had never kissed her hand from his knees, nor from his feet either, since the ever-to-be-regretted day when she had first set eye on him. She unhooked swiftly a great sausage, as hard as a length of wire cable, with which she struck the unsuspecting Arcadio a terrible blow.

"*Lechon!*" she shrieked. "Did I not forbid you the house? *Anda!*" She raised the sausage for another blow, but Arcadio had already fled.

It was the hour of the siesta, as Arcadio, feeling gingerly the rapidly swelling lump on his bald head, took his way across the town toward the plaza. Cordova, home of warriors and wellspring of knowledge—according to the city motto—lay silent beneath the blue-white sun. Only, as Arcadio waded his way through the reek of olive oil, could he hear at times the fretting cry of a child, the occasional rumble of a man's voice, a clink of glasses, or the far-away banging of a mechanical piano in some obscure wine shop. The city slept, or, awakening, panted in the heat. He crossed the great avenue, deserted now, and entered the bull ring by the stable door. It was cool here, and dark. A hostler was feeding hay to the horses that were to be used in the afternoon's fight.

"Good day to you, Arcadio," said the hostler. "I hope I see you well?"

"Well enough, good man," replied Arcadio pompously.

He was in the arena now, where he was king. He was the *alguacil* here, the messenger of the president, ranking even above the military police, to whom he gave orders. For twenty years he had been an *alguacil,* and when, on that tempestuous day that the great Magellanes had had his bull taken away from him, it had been Arcadio that had given him the three warnings, with a majesty worthy of the senior *alguacil* of the City of the Wellspring of Wisdom.

He passed through to the passage under the ring itself, and so to a small room off the infirmary, the door of which he unlocked. There was a mirror there, an electric light, and a costume, resplendent in its newness. Black velvet breeches, black velvet doublet, a silk-lined cape, and a peculiar cocked hat with two magnificent white plumes. Arcadio smoothed the fabric with his hand, tried on the hat before the tiny mirror, sighed, replaced the hat and, going out again, locked the door behind him.

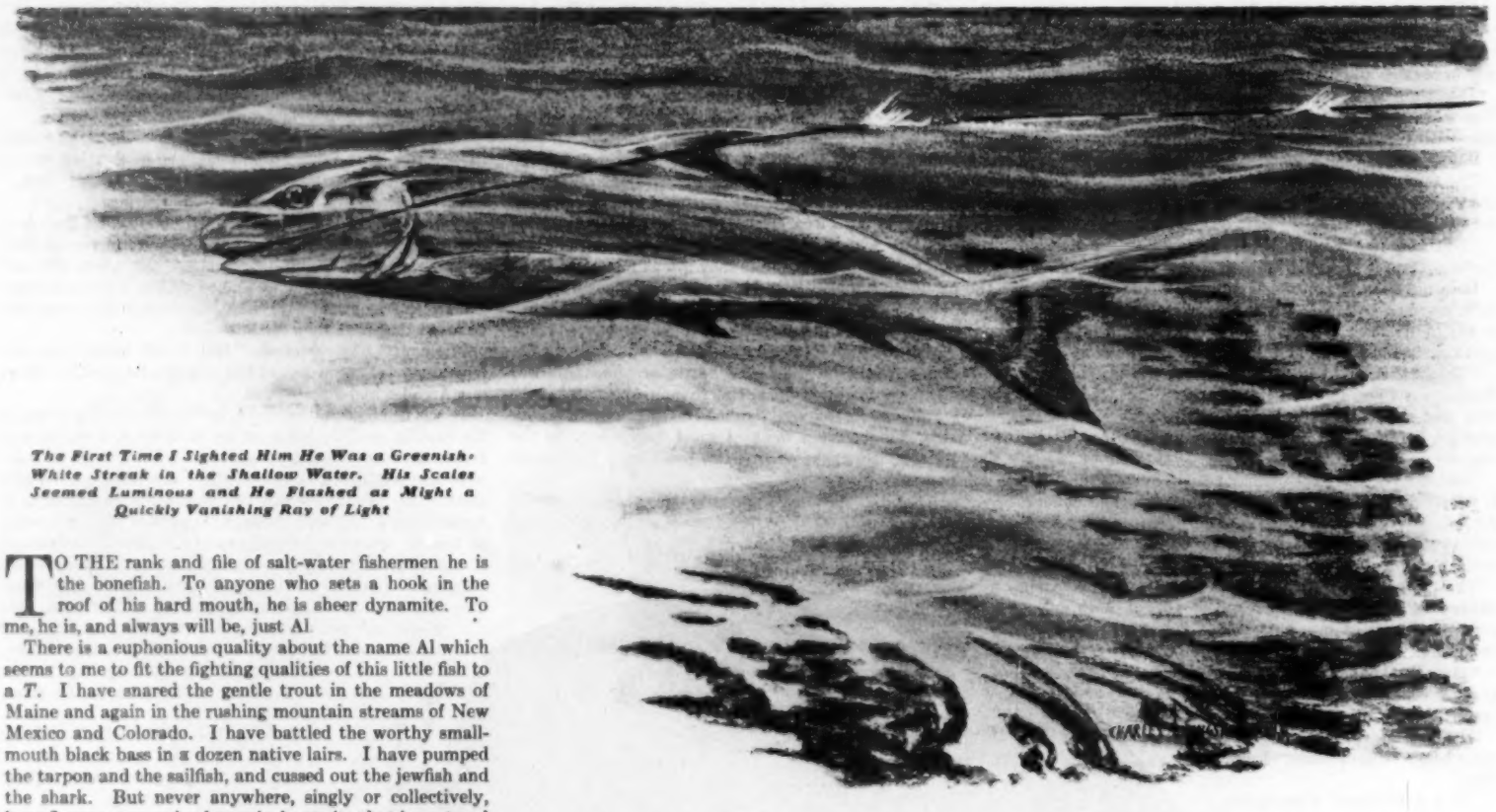
Behind the seats of the bull ring is a vast organization like the cells of a hive. Row

(Continued on Page 112)

AL—A BONEFISH

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



The First Time I Sighted Him He Was a Greenish-White Streak in the Shallow Water. His Scales Seemed Luminous and He Flashed as Might a Quickly Vanishing Ray of Light

TO THE rank and file of salt-water fishermen he is the bonefish. To anyone who sets a hook in the roof of his hard mouth, he is sheer dynamite. To me, he is, and always will be, just Al.

There is a euphonious quality about the name Al which seems to me to fit the fighting qualities of this little fish to a *T*. I have snared the gentle trout in the meadows of Maine and again in the rushing mountain streams of New Mexico and Colorado. I have battled the worthy small-mouth black bass in a dozen native lairs. I have pumped the tarpon and the sailfish, and cussed out the jewfish and the shark. But never anywhere, singly or collectively, have I come across the dynamic dynamite that is part and parcel of little Al's battle for liberty. For his inches, he makes a newborn babe of Jack Dempsey and a mewing kitten of the saber-toothed tiger.

I met him in a heavenly spot in the Florida Keys called Pirate's Cove. There one sees in the seaward distance the very heart of the glamorous Spanish Main, and near at hand the devious channels through which ribald pirates ran their vessels to a haven of safety and debauch. The romance of those waters has not sprung entirely from the ancient pirates. They rate a good deal of it on their very own.

In company with a stranger and a guide, I shared the use of a skiff equipped with an outboard motor and a flat bottom that was designed for navigation in a few inches of water.

With the camaraderie of fisherfolk, the stranger soon ceased to be such. He plays a very vital part in the subsequent happenings, so I want you to know him.

Picture, if you can, six feet of man garbed in a windbreak, khaki trousers and canvas shoes. He is wearing a white duck hat and smoking with calm anticipation an elongated pipe, the odor of which makes me offer praise that bonefish do not swim in inclosed areas. There is about him an air of experience; almost of ennui. Obviously he is a fisherman from the word go.

Three Men in a Boat

I GLANCED appraisingly at his tackle box. It was the best. Right down to the newfangled carrying handle which locks the box so long as it remains upright, it was the newest and best. His rod was a fine affair known as three-six equipment. This means that the line is a six thread, the rod six feet long and the weight six ounces. Quite the proper and approved tackle for Al. From my own trying experience, I know that it cost him thirty-five dollars.

As we putted along through a channel of green water that insisted upon leaping over the gunwales into our laps, the guide began sorting our bait. We used hermit crabs, and as he pawed them over with a stained hand, they scuttled noisily about the metal bucket that held them. There is something interesting about a hermit crab. Some say he finds an empty shell and preëmpts it for his home. Others say he finds a full shell, eats whatever is in it, then moves in for permanent occupancy of the scene of his carnage. Be that as it may, one has to break the hard conch shell in order to get him out to hook.

"Has either of you gents ever caught a bonefish?" the guide queried as he inspected the bait.

"I haven't," I admitted instantly. "Tell me a little something about it while we're getting out there."

"You?" the guide asked of my companion.

"Nope," the other admitted, "but I know about the general scheme. I've caught bass, and baby tarpon on a bass tackle, and ——"

"It ain't the same," the guide interrupted ominously. "There ain't nothin' quite like a bonefish. I've seen 'em ——"

"I've heard all that before," the stranger grunted. "To hear you fellows talk you'd think a bonefish was a broadbill, marlin and tuna rolled into one, and trained by a dolphin for speed and a barracuda for voracity!"

"Yeah," the guide returned doubtfully. "They're right fast little fellers. Not like bass ——"

"I'd rather see it than hear it," the other suggested. The guide lapsed into puzzled silence.

"If there's anything I detest," my companion said to me, "it's having a guide tell you how to fish."

Such outspoken confidence in the face of tales that were common at the camp left me with a feeling of awe. The guide gave his attention to the outboard motor, and my new friend again turned to me.

Sotto voce, he said, "It gives me a pain the way these guides blab about salt-water fishing. Honest, what can a six or eight pound salt-water fish do that you won't get double from a small-mouth bass or a landlocked salmon?"

"I've heard these bonefish are pretty hot stuff," I warned him. "They feed in very shallow water, you know, and sea fish that do that are just naturally fast or dead. These pelicans and gannets make short work of a toothsome sluggard in shallow water."

"Did you ever find anything sluggish about a healthy bass?" he sneered.

"No," I was forced to admit, "I never did. But those who have caught them both tell me quite frankly that a bonefish makes a bass feel like a derelict mooring."

"Bunk!" he snarled. "Darned bunk! And you know it."

The conversation lapsed for some little time. All about us the green water of the channel glistened under the sun, and near at hand we could see the shoals of yellowish silt that rise to the very surface of the sea. Overhead, pelicans sailed and crooked-winged sea hawks carried on their maneuvers. Far out to sea, the Gulf Stream loomed blue as indigo and mysterious as a dream.

"We're makin' fer the other side of that point," the guide volunteered at last. He pointed with his stained finger to a promontory that was covered with growth as lush and as tangled as hair bursting from a dilapidated mattress. "The tide is just about right," he finished hopefully.

"Show us the fish, kid," my companion smiled. "When you've done that, no one can criticize you for what follows."

"We'll find 'em, I reckon," the guide answered quietly. "They come in with the tide. We see 'em finnin' first. Or mebbe we can sight a mud. If we see a mud, it'll be lucky. You always get one or two out of a mud."

He let that remark suffice and in view of the superior wisdom of my new friend, I hesitated to inquire just what a mud might be. My companion asked no further details either. Pride goeth before a fall.

As we sputtered along, a school of blue runners broke water a few feet off our bows. Their glistening, silvery forms flashed in the bright sun. There was infinite grace in their diving. Just beneath them the hazy form of a barracuda flashed in the slanting rays of the sun. What the guide called a ballahoo raced across the surface for his life. There is no mercy in the sea.

Sneaking Up on the Prey

FAR out toward the blue water a big kingfish leaped, flashed in the sun and was gone. Along the shore a giant crane took lumbering flight. I would not have been unduly surprised had a pink pterodactyl fluttered out of the bait bucket. The Florida Keys are a world of wonders and surprises that quickly lead to acceptance of anything as normal.

Suddenly the guide threw the tiller over sharply. The skiff heeled and shipped a quantity of spray over the bow. "There's a big conch right over there," he told us. "I'll pick it up. They make great chummin'."

The little boat circled slowly, and in due course the man recovered from the shallow water a beautiful shell. Inside it a purplish creature appeared and disappeared angrily. Our guide dropped the shell on the bottom of the boat and it wandered about aimlessly, but with no small clatter.

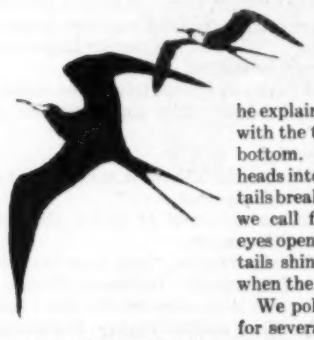
"Right soon," he told us, "I'll cut the motor an' we'll pole over the shoals. Bonefish is plumb scary things. If you so much as rub a pole against a gun'l, they'll be gone quicker'n lightnin'. Even when I break the shells for the bait, I got to lay an oar over my knee so's not to send the hammerin' sound down into the water."

Fortunately, I happened to occupy the forward thwart of the little boat. This gave me opportunity to man a boat hook in the bow when the poling began. The water was so shallow that we frequently rubbed bottom, and so clear

that everything within a radius of a rod or two was as visible as the birds overhead.

As we poled slowly along I saw countless sand sharks and quite a few hammerheads. They swam sluggishly about, their dorsal fins breaking through the calm surface and faint clouds of silt rising as their flat bellies rubbed the bottom. One sand shark almost mired himself in his eagerness to come in with the very first of the tidal wash. He weighed, we estimated, thirty-five pounds.

Horseshoe crabs scuttled over the yellow-white bottom and once we disturbed a big barracuda, which flashed away from us with tremendous speed. In the distance, the tail of a pompano showed above water, and this the guide pointed out to us.



"That's the way the bonefish work," he explained. "They come in with the tide and feed on the bottom. When they tip their heads into the silt to eat, their tails break water. That's what we call finnin'. Keep your eyes open for that. Them wet tails shine like little mirrors when the sun hits 'em right."

We poled about the shoals for several minutes and my eager eye seldom wanted for something of interest to watch. We worked our way to a spot which suited the guide.

"They come in with the tide," he repeated. "It's a mite early yet, but there's a few around. See if you can find bottom there, Mr. Coe. If you can, we'll tie up and get the lines out. We can change later if they get to finnin' somewhere else."

Accordingly I jammed my boat hook into the silt. Below a crust only a few inches thick I encountered solid rock. We had to cast about a few minutes before I could penetrate deep enough to make a mooring. With the boat hook forward and an oar aft, we braced ourselves and tied up. The guide laid an oar across his knees and with a hammer broke loose our wriggling bait. Very carefully and expertly he hooked the crabs, then cast our lines for us.

With the use of an ounce sinker, he shot the bait some sixty feet from the boat. "Keep the lines just tight," he advised. "When he bites he'll click your line out right slow. Let him have about five feet, then drop your thumb on the reel and set your hook. Be careful not to set your thumb too tight, 'cause the minute he feels that hook he's goin' to go. He'll most like start for deep water. Let him have plenty line till he's run a good ways. If you fight him too soon, he'll break plumb off before you know he's on."

No Guide Could Guide Him

THERE was a vast sincerity in the words, but it seemed to me that it was lost upon my companion. He glanced at me across the bowl of his steaming pipe and slyly closed the lid of one eye. I accepted the gesture without any attempt to value it. But there came to me a suspicion that this fellow really was an old hand at bonefishing and was taking our gullible guide for something of a tropical sleigh ride.

I determined to watch him closely and take my cues from his methods. There was, I must admit, a prayer upon my lips that fortune would favor him with the first strike.

"Here," the guide was saying as we tightened our lines and assumed a position of comfortable waiting; "put these thumb stalls on."

He held out a knitted cap meant to slip over the thumb and so absorb the shock and the heat of a line running rapidly free from a reel. I took the contrivance and slipped it over my thumb.

"Never mind"—my companion shrugged—"I don't think I'll need it."

"You better take it," the guide assured him solicitously. "When these fellers feel that hook ——"

"I'll take a chance."

The guide dropped back on the stern thwart, reversed the set of the outboard and retrieved from the bottom of the skiff the conch shell. He beat upon this with the hammer and hau ed at its slippery, wriggling contents with his fingers until occupant and home were finally apart. Then he went calmly about the business of cutting up the conch and casting it about us into the sea.

"They smell that stuff awful quick," he explained.

Suddenly my line clicked off slowly. A breathlessness fell upon the boat's occupants. "Let him go," the guide warned. "Let him take about five feet, then set your hook. Be ready for a fast run when you do. Not too much pressure with the thumb."

I set the hook. The light rod bent to strain, snapped sidewise, then there came a rush of line. I gave line freely, but kept a faint strain. The flesh of my thumb heated slightly. The fish was no faster than a large-mouth bass which has struck a plug. Quickly I fought him, took in some line, kept him going from side to side instead of straight out. A great disappointment was upon me.

"So that's the mad speed of the bonefish, eh?" my companion smiled. "Don't you feel a little foolish with that thumb stall on?" He was smiling at me but laughing outright at the guide.

"He ain't got a bonefish," the guide said slowly. "He's hooked onto one of them pesky sharks. They will take a crab now and then."

In due course the dorsal fin of the undesirable I had hooked broke water some thirty feet from the boat. As fast as I dared, I reeled him in. Twice I got him to the side of the boat and each time sight of us terrified him into fresh efforts. To save my line and rod I had to play him. It took some ten minutes to pacify him, and when this was done my companion suddenly espied finning bonefish about a hundred yards away. There was little use in moving the skiff, because they were headed directly toward us. Slowly they came, their forked tails breaking water as they foraged in the friendly silt. The bright sun caressed their fins and cast dancing flashes over the clear water. The guide made short work of my shark and quickly rebaited my hook. Then he cast for me and the line flew straight to a spot the finning fish seemed certain to cross.

"You better reel in, sir," he then counseled my companion. "I'll cast out there for you too."

"I guess I can manage without help," the other smiled. "After all, what I'm out here to do is land a bonefish, not watch you do it."

There was nothing downright unfriendly in his words, but they irritated me. "Cast yourself," I grunted somewhat savagely, "but if you sink that hook into me, you'll be shark bait from that instant forward!"

He reeled in, cleaned his hook of some weeds which had caught on, set himself and cast. Fifteen feet from the boat his line backlashed. It snapped taut, the bait flew clear of the hook and the line dropped into the water. The guide said nothing. I laughed aloud in unholy glee.

"Come on, sap," I urged him. "Let the man shoot that line out for you. Look at those fins. I may get a strike any minute."

First Strike

THE guide took the line, baited the hook anew, cleared the reel and cast. Our hooks lay not ten feet apart. The fish came closer. There is no thrill quite like it. They were entirely visible as they fed, and completely hidden when they did not. Each time they burrowed into the silt, their tails showed closer to our lines.

"Any second now," the guide warned us again and again. "Remember, not too much pressure at first. They go like lightnin'. If you get a strike now it won't be a shark."

Click, clickety-click. Click, click, clickety-clickety-click. I glanced at my reel. It was still. My companion's was not. Slowly his line pulled away. I looked at him. A smile of confidence lay bright upon his features. His jaw was set, his eyes bright with that light which reflects from the heart of a born fisherman.

"About five feet," the guide was saying. "Let him get it into his mouth good. Set it firm, but not too firm, when you do."

"I know. I know."

There was impatience in my companion's voice, and the guide lapsed into silence except for a cautious remark to me that I had better reel in as soon as the fish was on.

Suddenly my new friend dropped his thumb downward onto the reel, so locking the line. With an expert twist of the wrist he jerked the tip of his rod upward.

"Got him!" he chortled.

(Continued on Page 148)

Overhead, Pelicans Sailed and Crooked-Winged Sea Hawks Carried On Their Maneuvers

HORSEFLESH

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"Run, Tommy, Put Your Ears Back Now and Run! Here Comes Tommy—Fifth—Fourth—Oh, Run Around Him, Tommy—Run Around That Horse"

UNCLE BEN, the old darky who had charge of mares and suckling colts in the pasture, was the first to see signs of greatness in Teakwood Tommy. Uncle Ben rode around the pasture all day in a crooked-wheeled cart drawn by a blind and ancient nag named Rudolph. His was not an important job—merely to stir up the young colts at intervals so they wouldn't lie too long on damp ground, and prevent fights among the mares at the water trough—but on the Rellence farm and in horse-knowing quarters of Lexington Uncle Ben was an oracle. Had he not picked Man o' War as a likely yearling; predicted a Derby victory for Bubbling Over; put $2 on Gallant Fox in the winter books?

Thus when Uncle Ben pointed to Teakwood Tommy and opined: "Him's the bes' colt we got. Him'll be a race hawse. Yas, suh!" he was listened to with respect by big Nat, boss stableman for the colonel. However, Nat had his doubts. "Mighty rough in de bones, Uncle," he said. "Mighty rough in de bones." To which Uncle Ben replied scornfully: "Sand in dem bones an' lots ob gristle. Sho now, you's lookin' wrong. Look at his haid. Tha's a hones' colt. No sleepin', no shyin', no quittin'. Ah's tellin' you!"

As a past yearling and in the breaking stage, Teakwood Tommy began to fulfill Uncle Ben's predictions. His inky-black coat took on the gloss of a sound feeder. Muscles of withers, flanks and hindquarters smoothed into rippling bands of power. His legs with their four white stockings still showed some undeveloped roughness, but time would give Teakwood Tommy a sturdy, clean underpinning. His head was beautiful; breedy vein lines ran from the velvet-soft skin of nostrils under a broad white blaze; the eyes were large, alert and steady; the thick glistening forelock never quite confined under a bridle band gave a cocky flair to Teakwood Tommy's appearance. This engaging characteristic was increased by the habit Teakwood Tommy had of carrying his right ear flatter than the left when under full steam.

The colt broke handily without too much fretting, and displayed no viciousness. Stableboys got to quarreling over the privilege of working him. Nat had to be at them continually: "You Sam! You quit runnin' dat colt. Want fo' to teah all dem muscles off'n his legs? . . . Ah said he could wuk two fuhlongs, an' dat didn' mean foah. You mind me, Pete, or ah'll bust yoh black skull. . . . Cool dat colt till his sweat's mos' dry. You heah me? An' don' quit on rubbin' him down like you done yestidday or ah'll give him to Jerushie to wuk."

Word of Teakwood Tommy's high promise reached Colonel Rellence himself. The old man was lured from his veranda, his bourbon highballs and his memories long enough to stand at the white rail of the work track with Nat while the colt ran five furlongs. Colonel Rellence clocked the horse but was obliged to hand his watch to Nat for the reading.

"One-two an' three-fiffs, suh!" Nat reported proudly.

The colonel straightened. His watery eyes followed Teakwood Tommy as Pete pulled him up at the quarter turn. It was a long while before Colonel Rellence spoke. He was looking back over shabby years and hard times to the glory that had beamed on the Rellence colors two decades ago. He was seeing the farm when it had been the home of Thistledown and Irish Girl and Black Lightning. Remembering this blue-grass land when Kentuckians still ruled the turf. That was before multimillionaires from New York, Chicago and Oklahoma invaded the horse country around Lexington; before they bought Kentucky homesteads and built hundred-thousand-dollar barns on them; before they subsidized poverty-stricken old horsemen like Colonel Rellence and installed them as managers of their training stables.

Colonel Rellence sighed. These last five years he had been training for Gerald Hartwick, public-utilities magnate of Chicago, and boarding horses for other aliens. But now—a sudden panic assailed him.

"My hawse, isn't he, Nat? My hawse?"

Nat chuckled. "He sho is. Out of Ink Spot by Mistah Lindley's Sentimental Tommy. You named him yo'sef."

The colonel put back the remnants of an almost forgotten dignity.

"Quite so, quite so. And it has been some yeahs since a Kaintucky colt won the Derby, eh, Nat?"

"Mistah Bradley's was the las' one, suh."

"H'm. I reckon it's high time we brought the honuh back home. What do you think of Teakwood Tommy as a Derby candidate, Nat?"

"He sho is a good prospec', cunnel. Yas, suh! He'll be goin' Derby distance without no trouble when he's a two-year-old."

The colonel thought of something.

"Nat! It would—er—be advisable to keep this colt undah wraps fo' the time bein'. Mistah Hartwick might—well, nevah mind. But it is my ordah that theah be no loose talk around Lexin'ton about my hawse's prospects. Understand?"

"I'll caution dem mouffy niggahs, cunnel," Nat promised.

But there was a good deal of talk about Teakwood Tommy that spring.

One day, early in the summer, Gerald Hartwick arrived in Lexington in his private car. To local reporters he gave the casual explanation: "Oh, just my regular inspection trip. Want to look over the stables, you know."

Talking to Colonel Rellence, he still tried to be casual.

"By the way, colonel, I hear you've got a good colt of your own this time."

The old fellow trembled.

"I've got several fair-to-middlin' hawses, suh. That filly I showed you in the woods pastchuh ——"

Hartwick had been too successful at taking what he wanted to be patient with evasions.

"Aw now, colonel," he interrupted, "you know the colt I'm talking about. Colt named Teakwood Tommy. Friend of mine clocked him at one-nine for five and a half furlongs going easily. That sounds mighty interesting to me."

"He's a quittah, I'm afraid, suh. Not bad as a sprint hawse, but ——"

"Let's have a look at him."

The rich man himself held the watch on Teakwood Tommy.

"H'mph. Your nigger was strong-arming him all the way. What's the matter, colonel? Afraid I'll steal the colt?"

Colonel Rellence stammered denials and apologies; tried with childish transparency to maintain that Teakwood Tommy was not a good colt.

It took Hartwick two days to browbeat and bribe the old horseman. "I've been mighty nice to you, haven't I? Sent you a lot of business, haven't I? . . . You certainly could use five thousand, couldn't you? Of course, if I wanted to be nasty I could buy up that paper of yours—but pshaw, that ain't the way I do business. . . . And just as a bonus I'll throw in some real liquor. Wines. Genuine old stuff. Romanée-Conti '96, Château Chalon '88—no fooling, I've got em. And how would some brandy strike you, colonel? Armagnac '75—hey?"

"H'm. You've Come Through Better Than I Have"

And so Teakwood Tommy never got a chance to restore the Rellence colors to the turf of old Kentucky. Colonel Rellence received a certified check for five thousand dollars and almost as much liquor as Hartwick promised. The money went to pay debts, and the liquor Colonel Rellence drank.

She Saw the Horses Coming Out for the Race. "There's Tommy!" He Was Sidling Along With the Old-Time Springy, Rakish, Cocky Prance

Nat said, after he and the boys had loaded Teakwood Tommy on an express car for the East: "The cunnel's sho taking it hard. Seems like no mattah how drunk he gits he cain't fo'git Tommy. Seems mighty like his haht's broke."

The big black colt got along very well in his new surroundings. He had a clean box stall to himself, his own exercise boy and two trainers.

His new owner engaged Pat Maguire, a master at the game, to prepare Teakwood Tommy for his first big race—the Two-Year-Old Cup. Teakwood Tommy worked out in aristocratic secrecy behind the stone fence of a privately owned track.

Pat Maguire reported to Hartwick: "You've got a great colt. He's going to be the class of the field. I never saw a better behaved two-year-old at the post or a steadier one in the stretch. And he'll have the stamina to stay up there. A fine honest piece of horseflesh, Mr. Hartwick."

That adjective, honest, stuck to Teakwood Tommy. Some colts are greedy, tricky feeders; some colts are shifty at the post and try to kick or bite; some break stride or sulk or quit when the going is tough. But Tommy developed what horsemen would assure you was as definite a personality as men possess.

He stood without worrying at the tape; he ignored other horses with a sort of jaunty, lordly indifference; he got under way with a square-footed determined lunge and seldom fought the bit under restraint. His handlers called him a smart horse; that is to say, he seemed aware of competition, and when hoofs thundered at his flanks Teakwood Tommy wanted to be off and away. He had courage and stamina, fire and speed, and these four graces are all that horses may achieve.

Teakwood Tommy won the Two-Year-Old Cup.

The newspapers said:

Teakwood Tommy, Gerald Hartwick's great colt, outran a field of the country's best two-year-olds in the Two-Year-Old Cup this afternoon, clipping three seconds off the record for the distance. The Hartwick entry set the pace from the start of the straight-away dash, gamely fought off every challenge and won by the decisive margin of a length and a half. Teakwood Tommy is the real find of the current season, a big upstanding honest-to-goodness horse. Write his name near the top of the list when figuring possible winners of the Preakness and the Kentucky Derby.

Owner Hartwick was exceedingly jubilant. He gave a dinner at the home of a banker friend.

Events of the night led to one divorce, two breach-of-promise suits, one damage suit and a raid by prohibition agents. There was gossip in racing circles that Hartwick refused offers of more than a hundred thousand for the colt; and that he and a sport from Chicago named Ludeking nearly came to blows when Hartwick declined to cut cards to decide a sale. All this while Teakwood Tommy munched hay in his box stall.

Hartwick's colt was being groomed for the Preakness, after cleaning up $36,750 in purses, when, that November, the stock market collapsed.

Desperate, Hartwick appealed to his old friend Phil Ludeking.

They met at the Blackstone for luncheon.

"Phil," said Hartwick, "I've got to raise five hundred thousand or lose more than I can afford."

Ludeking grinned. He had inherited ten millions from his father.

"You must be hard up to come to me," he observed.

"Why? You're a friend of mine, aren't you?"

The other's face hardened. "You weren't a friend of mine when I wanted to buy your horse."

Hartwick writhed.

"Now, Phil, I thought that was all over. You know what that horse means to me. He's going to win the Preakness and the Derby and have as big a rep as Man o' War."

"Sure, sure. Keep your horse. And go to the banks for your loan."

"The banks have shut down on me, and I've pledged every scrap of collateral I can get my hands on. I've got to have that money. They'll be selling me out tomorrow."

"Your wife's got some stocks, hasn't she?"

"Ye-es, but I can't touch them. I'm not that big a heel."

Ludeking patted his fat belly and remarked: "You stock-market saps. I'll take my chances with the cards any time." Then, suddenly: "Tell you what I'll do, Jerry—you sell me the horse for a hundred thousand and I'll lend you four hundred thousand more on your I O U."

Hartwick pushed back from the table. "You go to hell," he said quietly. "Money won't buy that horse."

"Suit yourself, Jerry," said Ludeking.

Teakwood Tommy's owner raised three hundred thousand by pledging his wife's stocks. This sum answered margin calls until the second collapse of the market.

Hartwick went to Ludeking's apartment at two in the morning and summoned him from a stud-poker game. Haggard, sweating, he said: "Okay, Phil. I'm licked. The horse is yours."

Ludeking pushed a fat cigar from one side of his face to the other.

"A hundred thousand for the horse, like I said—but no loan."

"But—but that was the proposition you made me yourself, Phil. You're not going to welsh on it now?"

"Listen, Hartwick," Ludeking rasped, "no man can tell me to go to hell and come crawling back like nothing happened. Do you want a check for the horse or don't you?"

"I'll take the check, Phil—here—I've got a pen with me——"

"Why Did You Do It, Rid?" She Asked

To Teakwood Tommy all this meant merely a transfer from one race stable to another. The quarters supplied by his new owner were, if anything, more sumptuously fitted. Teakwood Tommy's life went on as before—a routine of hay and oats; early-morning gallops on a frosty track; rubdowns and blanketings.

Hartwick tossed the hundred thousand after the other bad money lost in Wall Street. Removed from the presidency of his corporation for irregularities, and ashamed to face his wife

(Continued on Page 120)

THE SIXTH MAN

By Norman Reilly Raine

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"I Was Sent Into the Interior to Bring a Caravan Through to Akaba. Twenty Thousand Pounds' Worth of Ivory, and Gold, and Palm Oil"

THE rusty little coasting steamer Ashanti, from Morocco and Sierra Leone, dropped her hook and lay to fifty fathoms of cable. Her bow-legged little master stood on the bridge and watched the coast through binoculars, his red, coarse skin wet with sweat. There was a heat haze over the dense equatorial forest and the chocolate-colored mud flats of the Aruonga delta, and a heavy ground swell progressed in a series of crestless indigo rollers that crashed in snowy thunder on the narrow, tree-crowded foreshore, and over the bar at the river mouth. Far inland the smoky blue of a mountain range cradled the sky. Seaward, a tall black tramp was riding the offshore swells, with the scarlet-and-blue insigne of the Prin Line on her funnel, and native lighters clustered along her sides like flies around a bun.

Presently the seaman laid his binoculars aside, wiped his brow with a soiled bandanna, and looked over onto the forward well deck where the passenger waited. He caught the passenger's eye and jerked his chin shoreward.

"Take a fair look at yon river, Mr. Ballister. It's your destination. And curse your stars you've come to work for old Prin."

Oran Ballister removed his glasses, and wiped them with slow deliberation. He might have been fifty years old, but probably was forty, with a spare, short, burnt-out frame. He limped when he walked, and fever had ravaged him—thinned out his hair, turned his skin to saffron, slowed up the movement of a once active body. His brow was a network of fine wrinkles, his eyes light gray in a tropic-darkened face. He looked up in mild inquiry.

"Why so?"

"Because you're the sixth man."

"The sixth man?"

"Aye! There's five strapping men gone up that river before you, under his house flag, in my time, and never a one seen home again. They say it was fever, and natives, and such; but ye can draw your own conclusions after ye meet old Prin."

"You mean they're dead?"

"Four o' them is; and the fifth, Elliott—him you are to replace—well, here he comes now, in a boat manned by Prin's bloody cutthroats, to take ye ashore. Is your gear ready?"

The gear was in the waist, and Ballister's eyes roved speculatively shoreward. The boat, after assaulting the surf at the river mouth, pulled for the Ashanti's accommodation ladder like a man-of-war's gig. He looked over the rail as it made fast. A white man in the canopied cockpit arose and climbed to the coaster's deck.

Elliott was tall, with wide, gaunt shoulders that seemed to split the seams of the worn tropic-drill tunic, and his bony wrists projected a full two inches from the sleeves. His eyes were hard and narrowed, but direct in their glance. His mouth was a horsehair of bitterness. "The world has put a chip on his shoulder," Ballister summarized to himself briefly, "and he's afraid someone is going to knock it off."

The Ashanti's master seemed ill at ease. He introduced them. "Mr. Elliott is old Prin's overseer, his second in command, from Akaba. That's the company headquarters upriver."

Ballister came under the other's casual gaze. Elliott nodded. "How do? Let's get out of this blasted sun. Got anything to drink, captain?"

Reluctantly the captain led the way to his cabin. Elliott, close on his heels, flung himself into a Hong-Kong chair and sloshed raw whisky down his throat—a half tumbler of it. Ballister declined a drink, and Elliott's eyebrow lifted a sardonic hair or two.

"New out here?"

"I was born in Africa."

"Ah, that's different. Thought you didn't look like a greenhorn. How'd you get wind of this job?"

Ballister said, rubbing the heat from his glasses with the deliberate, circular motion peculiar to him: "I was at a loose end in Sekondi. Word came up the coast that Prin wanted a man. So I offered. I've had experience handling men."

"You'll need it—and a few more qualities. Everything but compunction. That's excess baggage on this river. It don't fit in with Prin's theory of life, that the only men worth a curse are the ones that take the ruthless line, and hack their way to success, without regard or sentiment for any other sucker but themselves. The bitter blokes—that's the type he wants, eh, Snodgrass?"

The captain did not reply. Elliott rambled on, like a man whose speech has long been dammed up.

"I was hoping you'd be from outside—the States, perhaps—and give me some news."

"Don't you get news at Akaba?"

"Mighty little. Prin sees to that. Anyway, I've been up-country for two years; buried in the bush, and trying to stop the natives kicking up a smell over some of our rotten trade goods. Just returned to Akaba day before yesterday."

"You're an American, then?"

"Was! New York." He laughed shortly; helped himself to more whisky. "Good Lord, imagine it—New York!"

The Ashanti's captain was nervous. "Now, Mr. Elliott ——"

Elliott shouted: "Shut up, Snodgrass! I'm not going to get drunk. Just because I had the twitches once on your lousy scow! Don't you understand, you bat, that for two years I've talked to nothing but monkeys and parrots and trees? Two cursed years—and always the everlasting trees!"

He turned abruptly to Ballister again. "What's been going on outside?"

"I brought some London papers. They're fairly recent, and ——"

Elliott went on, as though he had not heard. "You need somebody to talk to up in the bush. If you don't, you go queer; begin to hear things; men singing—the husky, whisky-soaked, barroom tenors of the men you used to know. The black sheep. They're the ones who canonize the catgut agonies of Tin-Pan Alley in the jungle night. Don't tell me! I know! In the night, alone, with the sweating trees going drip-drip on the forest floor, and your thoughts driving you crazy with worry about the one being in the world you care for ——" He broke off. "Sainted pig, I'm babbling sentiment! Well, another little drink won't do us any harm."

Snodgrass said, with finality, "You'd best be getting ashore!" But although Elliott had drunk nearly a full tumbler of trade whisky, his step was steady as they made their way to the boat.

Sea birds piped over the mud flats; then their high notes were blanked out as the boat swung past the great warehouses of the delta to the sluggish yellow of the river, flecked with slow-moving bubbles. Brilliant sunlight faded to deep, translucent green, shot through with gold that struggled through the dense matted jungle growth overhead.

Midges danced in clouds over the lazy stream. Native craft were scarce, and the few natives who skulked in the backwaters did not look up as Prin's boat went by. They were undernourished, sullen, their hard, skinny bodies cicatriced with tribal scars. Humidity bore down upon the boat. The forest steamed.

Elliott lay back against the cushions, his face a sweating mask. His talking fit was over. Ballister tried to arouse him.

"Why don't you use a power boat for this job, instead of rowing boys?"

"You've got to work the dogs, or they begin throwing their weight about. Prin won't have it."

Ballister noticed that the speed of the boat abruptly increased. He speculated for a minute, then experimented.

"He's been on the river a long time, hasn't he? Old Prin, I mean."

"Forty-five years."

At the master's name, the boys had tensed again. The boat surged ahead. They were big, sulky, hard-bitten ruffians, and sweat poured from their black bodies as they put their backs into their work.

Elliott continued. "He fought his way up this river with trade goods—Manchester cloth, beads, cheap bright paint, guns and gin—and made himself at home. He was smelled out for a witch more than once by their stinking native juju doctors. But his medicine was louder—and more deadly—than theirs. He was still fighting them when I joined him. But he demonstrated to them that they were bad boys ——"

"Demonstrated—how?"

"He decreased the population. Oh, it wasn't pretty; but then, what the hell!" He added, after a minute: "Old Prin's got neither bowels nor morals. If a man steps in his path he snuffs him out. That's the hard-case school he was trained in."

"This must be bad country for fever. Snodgrass mentioned that you are the fifth overseer old Prin has had that he remembers."

Elliott's lids rose. "He's right; if it's any concern of his—or yours. And there were others before his time. Fever's not the only killer on this river. Some men find a steady diet of whisky and quinine monotonous, so they cut out the quinine. Others have guts but no savvy; public-school pups, fresh from the old country. They want to reform the bush, and the bush breaks their hearts. One fool tried to double-cross old Prin. That kind don't last either. The fellow whose boots I filled resigned by way of a spear through the left kidney."

Ballister yawned. "What was his name?"

"Anderson." The other added sourly: "Snodgrass gabs too much. Prin'll have to let him know about it."

"How much country does Prin control?"

"From the delta to Tchakaanaland. Roughly, seventy-five miles."

"And laterally?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know—a hundred miles each side of the river, I suppose. What does it matter? The Belgians fought him for the trade in the old days—and the Portuguese. That was before my time. But the old buzzard put the screws on 'em in ways they'd never dreamed of. They lit out in their shirt tails and were lucky at that."

"How long have you been with him?"

"Five years."

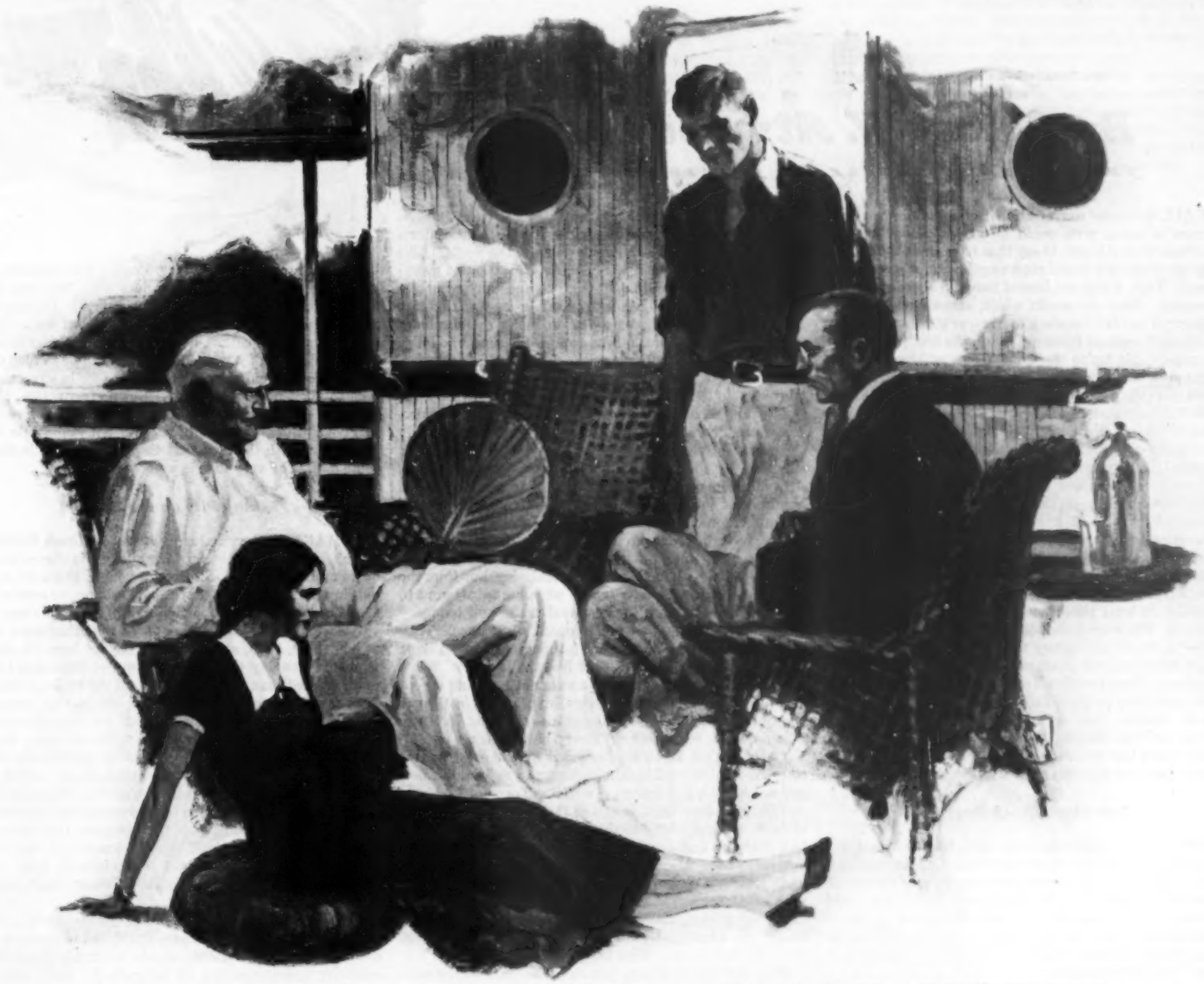
"What are you going to do, now that I've come? Go home?"

"Home?" Elliott's eyes were closed again. "How can I go home? Prin's got me where he wants me. He nailed me down, first year I came. I was sent into the interior to bring a caravan through to Akaba. Twenty thousand pounds' worth of ivory, and gold, and palm oil. And somewhere in that rotten forest it dribbled away. Just dribbled. I was inexperienced. Fresh out from the States, and the natives knew it, and—oh, well, the stuff just went, that's all. I got back to Akaba with nothing but a fever hangover and a debt."

"He held you responsible?"

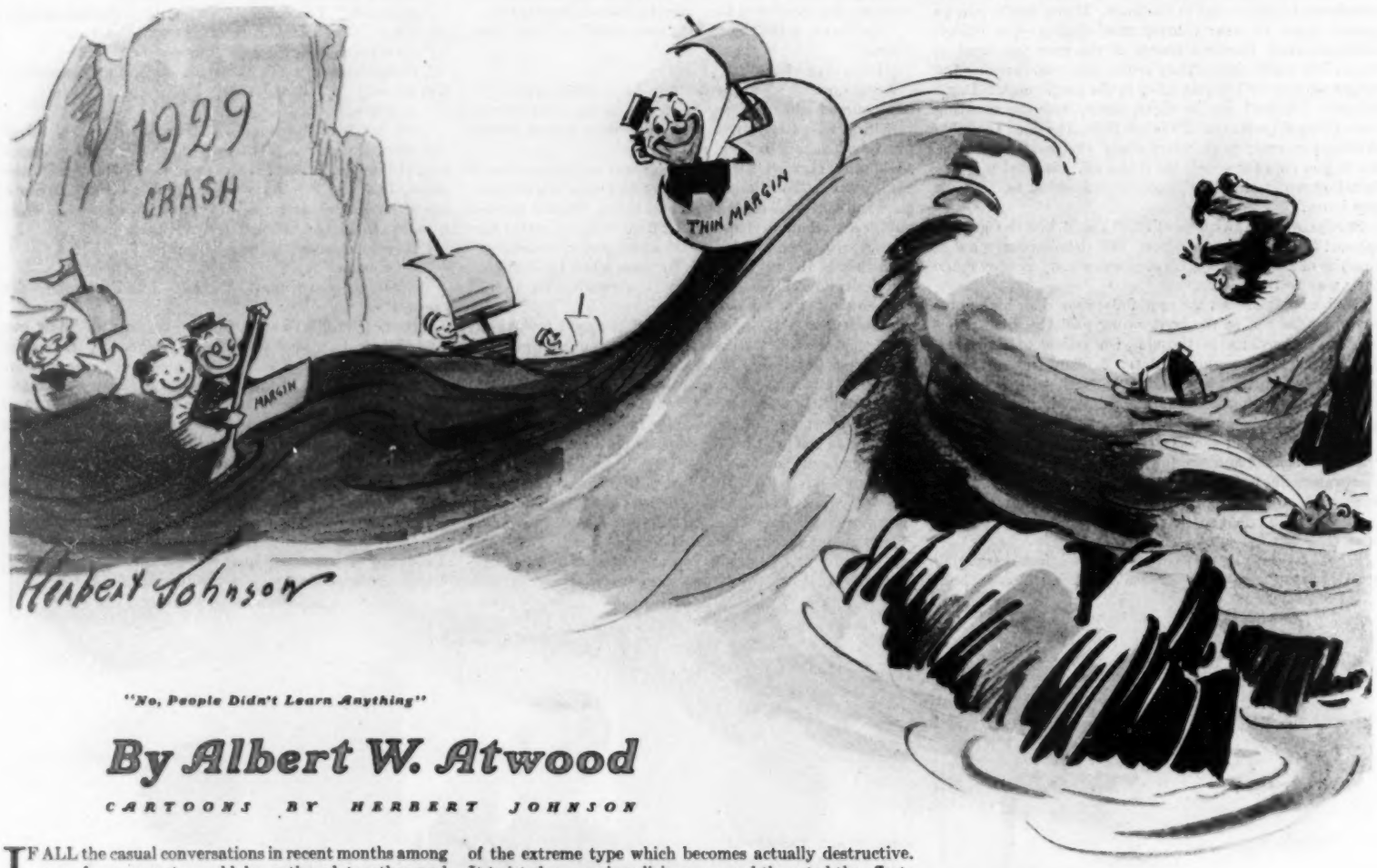
"Of course. I had signed responsibility for the stuff. Thought it was the customary thing. And until I pay it off, I stay. Your coming makes no difference."

(Continued on Page 132)



"What Did Happen to Anderson?" Ballister Asked Mildly; But Old Prin Interposed in a Great Bull Roar. "I Told Ye Once Tonight What 'Appened to 'Im! What Do Ye Keep 'Arping on That For?"

The Future of Stock Speculation



"No, People Didn't Learn Anything"

By Albert W. Atwood

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IF ALL the casual conversations in recent months among men of many sorts could be gathered together and scrutinized, it is safe to say that reference to the future of the stock market would rank very high in respect to frequency. True, it has not been a noisy, vociferous topic of discussion. Since the weeks which immediately followed the panic of last fall the stock market, or stock speculation, has dropped from its former place on the first pages of the newspapers and, up to the time of this writing, has been relegated to the technical columns in the financial section. Like a naughty boy who is being punished for breaking a window, it occupies a back seat.

But there is a singularly persistent undercurrent of interest in the subject all the same, and for that reason I have addressed to numerous authorities on finance, such as bankers, economists and corporate officials, the question of whether, in their opinion, people were cured by last autumn's events. With a few exceptions, the replies could be paraphrased in about these words:

"No, people didn't learn anything, in spite of the widespread losses. The shake-out was not severe enough to cure them, I fear. The gambling psychology is not one that is eradicated by loss; the idea is to seize the first opportunity to recoup. There are exceptions, of course, but most people are trying to get the money together to go back into the market when another boom comes along, and thus regain their losses. They feel that if only they change their system a little, or if they pick out different stocks this time, all will be well. Besides, they say to themselves that the Federal Reserve won't let the situation get out of hand again. No, I don't think that even the panic of last November cured people; they are eager to get back into the market."

Untrained Stock Buyers

NOW, it will be agreed by all except a few fanatics that a reasonable amount of speculation is a useful economic factor. Risk and chance are inherent in any system of society which maintains free initiative. It has been said that America never would have been discovered except on a speculative basis, and the stock market is only one of many places or forms of activity wherein speculation performs a valuable function.

But the kind of market which existed a year ago, and whose return is so ardently desired by so many people, was of the extreme type which becomes actually destructive. It twisted economic policies awry and thwarted the efforts of the greatest central-banking system in the world. Like a runaway ice wagon, it was wild enough to upset everything in sight and demoralize the credit and money markets of the world, with a resulting crash so severe that the country's leaders felt compelled to make extraordinary efforts to prevent a precipitous decline in business activity.

Now, if we look a little more closely at stock speculation, we see at once that it cannot be kept within useful limits when the function which it serves is undertaken by the public at large, including those of every kind of intelligence, experience and solvency, instead of by experts trained in the study of fluctuating values. It is the attempt to speculate by the untrained which upsets the apple cart. Any function or any business is sure to go awry when hundreds of thousands of ignorant amateurs rush into it. The extension of stock-trading facilities, along with other causes, brought a dangerously large number of unfit persons into the game.

A few people can make money speculating, but from the nature of the case, disaster results when hordes attempt to do so. This is because their general desire and tendency is to unload quickly and pretty much all at once. They attempt to discount or telescope future growth into a short period of time, and do not wait like the investor. When they decide to sell, enough buyers cannot be found except at a drastic and suicidal sacrifice in prices. No theater empties well when all the audience tries to go out instantly because of fire or explosion. Every bottle has a neck.

The New York Stock Exchange has gone to great lengths to provide additional building space and to install a new and much faster ticker service, which will care for 7,000,000 to 7,500,000 share days as well as the old tickers took care of 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 share days. This in spite of the fact that the first succession of 3,000,000-share days did not come until March, 1928, only two and a half years ago. But one day last fall the Stock Exchange had to take care of 16,000,000 shares; and if we have another great bull market, with an even larger participation, it may be obliged, when the wind-up arrives, to handle 20,000,000 or 25,000,000 shares. Who knows?

Now, this simply means that on such occasions the market goes out of business. Buyers and sellers cannot be brought together, no matter how much they want to be, and prices are slaughtered accordingly. But someone proposes the inevitable ingenuous question: Why can't the Stock Exchange provide for such big days? Physically it might be possible to make such provision, but certainly not economically. Of course, neither the physical facilities nor the technical, highly trained personnel can be trebled overnight. They would have to be arranged for in advance and kept in abeyance until needed. But no institution, no industry in the world could endure the expense, the overhead involved. Such vast facilities could not stand idle for a year or so, with the idea that they might come in handy some day. The very idea is preposterous.

Taking Pity on the Ticker

TO MAKE matters decidedly worse, the Stock Exchange differs from almost every other business in the variability of its units of service. Stocks are bought and sold in lots varying from 100 shares up to 30,000 shares, or even more, at a time. But the proportion of 100 and 200 share lots varies from day to day, and so do all the other units, such as 500, 1000, 5000, and the like. No set formula can be applied. One day the preponderance of 100-share lots is more marked than on the next. If all the business were in 100-share lots the ticker would be completely swamped even on a 4,000,000-share day. But the same machinery which has difficulty in handling a 4,000,000-share day in 100-share lots has no difficulty at all in taking care of the same amount of business in 200-share lots, and would find it child's play if all the business were in 1000-share lots.

The ratios which the units bear to one another cannot be predicted in advance because the operators themselves do not know whether they will buy this number or that number of shares, or in what units it is wisest to deal; their decision depending on a multitude of factors which cannot be foretold.

Here, then, is the problem: From the standpoint of the limitations upon the machinery itself, not to mention the desirability of maintaining stable economic conditions, excessive speculation should be curbed. But, unfortunately, we come right up against a blank wall at the very start. For, though practically all authorities agree that

extreme speculation is dangerous, almost none of them sees any hope of restraining people from starting on a course that leads to that result. Railroad collisions are dangerous, but if you cannot prevent trains from starting toward each other, what are you going to do? What method shall be used to keep men and women from being bitten and infected by the virus of the market bug?

One idea which immediately comes to mind concerns the use of punitive and graduated taxes. There might be imposed a tax according to the length of time the stock is held; the highest rates, of course, being placed upon those transactions which are for very short periods. Another idea is to tax according to the size of the margin, the amount of the tax going up as the amount of the margin falls.

It is very easy to show what injustices such methods of taxation would impose, but I do not think we need to go into that. These schemes are impractical from another and more immediate standpoint. They would not work as taxes, because they are too complicated. No tax is of any use unless it has a marked element of simplicity of application. The present transfer tax on all security dealings has that element. It works without a hitch, it raises a large revenue and injures no one. But the amount is very small, being a few pennies on each share of stock, while there is no graduation in the rates and the tax is imposed on all dealings, whether investment or speculative, whether held for one day or for fifty years, and whether paid for outright or on margin.

The Quicksilver of Speculation

IN QUARTERS which are by no means radical or uninformed it has been suggested that a slight increase in the present transfer tax might make speculation a shade more difficult. Of course, the investor would be penalized, too, but by only a few cents on each share of stock—an amount too small seriously to affect investment purchases. On the other hand, what reason have we to suppose that such a slight increase would impede speculators from plunging into a boiling market? An increase a few years ago in brokers' commissions and the extremely high rates for money did not hold down the crazy market of 1928 and 1929 in the slightest degree. Why should a few additional cents a share for taxes have the desired effect? On the other hand, a substantial increase in the transfer tax would impede excellent and necessary financing and investment.

But the effort to control speculation meets a far greater obstacle than the impracticality of these picayune mechanical devices. In the first place, if speculation is restricted in one field, it seems to be forced into another, like moving quicksilver. There is no doubt that the extremes to which stock speculation went in 1928 and 1929 had some relation to the reduction of speculation in the grain and cotton markets. If people are kept from gambling in stocks for a long period of time, they are likely to break out in real estate.

In fact, the collapse of a Southern land boom a few years ago probably exceeded in intensity the stock-market crash of last autumn, relatively speaking. The sums involved were not nearly so large, but the comparative inflation of prices was greater, and more people per square mile, so to speak, were ruined in the land-boom deflation than in the stock-market debacle.

Whoopee Stock Buying

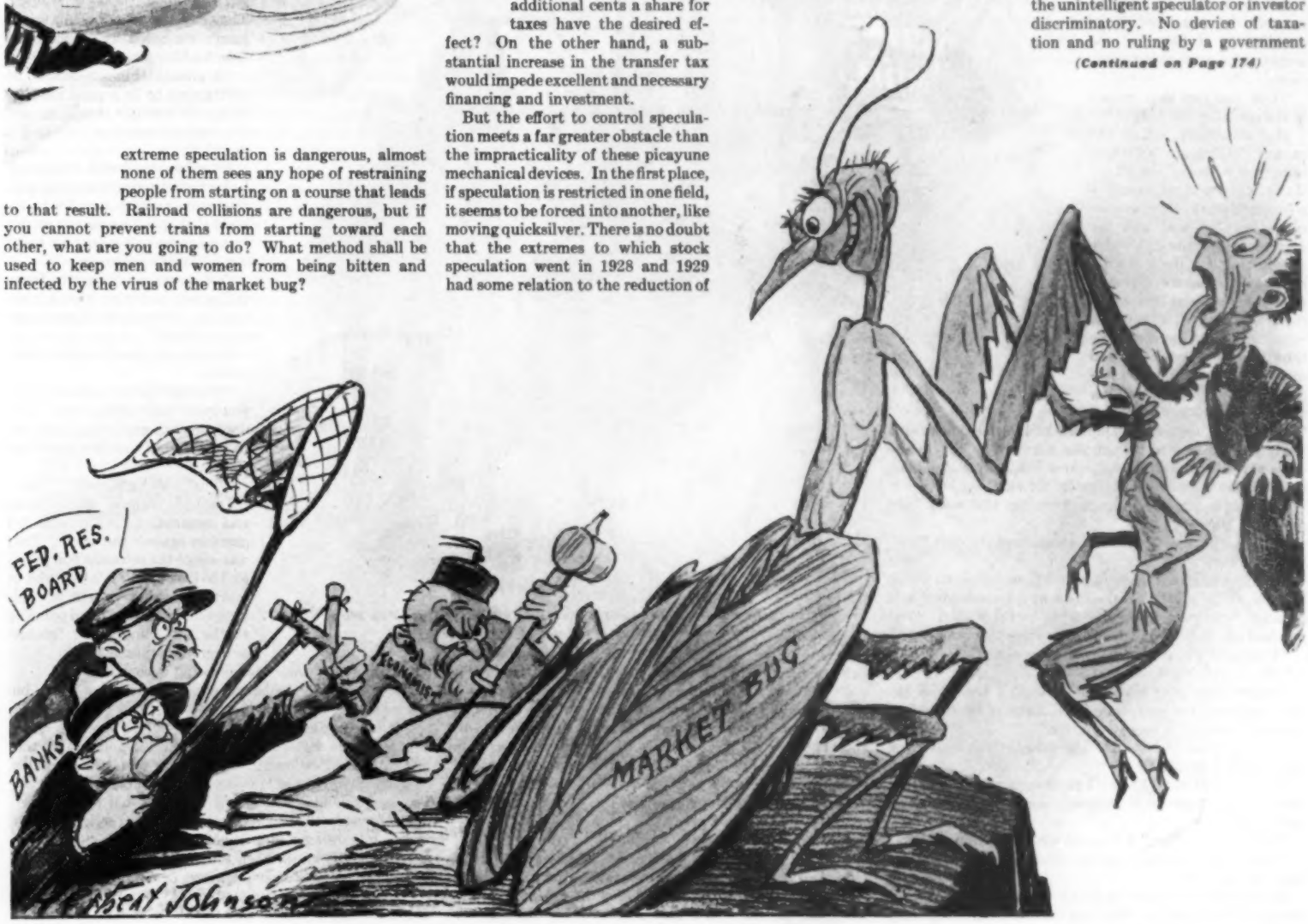
MOREOVER, if speculative markets were abolished in this country, they might spring up elsewhere. In these days of quick communication the international character of security dealings is very pronounced. If we do not care to maintain a market in our own stocks, enterprising citizens of some other country, such as England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Japan or Canada, might be glad to do so. In 1896 Germany tried to do away with speculation in securities and commodities, with the result that business went to Paris and London. Later the law was repealed.

It is extremely difficult to prohibit great numbers of people by law from doing something which they want to do, when the immediate effect of the act is not offensive to other people. The long-run economic result of undue speculation is injurious, and after a boom is over it appears that a great many fools have been forced to suffer the consequences of their own folly. But the first effect of the whoopee type of stock buying is very pleasant all around. It puts up prices, makes business active, appears to harm no one and seems to help everyone.

We all know how hard it is to enforce the prohibition of alcoholic beverages, although the almost immediate effect of a vast amount of drinking is to make for rowdyism, disorder and actual crime. How much more of a task, then, it would be totally to prohibit speculation which seems to be harmless for months or even years at a time!

Then, too, it is a question whether judgment can be legislated into the stock buyer's mind. Legislation cannot make the unintelligent speculator or investor discriminatory. No device of taxation and no ruling by a government

(Continued on Page 174)



All Authorities Agree That Extreme Speculation Is Dangerous

THIS MONTH'S BILLS

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MARK CROSBY, who thought no more than most men, and certainly never put a thought out on display, reflected, almost in spite of himself, that there were a good many times in marriage when a man felt singularly unprotected. He had learned, in two years well spread with happiness, that, delicious as intimacy was, there were occasions when it had the manners and insolence of a bill collector. At breakfast, or before it, in rooms which could not be left without rudeness or regret, in stray half hours like this one while they were waiting for the rest of the crowd, there was no avoiding issues if Daphne chose to make them. He himself did not care for issues, especially on matters which concerned financing. The thing to do, if a man happened to be a little pressed, was not to talk about it, to act as if he weren't, and turn the corner somehow. He wanted very much to take care of this pretty young woman who was catechising him, to give her the sort of surroundings that she wanted and that so became her. He was reasonably sure he could do it, if things didn't break too badly. But for the moment he wondered if he couldn't do it better if she would only stop asking questions.

"Did you put that money in the bank for me, Mark?"

His answer was quick and casual: "I'll do it first thing tomorrow morning, dear."

She was frowning lightly—a frown that was harmless because her forehead and her worries were so young. Trouble rode her mind as the frown did her brow—without defacing it. But it was easy to see where the lines might be, if they ever came to stay. They would be the markings of conscience and discipline, tightening her eager, tempting lips, making her face austere instead of blithe. Ten minutes ago, when Daphne had come downstairs, ready to go, she had looked like a gypsy, in that white dress with the rainbow scarf. And now, all of a sudden, she was like a school-teacher with her mind on her work.

"You've been going to do it every day this week," she reminded him.

"I'm sorry. I was a little short around the first."

"Why were you?"

"It's just kind of a heavy month. There were some things I had to clean up. I paid the taxes so there wouldn't be a penalty. That real-estate tax is an awful wallop. Four hundred and twenty dollars on a place like this is robbery."

"I thought you paid the taxes last month."

"No. I didn't get around to it."

"Where does your money go, Mark? I know you say it's a bad year, but you certainly make more than the four hundred a month it costs us to live."

"Is that what it costs us?" he asked. "Who gave you those swell statistics?"

"I certainly should know. I pay nearly all the bills. At least all but taxes and insurance and things like your club dues."

"A few such trifles," he agreed with faint irony.

"Well, nearly all our expenses do come out of the allowance you give me."

He was about to argue that and didn't. It really wasn't any use. When Daphne added up the bills from the grocery and the shops and paid for wages and water and gas and light, she thought that was about all there was to it. She didn't understand that under this superstructure of running expenses and household accounts there had to be a foundation of financing. She couldn't see why, when they owned their house, at least partially, Mark should talk of rent and interest on the investment and depreciation. He'd tried it once or twice, but such things were only words to her.

"No, Don't Tell Me About It. You Don't Have To. If You Want to be With Her, it's None of My Business"

"That is," said Daphne pointedly, "they come out of my allowance when I get it."

"Are you so broke, poor darling?"

"Surely you realize that I've all this month's bills to pay! And it's the fifth of the month."

"That's very early in a bill's life," he remarked; "bills as young as that don't need money. They shouldn't be trusted with it. It gives them wrong ideas."

She made no concessions to comedy. "Don't be silly, Mark. You know quite well what I have to take care of. Regina's wages have to be paid again on Saturday. And Pedro's done more work than usual on the lawn this month. Then it's far cheaper to buy fruit and vegetables at the public market instead of at the grocery, but if I do that I have to pay cash. Anyway, I don't see why we have to argue this! I thought we agreed on what my allowance was to be and that you'd give it to me on the first of every month."

"We did. And you'll have it, dear. Don't you always?"

"But I shouldn't have to ask for it. It isn't as if I were extravagant or wasteful. I get along on much less than most women. It isn't so easy to stretch out four hundred dollars so that it will take care of everything and manage to keep myself looking fairly decent."

"Decent!" said Mark. "What's that rubbishy adjective got to do with you? You're the best-looking, best-dressed girl in the city."

But flattery could get no foothold either. Daphne went on:

"It's quite a trick to keep your mind on what things cost when we play with so many people who just breathe money in and out. Joan Graves says that prices annoy her. She won't even bother to consider them. And have you any idea of what Peppy Slocum spends on her clothes alone?"

"Don't give me goose flesh," he said. "But you know, I hear that girl's a good business woman. They say that the Slocum estate hasn't dwindled any since she's been looking after it."

"I should think it would be pretty easy to be a good business woman on a couple of million. But it's exercise on four hundred a month."

"You're wonderful, Daphne," he said a little automatically, putting aside another impulse to explain that spending money wasn't just what he had meant by being a good business woman.

"Of course you've got to figure things out and plan ahead," she told him; "that's what you ought to do, Mark."

He looked grimly docile under advice.

"You said in the beginning that you could easily give me four hundred a month and have plenty left to take care of the things you had to pay."

"That's all right, dear. I can."

Daphne seemed unconvinced and unsatisfied. "The coal bill came in again," she said. "That was one of the accounts you promised to look after. It's the third or fourth time they've sent it. This time there was a red hand pointing at the total and a big 'please' written underneath."

"That's only their idea of being decorative."

"I get awfully embarrassed and worried when a bill comes in like that."

"It's just automatic. They know my credit's good, Daphne. I told Jim Morrison that I was going to let that bill ride for a few months and he was perfectly agreeable. He doesn't care. He knows he'll get his money."

"Still I should think you'd want to get it paid."

"I haven't the slightest objection to paying it. But things pile up once in a while."

"Don't you know when they're going to pile up?"

He grinned as if that joke were on him.

"I can make a pretty good guess," he said, "by expecting it to happen almost any time."

"It doesn't seem to me ——" she began.

"Don't worry, Daphne. I'll take care of that coal bill, red hands and all. And I'll put your money in for you tomorrow."

"Surely?"

"Absolutely. I've a payment coming in for the millwork on the new Nineteenth Avenue Building. By the way, do you want the four hundred now or just enough to take care of the service and give you some cash to go on?"

"Why, I need it all, of course. Can't you give me that much?"

"If you want it. I only thought that if you're all caught up except for this month's bills, I might borrow part of your allowance and give it to you later in the month."

"What do you need it for?"

He hadn't really worked it out in detail. He was going to spread what cash he had as thin as possible this month. But he picked up an item at random.

"Well, I've an income-tax installment due on the fifteenth, for one thing. The Government is now collecting for last year's prosperity."

"I do hate to let my bills run," said Daphne. "I like to get them paid by the tenth."

"It's certainly a fine idea. It's practically noble. All right, darling. Don't give it another thought. I'll fix you up."

"But don't you think I'm right?"

"I always think you're right. As well as beautiful."

"And you can manage it?"

"I told you I could. It's just a matter of stalling along a bit until some people pay me what they owe me."

"I should think they'd have to pay you. I should think you'd make them," she answered definitely.

He gave her an odd look and again held his tongue.

"It's a bad year for a lot of people," was all he said, and was glad to see the Graves car turning into the curved drive before the house. "Here they are, Daphne. We've got to go."

She hesitated. "Don't these things worry you?"

"There's nothing to worry about."

"But if you're really short of money ——"

He had an instant's astonishment at his desire to get away from her and at his welcome of the occasion that was making it possible.

"I'll take care of that," he promised. "What coat do you want to wear? If you're going to wear that gray one, don't sit next to me. The thing sheds like a collie dog."

The Graveses were driving the Crosbys out to Peppy Slocum's place in the country, for dinner and whatever might happen. It was the end of a June afternoon and the Crosby house was charming in the late, lazy sunlight, with creamy white spiræa massed against its clapboard walls and groups of shrubs of every shade of green blending into a greener lawn. Mark and Daphne had done the house over after they bought it and the desire for improvement had led to the desire for perfection, until, as Mark well knew, they had put more money into the place than they could ever get out of it. He thought of that as Joan Graves remarked that it was the sweetest house she ever saw. She spoke of it with the wistful appreciation of simplicity which the owner of large possessions can so prettily assume. Mark thanked her. He didn't know what the house was to Joan, but he knew what it was as far as he was concerned. In one way and another he had sunk nearly thirty thousand dollars in it, and it was a luxury to maintain a house like that for Daphne and the baby and himself. They could have lived more cheaply in an expensive hotel. They were spending money at the rate of a thousand dollars a month, counting in the interest and payments on the mortgage and what the car cost and the other things that did not come within the range of Daphne's allowance.

That was all right when business was what it should and could be. It had looked easy enough last year and the year before. But just now, with business dispirited and nervous, and nobody knowing what was ahead, the situation was different.

Even as he thought of these things he told Joan Graves that he'd never seen her looking so well, that he liked these crooked tams all the girls in the world were wearing, asked how her golf game was and made a vague date to take her on some Sunday morning. He sounded like a young man without a care in the world and he looked like Apollo turned out by a very good tailor. Once Daphne glanced at him with a certain critical severity, and he guessed that she was thinking that his responsibilities weighed too lightly on him.

Still it was impossible not to have a good time, unless one deliberately tried to pick a quarrel with luxury and beauty. They were out of the city in ten minutes and fields of blossoming clover began to make the air softer and sweeter. In the Graves car, moving at a steady fifty miles an hour, wealth and security were the only credible things. And as they turned in at the Slocum estate, where the branches of great trees were allowed to overhang the road, and approached the low, green-and-white house by the lake, it looked like a good party. All the casements of the house swung open; there were people on the pier in the distance; a motorboat cut through the water with a splendid glistening spray, and Peppy, with three wire-haired terriers, came to meet the new arrivals.

Peppy, who had been christened Penelope, was one of those eight or ten women in a generation who, by special dispensation, get along just as well without being good-looking. The grace came partly from within and partly from the complete independence of her position. She had a great deal of money and even more vitality. No one had ever caught her out with an inhibition or a repressed desire. What she wanted to do was what she did, and because her taste was good, she had been followed by more admiration than scandal. Such trouble as she had encountered in a rather complicated family life she had handled with cool authority. Now that both her father and her father's trusted manager were dead, she had taken over the management of the estate, which involved her mother's fortune, her own and that of a young nephew.

Mark didn't know Peppy very well. His acquaintance with her came through Daphne and by way of the Graveses. He was slightly curious about her, having heard a number of stories, including the one about how Walter Powell had considered it his gallant duty to go to her with advice about selling her copper stock, only to find that she'd done it when the market was ten points higher. She was, according to popular opinion, very clever. She was also tall and thin and quite freckled, with a firm, healthy body. She did not look like a girl who had been kissed very much and there was not the slightest camouflage about her appearance. In the green suit she had on this afternoon she was just as Mark remembered her in an evening dress. If she wore make-up it was imperceptible, and her hair grew toward the back of her head and stayed there neatly. She was almost homely, but not in the least dowdy. There was something absolutely confident about her. And it was hard to imagine anything she wore as belonging to anyone else.

"Hello," she said to Mark, when she was through greeting the others. "I'm especially glad you came."

"Then two of us feel that way."

They decided in a glance that they were going to like each other.

"Let's make the most of it," suggested Peppy in a perfectly friendly way. "What do you want to do? Swim?"

Daphne and the Graveses had already gone toward the bathing house.

"Are you going in?"

She shook her head. "I've just come out."

"I'd rather stay with you. Take me for a walk and show me the place. Let's go and have a look at the trees. I like to walk where there are trees."

"Is that why you're in the lumber business?"

He laughed. "Nothing so romantic. I'm in the lumber business to make a living."

"Is it a good way to make one?"

"Not this year, certainly."

(Continued on Page 109)

Instead of Mentioning the Fading Rose Color of the Sky or the First Shy Stars, They Took Those Lovely Things for Granted and Talked About the Struggle for Employment and the Difficulties of Capital and Industry and the Chances of Improvement

Owning a Big-League Ball Team

By WM. WRIGLEY, JR.

As Told to Forrest Crissey

OUTSIDE of school hours, when I was a boy in Philadelphia, I worked for my father. This seemed to me a cruel conspiracy of the Fates. He was a kind man, but he belonged to a generation which was work-minded. Baseball was nothing to him. My work took me directly past the ball park of the Nationals. That was the trouble! I hadn't a chance in the world to get away to the ball game on any of the familiar alibis.

The near relatives of my boy friends were buried regularly on ball-game days. No use to tell my employer of imaginary funerals in the family, for he was my father and had the death statistics of the family down to the minute. No other excuses worked. Moreover, he firmly refused to allow me to find another employer. Consequently, whenever I came to the ball park and heard the wild cheering within, I was in a state of rebellion.

Rogers Hornsby, of the Chicago Cubs, Has Figured in Some of Baseball's Biggest Deals

One day when the cheering was particularly wild inside the park, I resolved that some day I would own a ball team and a ball park. This is really how I came to get into baseball as an owner, for my interest in the game has never relaxed an instant from that moment to this. This incident also explains why I get a greater satisfaction out of this enterprise than any other in which I am interested.

I'm not ashamed to confess that when the Cubs are playing in Chicago I refuse to make any business appointments which will interfere with my attendance at the games. In fact, I follow the team all over the country through the season and attend to my other business affairs outside of baseball hours. That's how well I love baseball. To me, it is the finest competitive sport in existence, and the fact that the American people spend annually close to $70,000,000 for admissions to baseball games indicates that they regard baseball as the great American game.

Why Baseball Holds Its Popularity

THE reasons for the supreme popularity of baseball are, it seems to me, obvious. It's an open game, every play being clearly exposed to the view of the spectators. In this particular it is in striking contrast to football. But the biggest element of fascination in baseball is due to the fact that a game is never over until the last man is out. One team may have everything its own way up to the last inning and then find victory turned into defeat by a fluke or a brilliant play. The popularity of baseball is not dependent upon college, institutional or even local spirit; it is inherent in the game itself.

Still another reason why baseball holds the interest of millions of our people is that it can be followed closely and intelligently from an oral or printed description of the plays; millions of persons who cannot attend each game of the team in which they are most interested get a high degree of satisfaction from the broadcasts of the games which they do not see. Baseball broadcasting has become a godsend to shut-ins and those who are unable to follow my rule of not allowing business to interfere with baseball. It has millions of ardent and devoted fans who are seldom privileged to see a major-league game excepting through the eyes of imagination. A game which can inspire and hold this great absentee following certainly has a marvelous pulling power.

Early in my experience as the owner of a major-league ball team I said: "Baseball is too much of a sport to be a business and too much of a business to be a sport." Today that doesn't sound to me as being nearly so bright a wise crack as it did then. I've found baseball to be a whale of a business—but bigger and better as a sport than as a business! I draw larger dividends in fun and personal satisfaction from my ownership of the Chicago Cubs than I do in money—and it's profitable now.

No man is qualified to make a genuine success of owning a big-league ball team who isn't in it because of his love for the game; he's sure to weaken in his support at some critical point of its development if his heart isn't in the sport. On the other hand, it is no undertaking for a man who hasn't practically unlimited financial resources at his command, regardless of how much he loves the game. If he regards it merely as a means of making money, he'd much better invest his time and capital in an enterprise strictly commercial in character.

Operating a successful big-league ball team is radically different from running any commercial or industrial business, because you are dealing, 100 per cent, in and with human nature—and that's always a variable quantity. You can't standardize it either in players or patrons.

The only product that the baseball business has to sell is good will. If you fail to furnish the kind of entertainment that results in general public good will, you're out of luck. There's a catch in this business at every turn, because you're playing with tricky, variable human nature, not inert physical commodities and mechanical methods.

The scarcity of superlative baseball talent, the kind that can survive in the fiercely competitive atmosphere of major-league playing—and you must have a winning team to command the support of admission buyers—is the big problem in building up a successful club. Few fans appreciate this. Apparently there are only about forty of these superlative stars in captivity at any time. The population of the United States is 120,000,000 persons. One major-league superstar to 3,000,000 inhabitants!

The trick is to find the star. I spent seven years and $300,000 to learn that the race of big-league stars on third base evidently had been exhausted. Then I added $65,000 to that investment and brought out Lester Bell.

This quest for a third baseman is a good example of what is required to build up a big-league team that is strong enough to win games against fierce competition, to pack the home ball park and draw crowds wherever it plays, and to command the pride of the fans of the club's home city.

The Right Man on the Right Base

WE HAVE been over much the same long trail in filling other positions in the team with real stars. Every experiment to find the right man has cost money—a lot of it—and usually it requires a series of costly experiments. This is why I say that no man whose financial resources are limited is in a position to own a major-league team and know that he can make it successful.

This also illustrates why a man who doesn't really love baseball is unfitted to be a club owner; he can't stand the gaff of the disappointments. They break his spirit when he looks at their cost.

There have been many times in my experience as owner of the Chicago Cubs when I would have lost heart and interest in the enterprise and refused to throw good money after bad if baseball hadn't been almost a religion to me. I am sure that other big-league-club owners will make the same confession.

There was a time when the Cubs were in red ink to the extent of almost half a million dollars. It doesn't require much imagination to realize how such a deficit would have affected an owner interested only in the financial outcome of the undertaking. But it didn't faze me, because I didn't go into baseball for the purpose of making money; that

Opening Requests for 1929 World Series Tickets. Over $1,000,000 Was Returned to Disappointed Fans

motive was so secondary that it was given little consideration. I stuck because I loved the game itself and wished to contribute to its progress and its greater enjoyment by the American people.

It's a satisfaction to me to believe that I have, to a very considerable extent, accomplished this. Not only are the admissions to Wrigley Field 1,000,000 more than they were when I bought the team, but that attendance has come to include all classes of people.

When I entered upon my experience as a ball-club owner, back in 1916, the typical ball crowd was generally considered rather rough stuff. There was plenty of drinking, and the umpire who gave a decision which was resented by the home-team fans was in luck if he didn't receive a shower of pop bottles. The socially elect of our city did not then crowd the ticket lines. A ladies' day at that time would have been a joke—a target for the gibes of sports writers and columnists.

When, in 1919, I bought control of the Chicago Cubs, my ambition was not only to build up a winning team that would command the pride of Chicago fans but to make the game alluring to the large sections of the public not then baseball-minded.

I held that no normal human being could remain indifferent to the allurements of baseball after being fully exposed to them. The problem was to induce the vast public then indifferent and uninterested to get acquainted with the game as played by stars.

To the Ladies

IMPROVING the physical facilities for the enjoyment of the games seemed an obvious and simple means of accomplishing this purpose. The behavior of men is very sensitively influenced by their surroundings. Put a man accustomed to rough surroundings into a place which is not only clean but attractive, and instinctively he will at once improve his behavior to fit his environment. Again, persons used to refined surroundings will not voluntarily go to places for entertainment which offend their sense of cleanliness, comfort and decency.

Therefore I spent $2,300,000 to make Wrigley Field clean, convenient, comfortable and attractive to the eye—a place in which any woman accustomed to refined surroundings would feel safe, comfortable and in a frame of mind to enjoy the game. The effect of these improved surroundings upon baseball patrons has been remarkable. Of course, other influences have had their effect also—among them, stricter discipline. But the improved atmosphere has been the strongest factor in transforming the boisterous crowd of the early days into an orderly and well-behaved assemblage. Undoubtedly the greatly increased attendance of women has played an important part in this improvement. But this statement calls for certain important amendments. It is easier to control a crowd of 100,000 men than of 10,000 women.

In talking with William L. Veeck, president of the Chicago Cubs, about means for increasing the crop of baseball fans, the idea of giving a ladies' day at least once a week was developed. We then thought it a hot hunch—but we didn't know how hot until we saw it in action! Of course, the theory of handing out a lot of free admissions to ladies was that women are the best advertisers in the world for anything they like. Also they are instinctive bargain hunters.

Admission to a major-league game at fifty cents to a dollar and a half is certainly a bargain in entertainment, and we relied upon the ladies to discover this fact and spread the good news to their women friends.

There was another tactical advantage in selling baseball to the ladies. Thousands of men who would like to spend their Saturday or Sunday afternoons at a ball game stay away because their wives do not care for the game—or think they don't because they haven't experienced its thrills. Doubling the attendance from families where husbands and wives wish to spend their holiday afternoons together was another consideration in starting ladies' day at Wrigley Field. It was simply an educational scheme to make the entire family baseball-minded.

A bargain-day rush at a big State Street store is a tame event alongside a ladies' day at Wrigley Field. Telling the truth about the difficulties of controlling that crowd is difficult, for the truth sounds decidedly ungallant. There is no such thing as controlling these crowds of women besieging the admission booths. The ladies listen to a speech urging them to take their time and assuring them that each applicant will be accommodated; then they storm wickets, sweeping aside policemen and guards in a way to make men gasp and wonder how the phrase "the gentler sex" ever originated. What they do to one another in the process of crashing the gate is astounding to male spectators.

If a big State Street store were to offer at fifty cents 5000 pairs of the finest silk stockings made, the crush to get them would not, I think, exceed in intensity our ladies'-day gate crash. One Friday, shortly after the gates were opened, and there were 45,000 spectators inside and thousands outside, an usher came upon a little old woman who was crying. He assured her that he would find her a seat somewhere.

"I don't want a seat," she sobbed; "I want to get out. I came to visit my daughter, who lives near here. Before I knew it I was caught in this terrible mob and swept inside." Women have actually brought oil stoves with them and camped in the early morning outside the gates in order to be sure to get seats. A coupon to a seat is a mere formality on ladies' day. Once a woman is in a seat, she's there to stay.

However, the vigor of the battle is an eloquent testimonial to the intensity of woman's newly awakened passion for baseball. A Chicago newspaper recently printed these clever lines:

THAT'S NO PLACE FOR PAPA

I saw a wounded baseball fan come tottering down the street,
Incased in bandages and tape, and bruised from head to feet;
And as I called the ambulance, I heard the poor guy say:
"I bought a seat in Wrigley Field, but it was ladies' day!"

This sudden and spectacular burst of feminine interest in baseball—sensational in both its volume and intensity—swept us off our feet. Up to the time we started the ladies'-day free admissions, attendance by women had been decidedly limited. In general, apparently, women didn't know what baseball was all about. There were occasional exceptions, of course. One white-haired woman who attends nearly every game has a set of elaborately bound score books covering a period of nearly twenty years. Most exceptions were found among the younger women who had played at finishing schools or colleges.

Joe McCarthy, Judge Landis and Connie Mack Before the First Game of the 1929 World Series

Returning to the problem of building up a successful big-league team, the general public has no realization of what a heartbreaking task it is. Injuries to players cut a big figure here. An injured player draws full salary for the period of his contract, plus hospital bills, medical attendance and all other maintenance expenses.

The High Cost of Playing

FOR example, Hartnett, who drew a salary of $15,000 and a share in the World Series games, caught only one game for us in 1929. His ailment was a sore arm. Some years ago we acquired the contract of Rabbit Maranville, a shortstop. His ankle was broken in an exhibition game before he had ever played a game for us. He was unable to play for half the season, yet his pay went on and all the medical expenses were borne by us.

The operating cost of the Cubs is only slightly less than $1,000,000 a year—a little more than $6000 a game. Now as to investment: If every other National League club had the same investment as the Cubs, the total would be about $40,000,000.

Last year we spent $400,000 for new players. This item never drops below $150,000 a year. Our purchase of Rogers Hornsby from the Boston Braves was the biggest deal ever made in baseball, in my judgment. The cash consideration was well in excess of $150,000, and we also

(Continued on Page 129)

The Kings of Swat—Babe Ruth Shaking Hands With Hack Wilson Before a World Series Game Last Year

"THIS WAY, PLEASE"

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

MONDAY night was dime night at the Llamarada, and it was also the night when the ushers, Virginia Myers and Ruth Crim, did not have to work. It was not a very convenient night for dates, but it was the only evening when Mr. McLaughlin could let the girls go; so they made the most of it, as working girls have a way of doing.

It wasn't hard for Virginia, who was engaged to Richard Hardy, the Llamarada organist. They came and went together, and had time for dates in the late afternoons, but for Ruth it was awkward. She didn't mind particularly until Emory Gibson came home from college under a cloud, and got into the habit of coming to the theater and coaxing Ruth to go off with him before her work was finished.

She first became acquainted with Emory one night when there was a special picture with a big reputation, and the house was full, and her first impression of him was unhappy. Both ushers were busy, getting people seated, going quickly up and down the aisle, taking apart the little groups that gathered at the doorways and separating them according to the amount of room they could find, with a deftness and courtesy that spoke well for Mr. McLaughlin's training.

Coming back up the aisle, Ruth made mental notes of the empty places left. Neighbors were calling back and forth to one another. The Thompkins baby was wandering happily in the aisle, and Ruth returned the infant to her mother. Mrs. Bonniewell, as always on a crowded night, stopped Ruth, who listened to her with every appearance of courtesy. The young married people were changing their places again. The crowd was noisy, good-natured; the pop-corn bags being passed along the rows of seats like so many collection baskets. Richard was at the organ, playing popular music, and a little group of high-school girls on Virginia's side began to sing with him. One of them had a clear, pleasant voice, and the crowd fell silent, listened and cheered for them. It was all like a jolly party.

Up in the projection room, Jobe, the operator, pulled down the switch that darkened the auditorium, and began to display the local advertisements on the screen while Richard went on playing softly. Ruth could not remember when the house had been so noisy, and it worried her a little; for she and Virginia were responsible for quiet in the theater. The crowd clapped for the ads, with that good-natured mockery which is part of the small town's heritage. The news film had just begun, and the crowd was settling down to listen, when Ruth heard a man's laugh in the small foyer, and turned at once to her entrance.

A small group of young men stood there. Ruth knew most of them, except the tall youth in the foreground, who was somehow familiar.

She said, in her low voice, "I have only singles left." She signaled to Virginia, who held up two fingers together.

"Two of you go to the other aisle, please, and two of you come this way, please."

Two of the young men turned away, which left the tall boy and his companion for Ruth, and she led them down the aisle. Their seats were two rows apart, one almost behind the other, and the tall young man turned in his seat and called back, "All right, Buddy?"

Ruth came quickly down the aisle to him again. "We must have quiet, please, during the talking pictures," she said courteously. He looked up at her with slow, intelligent eyes. His face, in the half light of the theater, was moody, a handsome face, but cloudy and sulky under the thick crown of dark bright hair. She knew then who he was—Emory Gibson, who had been, for a time, the great hero of the high school when she was in the eighth grade.

"I'll Never Leave You," He Promised Her. "I'll Always Stay With You, and if Ever I Go, I'll Take You"

"Quiet? I'm not making any noise," he said in a loud voice, and the little boys in front of him laughed and turned around. Ruth was disconcerted. In Hilltown she never had to speak to anyone but the children. But she had a good deal of character. When, a few minutes later, she heard his voice again, she went back to him and said firmly:

"If you will not be orderly, I will call the janitor and have him ask you to leave the theater. It is absolutely necessary to have quiet during the talking pictures."

There was a murmur of approval from those near by, and a voice spoke up: "Don't let him bluff you, Ruth."

"Say," said Emory insolently, "how do you get that way?"

To this, Ruth made no answer, but she felt her face burn hot with color as she went sedately back to the head of the aisle, to stand, primly, her back to the screen, her feet together, her shoulders straight like a young soldier. The uniforms Mr. McLaughlin had provided for his two ushers were very pretty—brief scarlet satin skirts, and gold-brocaded jackets, and little round monkey caps of scarlet and gold. Ruth's sleek, dark hair, her deep brown eyes, her pretty, youthful face, rouged and lipsticked to an unnatural brightness, as part of her uniform, made a charming picture, which usually did not invite rudeness. Now her lips quivered. Her great weakness was that she cried easily.

It is a great responsibility, when one is only twenty, to keep order in a small-town theater. Perhaps Ruth could not have done it in a different place, but in the months she had worked at the Llamarada no one had made trouble for her before. The very baddest of the small boys were soon intimidated by the magic word "janitor" if they were not won by a smile and a little coaxing.

Someone was behind her. She stepped aside, and there towered Emory Gibson. What a big young man he was, she thought, looking up at him as haughtily as she could. He was just enough older than she was that they had never been friends in school.

Now he said, in a quick, penitent voice, "I'm sorry. Don't cry. I didn't mean to be rude. I'm just fed up. Won't you forgive me?"

"Of course," she said at once. They smiled at each other. Her resentment evaporated. She found him attractive.

Emory said, "You're Ruth Crim, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I wasn't here last summer. I didn't know you were so grown up. When do you get through here?"

"You mean tonight?"

"Of course, I mean tonight."

"When the second show is half over. Between 9:45 and ten o'clock."

"And you can't have dates until then?"

"Only on Mondays."

"But this is Friday. Monday's a long time away. I'll wait in the lobby for you."

"No, not in the lobby, please. Mr. McLaughlin doesn't like that."

They smiled at each other again, and he went out without seeing the picture. He looked back at Ruth, over his shoulder, and she knew that he would be waiting for her.

As soon as it was possible to get a word with Virginia, Ruth told her about it, and Virginia said:

"He's been canned out of college. He was a junior. This is the second time he's been in trouble. He's going to work in his uncle's mill now, I hear."

"I wonder what he was suspended for."

"Oh, some deviltry. He was always wild. Don't you remember how he used to play basket ball in high school?"

"Yes. But he was put off the team for fighting, wasn't he?"

"He was. And we lost all the rest of the games that year. He was a wonderful forward, but he always wanted to fight. He's attractive, Ruth, but I don't think he amounts to much."

Ruth laughed. "You don't think any boy amounts to anything except Richard," she said, and went back to her own aisle again. She kept on thinking about this tall, sulky boy, so handsome and arrogant, and yet charming. She could not remember that any boy had ever made her feel like crying, and then made her so happy in such a short time. When the second show was half over and she and Virginia were free to go, Ruth changed in the tiny wash room and put on her own sleeveless brown crêpe dress. But she paused, looking in the mirror, and did not remove the make-up, as she usually did, but left her cheeks and lips bright with color.

She found Emory on the walk, his heels on the curb, waiting for her. He was smoking, but threw his cigarette into the street and grinned down at her in an engaging fashion all his own.

"Hello, baby," he said, and Ruth's small nose crinkled as she laughed up at him. He took her arm in his big hand and turned her toward town.

"Let's go to Miller's and get a soda and talk about us," he said, and Ruth went along with him cheerfully.

The tables were full at Miller's, and Emory went to the soda fountain and mixed their own drinks, and brought them back, clowning as he did so. They sat at a little table a long time, fooling, confiding between laughter, looking at each other, getting acquainted in their own way. Ruth decided, critically, that he was not really handsome, as she had thought at first. It was because of the slight cloud on his brow. It was a thing she could not understand—something intangible. His eyes, too, were unhappy, dissatisfied eyes, and the skin of his forehead was thick and creased. His nose was broad and soft, and his mouth wide and smiling. For all his great size, he seemed a boy. It was his manner and his thick, springing hair that gave the impression of good looks. When you got right down to cases, Ruth decided, he wasn't as handsome as Jobe, who had such a fine nose and clear bright black eyes and a serious mouth. But he was a lot more fun. Jobe's idea of a date was to take Ruth to University Town on an afternoon when they had no matinée and take her to the show, and let her sit alone while he went up in the projection room and watched the operator run the films. He was interested in nothing but sound-wave frequency and the mystery of light and sound reproduction. But Emory Gibson admired the length of Ruth's skirts, told her that brown was becoming to her but that red was really her color; teased her to make her laugh, because he liked her giggle and the way her nose crinkled. She had a cute nose, anyhow, he confided to her.

When they left Miller's, it was after ten. The way toward her home led by the radio shop, where a loud-speaker over the door went on from early morning till late at night, and they danced on the sidewalk. It was twelve o'clock when Ruth got home and found her mother looking anxiously up and down the street for her, and she hadn't had so much fun ever before in her life, she thought. She lay awake, trying to piece out her impressions—the first glimpse of him in the dark theater, when he had seemed only a rude, ill-mannered person, then his quick voice apologizing; the way he kept her laughing in at Miller's; the nonsense and dancing; yet the feeling all the time that he was unhappy, discontented. She tried to remember what she knew about him.

He was a "mother's" boy, she knew. His father had been dead for many years, and his mother had the millinery store over by Wilson's, on the square. She made and sold fine, hand-embroidered silk underwear, and initialed linens for such Hilltown brides as could afford them. She painted bridge-table covers and sold prizes for the card parties. And she trimmed hats quite successfully. Her store was long and narrow, with a great mirror on one wall. She was a little, nervous, intense woman, with big, mournful brown eyes and thin red hair. It was said of her by older people that she had once been a great beauty.

She had always been a fool about Emory, giving him everything. He had a fine bicycle when he was six years old. He had a roadster in high school. He had good clothes and money to spend. He had never done any work at all. Whenever he was in trouble, which was frequently, his mother took his part without question or waiting for the facts. She would quarrel with anyone and everyone for him. Emory was always right. Whatever he did was right. Funny how clearly Ruth remembered all these things tonight. She had never thought of him before.

She could understand his mother's fatuousness now. He was charming enough to make a victim of any woman, if she took him seriously. Ruth had missed a good deal of young fun since she had worked at the Llamarada. It would be pleasant to have dates with a boy who would wait until ten o'clock for her. This was the kind of boy that was fun. Of course, he was no one to become fond of, but ideal for a good time.

But Ruth had reckoned without the staff of the Llamarada when she began to go with Emory Gibson. She had long been the baby of the theater. She was really a little older than Virginia, but she was of a different character;

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They Sat at a Little Table a Long Time, Fooling, Confiding Between Laughter, Looking at Each Other, Getting Acquainted

RIVER TO THE SEA

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

IV

THE storm ran its full traditional course, and, true to his promise, Le May started for Yellow Mountain on the morning of the first fine day. On his way down Becker Hill he was reminded of the memorandum he had made to purchase a sledge hammer. Why had he not thought to attend to the matter sooner? Instead of moping around the house for two days, he might easily have gone to Torrington and tended to that as well as to certain other errands.

He stopped at the crossroads, trying to persuade himself to do his shopping first, but he was not of a calculating nature, preferring risks to delay.

He decided to go ahead, and presently the car breasted the long incline before him. By creeping along in second, judging his distances nicely, passing around one stone and going slowly over another, he arrived safely at the Beale house and cut off his ignition. No use to attempt the intricate maneuvering necessary to turn around while the motor was so hot. He sat for a moment listening; apparently the place was deserted. No singing, no cries of children at play, not even a wisp of smoke from either of the chimneys. He went to the door of the studio and knocked; there was no answer. He knocked again, and still no answer. Then he shouted:

"Mr. Beale?"

"Oh, it's you, is it?" replied Beale's voice promptly. "Come in."

Le May raised the latch and entered. "What's the formula for getting into this house?" he asked indignantly. "Do I knock or don't I?"

"There wasn't any reason why you shouldn't have walked in today," said Beale placidly. He went to a scarred old bureau desk, and, lowering the slanting top, disclosed chaos, but tucked in a corner by itself was a sheet of paper. He took it up, read through the single paragraph it contained, and handed it to Le May. "Find out if that's in order," he said. "If it isn't, I'll make any changes you suggest."

Le May glanced through the lines. "It seems to be all right, but I'll ask somebody who knows and make sure. I can't thank you enough for this. It means I can go ahead and get title to the rest of the mountain." He folded the paper and slipped it into his hip pocket. "What about the pictures?"

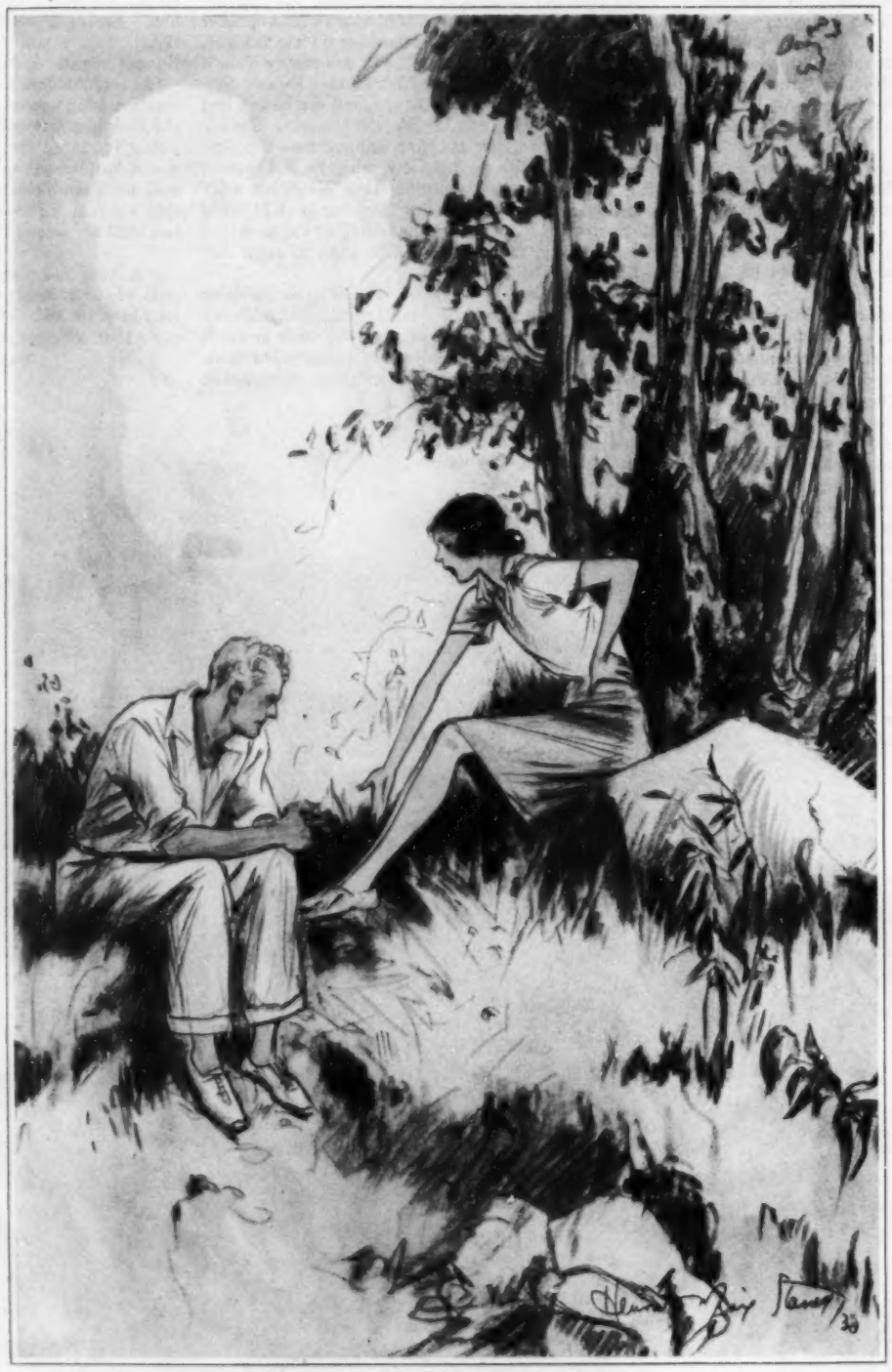
"Do you want to take them along with you today?"

"Why, yes. That's really what I came for, but I see you haven't bothered to wrap them up."

"Why should I? You might never have come and there would go all that trouble for nothing. I'll do it now."

"No, no," laughed Le May. "I did it before, and there's still plenty of paper here, but you'll have to get me some more string."

"All right," said Beale, and wandered off through the open door leading to the dining room. His calls for Lorry, met only by silence, grew fainter and fainter. The whole house seemed peculiarly empty and silent; so silent that Le May resented the rattling of the paper he was handling. He paused in what he was doing and listened.



"My Feet!" She Scoffed. "Look at Them!"

Presently he heard Beale's shuffling step returning. "I can't find the string," he said petulantly. "I can never find anything."

"Perhaps in the desk," suggested Le May. "It looks as if it might hold a little of everything."

Beale fumbled around among the papers and finally drew out a drawer. "You're right," he exclaimed. "You're practically omniscient." He produced several pieces of assorted twine, brought them over and dropped them on the floor. "I'm afraid you'll have to tie two or three bits together."

"Leave it to me," said Le May, and proceeded lingeringly with his task.

He felt an unaccountable sinking of the spirit. He had not come to see Lorry or the children or their grandfather; he hadn't come to see anybody, but simply to get the pictures. And yet the emptiness of the house oppressed him to such a point that he was deliberately slowing his movements in the hope that any moment might bring a change. Even when the three canvases were wrapped and tied, he sat back on his haunches, putting questions to himself, and with others he dared not ask aloud trembling on the tip of his tongue:

Why should you miss people you didn't care particularly about? Why resent the broken entity of a strange house? Here was Clayton Beale, a great artist in his day and undoubtedly a reservoir of precious reminiscence. Why was he not overjoyed to find him alone? Then there were the objective questions he could never ask—questions about Lorry and her possible future, about her three half-sisters, about the unseen inmate of the room above the kitchen.

"Daydreaming?" asked Beale suddenly.

Le May was startled and showed it. "Yes," he admitted, and smiled slowly as he arose, yawned, stretched and then leaned over to pick up the package of pictures.

"What's your hurry?" asked Beale. "Anything pressing on your mind?"

"Not a thing."

"Tell me what you were dreaming about; I'm interested."

"I wouldn't dare." He paused and frowned as he propped the package on a chair. "But after all, why shouldn't I? As far as I know, I came simply to get these pictures, yet not finding Lorry and the children around seems to have depressed me. Don't get me wrong; I don't like children or girls particularly, and yet it was the same the other day. I came in the rain because I thought they would be in the house. You'd think I'd be glad of the chance to talk to a man like you alone, but here I am letting the emptiness of the house shove my spirits down to around zero. It riles me because I can't figure it out, Mr. Beale. Can you?"

"Easily," said Beale. "Caring for people isn't what makes you miss them; given the right conditions, you can miss somebody you don't like more than somebody you do. All our lives are made up of images, and I don't say it because I'm an artist. Everybody forms images and lives by them. To take a case in point, you formed an image of this place which included Lorry—a striking girl if there ever was one—and three annoying little brats. You drop in on it when they're gone, and what happens? It's exactly as though you had come on a familiar body with the arms and legs missing. What matters isn't whether you were fond of the body, but that your remembered image has been mutilated."

"I wonder how old you were before you learned that," said Le May appreciatively. "It's quite true—all of it. I know people who depend on nagging as if it were a drug; they couldn't possibly get along without somebody they don't like. As for living by images, I wish I'd had the brains to think it out without being told. You, for instance,

A Strange Lorry Stood Before Them

are not what you are; you're what I see."

"Always; and as for you, you could talk yourself blue, give me your pedigree back to Adam, supply me with an analysis of your blood and your latest photograph, and I would still be limited to my own vision of you—my own private Kenneth Le May; somebody you don't know and that nobody else sees or knows, only me." He paused, but presently continued: "That's why all mankind is doomed to walk forever with the phantom stranger."

Le May stared at him.

"I knew that it would pay me to hear you talk," he murmured, "but just the same, I think I'll go."

"I was wrong to take such a line when I was trying to cheer you up—quite wrong. But an old man is an anvil; strike him and he gives out sparks."

"That reminds me," muttered Le May, starting toward the door, "I've got to buy a sledge hammer."

"What for?"

"To smash the tops off some of the rocks in your road. As it is, I'm not sure I'm going to be able to turn my car around."

"Where is it?"

"Out front. Didn't you hear it when I came?"

"No; the first thing I heard was somebody knocking on the door. Come on; I'll help you."

Beale was as good as his word, for evidently he had driven a car himself, though in a day when wheel bases offered few complications. He stood, sometimes in front, sometimes behind, shouting to Le May to crank to the left or straighten out, as the case might demand. With patience, and after a final bold stroke which carried one back wheel directly over a troublesome rock, the car was at last free to head unobstructed down the lane.

"Thanks a lot," called Le May. "I could never have managed it without you."

"Good-by," called back Beale. "Try to forget the phantom stranger."

"No use," shouted Le May, and he meant it.

He went into low as he began the long descent, throttled down the engine and let his gears attend to the braking. This was much easier than coasting down backward. On the even slants he could throw out his clutch to gain speed; at each bump or threatening rock he would brake with his foot, and as the car slowed, let up the clutch again. The thing was so easy that it became a game, inviting him to a faster and faster pace.

But as he swung around the angle above the spot where he had left the car on the occasion of his first visit, he was horrified to come face to face with an ascending buggy; he clamped down both feet and threw on the emergency brake. In the second it took to do it he had a vision, astonishing in its completeness, of a nervous small mare, a dilapidated vehicle, Lorry, three children and a heap of packages. Here was an impasse if there ever was one. Could he back up the hill as successfully as he had backed down?

No sooner had the question formed in his mind than Lorry was answering it. To his dismay, she headed the little mare into the ditch, and with a terrific creaking of its hickory wheels the buggy pitched drunkenly to right and left, tipping out two of the children and half of the packages. Le May leaped from the car and rushed to help, but the buggy continued on its careening way until, with a final desperate lunge, the straining mare dragged it once more into the familiar ruts of the road. Far from being hurt, neither Maddie nor Dora seemed surprised. By the time he reached them they were already stooping to gather more packages in their arms than they could possibly carry.

"I'll attend to that," he said, picking up first Dora and then Maddie, and starting up the hill after the buggy.

He held their bare knees pressed hard against his chest, so that they stood erect, half facing each other, high above his head. What silent conference went on between them he never knew, but with simultaneous precision four hands descended into his hair, took a good grip and began to haul with might and main. Tears of pain started to his eyes, but he kept on doggedly, vaguely aware that Lorry and Molly were peering interestedly at him. He thrust the children feet foremost into Lorry's lap, and even then had to wrench his head away.

"Why did you do that?" he asked of Lorry angrily. "We could have taken the children and the packages out and led the mare around."

"People are always asking questions," stated Lorry to him evenly. "I did it because I felt like doing it."

For an instant he disliked her. Heretofore she had been a vivid flower or a flaming voice, a puzzle or a spectacle, always something impersonal, with distance in between. But in this moment she had become a force, ruthless and direct, as threatening to him as to any other obstacle in its way. Then, abruptly, he remembered Beale's phantom stranger. Why judge Lorry, when he knew not her, but only his image of her?

It took him two trips to bring all the fallen packages; he packed what he could in the narrow back of the buggy and the rest between the dashboard and the jumble of the children's legs.

"There you are," he said. "I'm sorry I was in the way, because, after all, it's your road."

"Doesn't your head hurt?" asked Lorry gravely.

He flushed as he put up his hand. "It's a bit sore, but it doesn't really hurt."

"Maddie and Dora have something to say to you." She took a firm grip on Maddie's ear. "Come on, Maddie."

"I'm sorry I pulled your hair," declaimed Maddie, staring over his head.

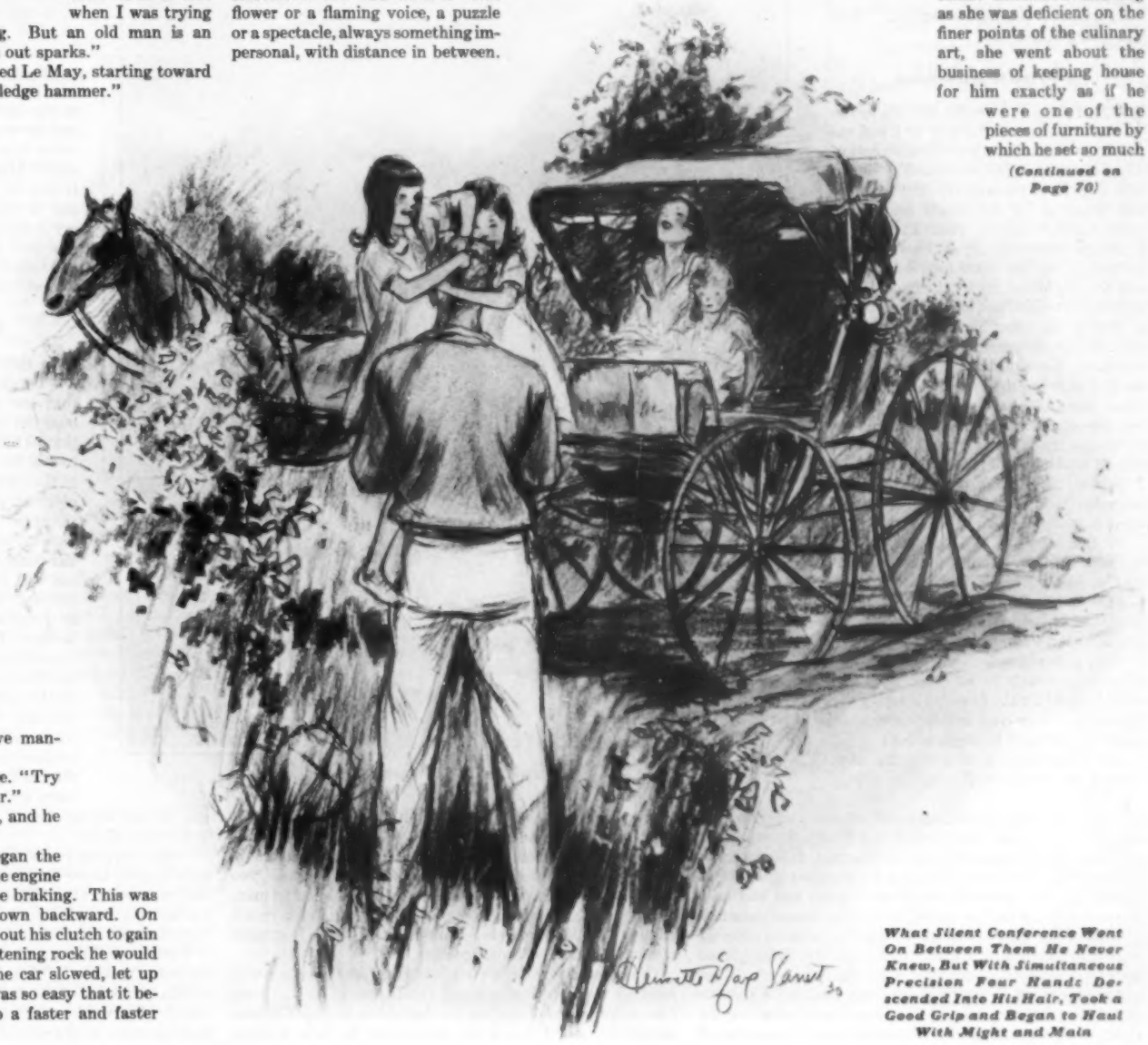
"Now, Dora," said Lorry.

Dora raised angelic eyes to his face. "I'm so sorry I pulled your hair," she murmured in her low voice.

He nodded and turned away, pursued by the conviction that, far from being filled with contrition, his two assailants would pull his hair again at the first chance. Upon reaching the pike he turned to the left, went to Torrington and did his errands, not forgetting the purchase of a sledge hammer. Ordinarily these long rides alone through canopied back roads, deserted by the hurried throng, brought peace to his soul, but today he was dissatisfied with himself and the world. Even the stillness of the mild beauty about him failed to soothe his mood, and when he reached home he was annoyed to find that Mrs. Thorndyke had chosen this occasion, of all others, for the disorder of a thorough dusting.

Standing beside his favorite chair, encumbered at the moment with all the objects which belonged on the mantel, he stared at her ruminatingly. Here was another phantom stranger, if there ever was one, sixty years old, tough as whipcord and silent as the tomb. Efficient at cleaning as she was deficient on the finer points of the culinary art, she went about the business of keeping house for him exactly as if he were one of the pieces of furniture by which he set so much

(Continued on Page 70)



What Silent Conference Went On Between Them He Never Knew, But With Simultaneous Precision Four Hands Descended Into His Hair, Took a Good Grip and Began to Haul With Might and Main

Leaves From the Lipton Logs

By Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart.

In Association With William Blackwood

WHEN, ten days or a fortnight after my arrival in Chicago, I had the Cork Packing House in full blast, I decided to have a holiday—the first luxury of the kind I had ever allowed myself in my life thus far. I had seen a good deal of the Eastern and Southern States as a boy working my way round from place to place, but the conditions were now much more in my favor: I could pick and choose my centers for visitation. Naturally, the first place I selected was Washington. And I hadn't been in the famous capital many hours before I shook hands with President Hayes. I wonder how many Englishmen, before or since, have beaten my record for a quick line-up alongside an American President?

Here is the story. Having learned at the hotel that Mr. Hayes held frequent receptions which were open to all and sundry—a piece of information not strictly accurate, perhaps, but one which interested me immensely—and that, in fact, this particular day was a reception day, I promptly hired a cab and drove up to the historic residence ranking in my eyes second only to Buckingham Palace itself.

There was not a soul in sight when I got to the front door, but I boldly rang the bell, nevertheless. In answer to my summons, a manservant appeared, and I asked him quietly if the President was at home.

"He is, sir," replied the servant. "Will you please follow me?"

A Private Audience

FEELING just a wee bit nervous by the total absence of the crowds I had expected to mix with on an official reception day, I did as I was bid, and was duly shown into a spacious room on the first floor. It was tenanted by one single gentleman, very amiable in aspect, whom I took to be a private secretary, or, at least, an important clerk. He came forward at once and warmly shook me by the hand. I felt at home on the instant, and we commenced to talk in the freest and friendliest manner. On my announcing that I came from Scotland, the gentleman expressed his delight and inquired if I happened to know some of his cousins, who lived in the fair city of Perth. He was just about to tell me the family name of his cousins when I broke in with the information that I didn't know Perth, but that I fully intended to open a shop there when I went home.

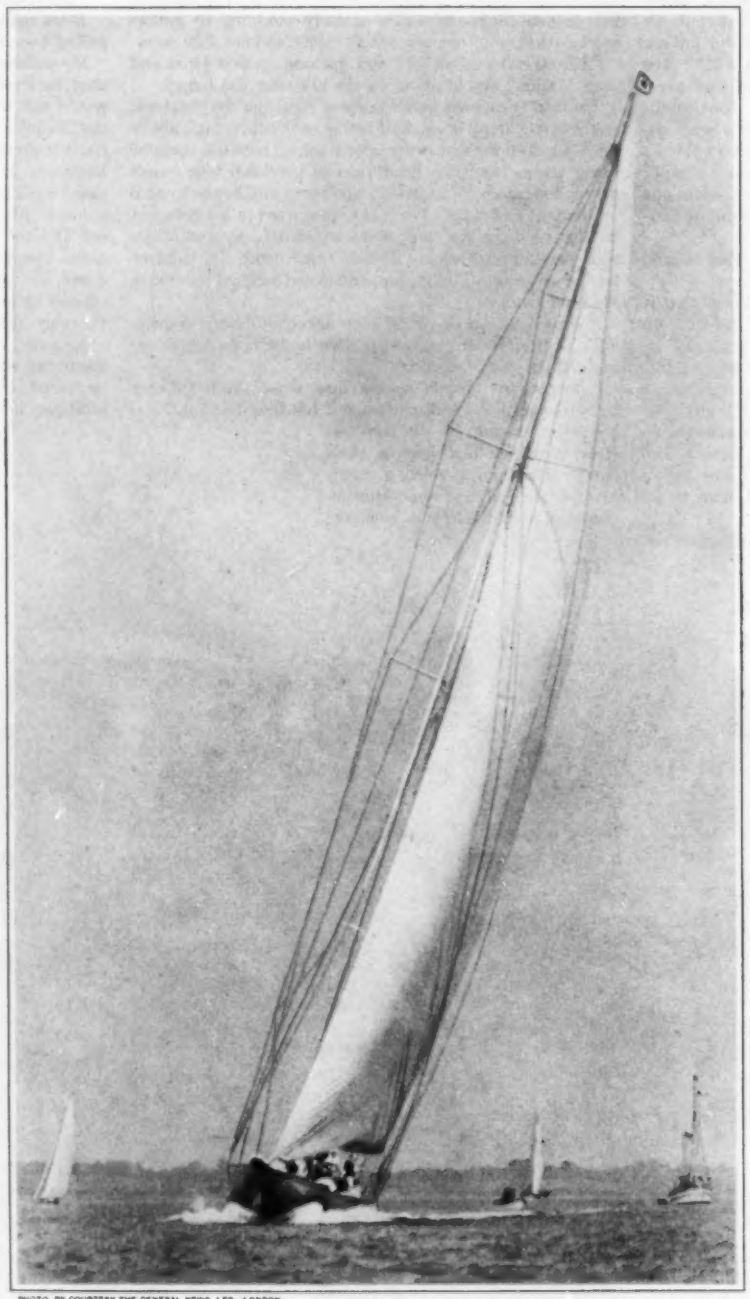
In this way we chatted on various subjects for fully twenty minutes. I got to like him so much and was so thoroughly enjoying his brilliant conversation that I decided to ask him to lunch, and did so in these words:

"Sir, I would appreciate the pleasure of your company to lunch in my hotel after I have had the honor of meeting the President. Can you tell me when the reception is likely to begin today?"

My friend looked at me quizzically. "But I am President Hayes," he quietly observed.

I was aghast at my blunder and offered profuse apologies, but the genial President of the United States broke out into hearty laughter, and it was not until later we learned that I had been mistaken for a visitor who had an official appointment with the First Citizen and had been ushered without further ceremony into his august presence. Can you wonder at it that all my life I have had a supreme regard for President Hayes and for all the distinguished men who have succeeded him in his illustrious office?

An adventure of a totally different kind befell me two days later. Moving around Washington and admiring the sights of that beautiful city—beautiful even in those far-off days, but incomparable today—I was hailed by an extremely well-dressed and attractively spoken young man who slapped me on the shoulder, laughed gleefully over what was to him an unexpected and obviously pleasant meeting, and went on to ask me why on earth I hadn't written to let him know I was coming to Washington.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY THE CENTRAL NEWS, LTD., LONDON

The Shamrock V, 1930

I explained I was a stranger from overseas and that he must be laboring under a delusion. Still, I added, there was no harm done; mistakes of identity were not uncommon.

"Say, if you're not Henry Edwards, of Indianapolis, you must be his twin brother!" ejaculated the young man, staring at me as if he had seen a ghost. "And if you're not that, it just licks creation. I'm real sorry, sir, if I've made a mistake, and I ask your pardon."

Of course, after that we fell to talking, and a few minutes later we were strolling around the city as if we had been friends for years. Together we visited the House of Representatives, and I found my companion to be a walking mine of knowledge. He knew everything and everybody. I was thoroughly delighted with his wit, wisdom and charming courtesy. On coming out of the House, a distinguished looking man passed us and nodded agreeably to my companion. Then his eyes fell upon me and, to my unbounded amazement, he also hailed me as Henry Edwards, and proceeded to ask when I had arrived from Indianapolis. Explanations followed, and the newcomer—whom my first friend addressed as "Colonel" one moment and "George" the next—could scarcely get over his conviction that I was indeed Henry Edwards and that we were having a game with him.

But by and by it was mutually agreed that Thomas Lipton, of Glasgow, Scotland, had in Henry Edwards, of Indianapolis, state of Indiana, the most lifelike replica in the history of mankind.

Do you begin to get the idea? Of course you do. But I must confess that I did not—at least until it was almost too late!

The remainder of the story takes its well-known and justly famous course. The colonel could not stay long with us; he had an invitation to attend the unveiling of a statue on the outskirts of Washington, across the Potomac, and the occasion was to be a big public ceremony with the subsequent rejoicings taken part in by Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, two Indian chiefs whose exploits were then on everybody's lips. Ha! come to think of it, he had two tickets for the reserved inclosure! Would I not come with him as his guest? Very, very nice of him, but I could not possibly leave my first friend who had been so kind to me. The name of the latter, by the way, was Charlie, and he was palpably pleased at my decision to remain with him. All right! All right! Must be off now, says the colonel. Hopes to see Charlie later in the day and is truly delighted at having made my acquaintance. If ever he is in Glasgow he'll sure look me up. And all smiles and breathing good fellowship, the breezy colonel rushes off.

The Plot Thickens

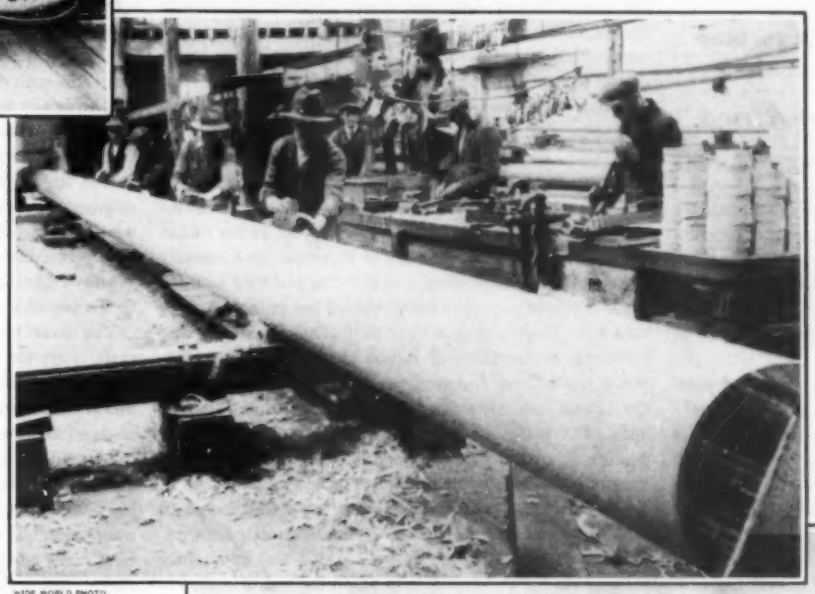
AN HOUR later we are overjoyed to bump into him again. He explains that one of the senators had kept him busy on important affairs of state, but that he has managed to hire a special boat to row him over the Potomac so as to be in time for the ceremony. Also, by a bit of great good luck, he has got another ticket for the unveiling; he can now take both of us, and will brook no denial. Personally, I am more than pleased. I am still young enough to be keenly interested, not so much in the statue but in the prospect of seeing Red Cloud and Spotted Tail. So we all hurry to the riverside and are rowed across in a boat by a burly Negro who is constantly urged by the colonel to put pep into his work at the oars. We land at a deserted spot, the Negro goes off with his boat and we hurry forward for the better part of a mile into the country—which, by the way, becomes more and more desolate the farther we go. At last we run into a disgruntled-faced man coming in our direction.

"Say," he greets us without further preliminary, "if you guys is goin' to see the unveilin' o' the statue, you may as well save your wind. The ceremony's been postponed at the last minute an' thousands o' folks like myself have been turned away. Ain't it jes' too bad, now?"

That remark about the "thousands of folks" woke me up from my dream. There didn't seem to be another soul within two miles of the four of us. I saw the whole thing clearly. But not by the flicker of an eyelid did I convey my feelings either to the colonel, to Charlie, or to the stranger,

who introduced himself to us as a horse dealer from Kentucky, and who, to quote his own words, had been "clean tickled to death" at the idea of seeing Red Cloud and Spotted Tail doing their famous stunts. In due course the confederates got very busy. They were clearly overjoyed at my complete lack of suspicion and more than delighted at my readiness to try my hand at a game of monte. Of course, one of the trio—the colonel, as it happened—gave me a solemn wink and urged me in a whisper not to risk too much at first.

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY



WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

Sir Thomas Watching the Shamrock V During Her May Trials. Center—The Laminated Mast Made of Fifty Pieces of Spruce. Below—The Launching

"Even if I lose all I've got with me, it won't hurt me," said I jovially, at the same time turning both my trouser pockets inside out and exposing the huge sum of eleven dollars and thirty-three cents. I shall never forget the blank looks of baffled disappointment on the faces of the rogues; likewise I shall never forget how frightened I was that they would go through me and find the hundred-odd dollars which I had secretly stowed away in an invisible breast pocket stitched in the lining of my waistcoat. To prevent anything like the latter happening I strongly urged that I was a keen card player, that I had plenty of money at the hotel, and that I should be allowed to go back to Washington for my roll, so that I could show them I was as good a sportsman as any of them. This suggestion of mine rather intrigued the others.

"But what's goin' to prevent you leavin' us cold an' never comin' back?" asked the horse dealer from Kentucky gloomily. To this I replied that I should never dream of such a thing; I was enjoying myself too much, and, besides, the colonel and Charlie were my best friends in America, from whom I was determined on no account to be severed. Indeed, I added, why should not the colonel come back with me to the hotel where I had fully ten thousand dollars locked up in my traveling case?

A Retired Colonel

THAT did it! The colonel gleefully agreed to return with me, and the others, no less gleefully, decided to await our reappearance with the sinews of war for a real hot gamble.

The end of the story is obvious. Immediately my military friend and I got back to the outskirts of Washington I left the colonel's side for a moment on the pretext of hailing a cab, but, instead, walked swiftly up to the first policeman I saw. The colonel was too quick for us, however, and bolted, and I never saw him, or Charlie, or the horse dealer again. But the Washington police laid all three by the heels a few days later. They proved to be a well-known and successful gang of confidence men with a long and black list of offenses opposite their names. Found guilty, they went for a stretch, and a few days later I had the satisfaction of reading all about myself and the tricksters in a graphic story, displayed across three columns in the daily press, bearing the streamer headlines:

THE THREE-CARD MONTE MEN
HOW THE PLAN AND THE PLOTTERS WERE NEATLY FOILED BY YOUNG BRITISHER ON HOLIDAY

I had a fine holiday after leaving Washington, visiting many places of interest and many cities which had hitherto only been names to me. This tour confirmed me in my affections for America and in my belief in its great, practically limitless, potentialities as the land of the future. But I had already been too long away from my beloved business across the sea, and returned to New York with the intention of getting the first available steamer home. Curiously enough, I had no sooner set foot on dear old Broadway than I ran into a friend who was a cheese merchant in Montreal with whom I had done business and was anxious to do some more. I told him that I was willing to buy a large quantity of an extra-special kind of cheese which I hadn't so far come across in the States.

"Why, Mr. Lipton," he remarked, "that's funny. I've got what you want in Montreal. Come right up with me and have a look at it. Just the very thing you're after, and the price, to you, will be dead right."

I said it was impossible for me to go north, as the day was Thursday and I was sailing for Liverpool on Saturday. But my friend pointed out that we could easily travel up that night, spend the day in Montreal, and I could return by the night train on Friday, arriving in good time for the sailing hour on Saturday. So I decided to make the trip.

In those days there was no dining car attached to the night trains and we were informed that there would be a stop for breakfast at Rouses Point. Sure enough, we were awakened at seven o'clock by the black porter, and we hurried over to the restaurant, which was situated perhaps a hundred yards or so away from where the train had drawn up. We were the only two passengers ordering breakfast, but we thoroughly enjoyed the meal, and at the end of a quarter of an hour we started to make tracks for the train again. To our blank amazement, however, it had gone on to Montreal without us. My friend was tremendously upset. There wouldn't be another train for many hours; in any case, it was pretty certain that I could not now arrive in Montreal in time to catch the early night train back to New York the same evening. The only thing left for me would be to wait at Rouses Point for the first south-going train.

"Not a bit of it," I argued. "I intend going to Montreal by hook or by crook. And when I set out to do anything, I generally do it. Leave this to me." My friend's expression plainly conveyed that he did not think I could do much, but he agreed to my suggestion. So I proceeded to find the station master, who, I soon discovered, was unaware that we were two passengers left behind by the train which had just departed a few minutes earlier, and I thought it better not to inform him of this fact. He politely asked what he could do for us.

"We want to get to Montreal as quickly as possible," I explained. "When is the next train?"

To Montreal in State

"WHY, there's one just gone," he replied. "Usually this train stops here for twenty minutes for breakfast, but this morning, for some reason or another, we got orders for it to go right through to the junction at St. Johns for the breakfast stop."

"Couldn't I get a special train?" I asked.

The station master looked us both up and down critically. We didn't look like the type of men who would run to specials; and in a half-hearted way he replied that he reckoned he could fix up a special if he tried hard enough, but it would cost us a hundred and fifty dollars.

"Very reasonable, indeed," I remarked, nudging my friend hard to prevent him from interfering. This observation of mine altered the station master's outlook at once. He began to hustle. He telegraphed to headquarters and got permission to run a special to Montreal. Then he telegraphed to the junction at St. Johns and found a goods engine there with steam up. There was a spare coach at his own depot. In less than half an hour our special was ready. I went up to the engine driver and told him that I would see him right if he got us to Montreal in good time.

"Say, boss," smiled that worthy, "you don't need to recognize me at Montreal if this old engine don't move some."

(Continued on Page 170)

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY

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The Mineral Richness of Africa

AFRICA has for some time been the outstanding source of the supply of diamonds and gold. It is not too much to say that the gold production of Africa dominates the monetary gold of the world. Recently copper deposits have been uncovered which promise to place the continent in the first rank as a copper producer. Other minerals and metals are also available in the Dark Continent. Most recently, Africa has become outstanding as a source of supply of radium.

The price of radium—hardly a going article of commerce—is given as $2,000,000 per ounce. It has not merely the distinction of being the most expensive commercial product; it is also a substance whose value is due solely to utility. It has no beauty, possession carries no social distinction. The most important use is in the treatment of diseases otherwise refractory to treatment.

The cost of radium is due to the processes of mining and isolating the material. Radium is found in association with uranium, one part of radium in equilibrium with 3,000,000 parts of uranium. When the ore is poor in uranium, it is extremely poor in radium. In the Congo have been found deposits very rich in uranium, so rich that an ounce of radium can be isolated from some 200 tons of the uranium ore. This looks like very little, but in fact it is a very rich ore. The ore is so rich and so abundant, relatively, that it seems destined to supplant all other sources of supply.

The Tariff on Cotton

THE new tariff act was designed in particular to afford protection to agricultural products. An import duty of seven cents a pound is set on long-staple cotton—that is, on cotton of a staple of one and one-eighth inches in length or over. There is little question that in the world at large this provision will arrest widespread attention.

Cotton has been since Colonial days an outstanding object of export. More than anything else, cotton typified the export from an extractive agriculture. When the nation was formed by the original thirteen states, the export of cotton was one of the chief items of commerce of the Southern states, and the safeguarding of this export trade was one of the reasons for the adoption of the prohibition against export tax. At the time of the Civil War, concern for their cotton supply was one of the reasons that drew European sympathy to the cause of secession. From the Civil War to the World War, American cotton was the bulwark of the world supply, and the American cotton price made the cotton price of the world.

Since the World War, cotton exports have been maintained, all things considered. But in consequence of the depredations of the boll weevil and also of agricultural deterioration, the quality of cotton raised east of the Mississippi has declined. Our sea-island cotton has disappeared; only a small amount of Eygptian Pima cotton is raised in Arizona. One of the striking features of the recent cotton crops has been the large proportion not tenderable on the exchanges on futures contracts. A large part of the crop is under one inch in length. Deterioration east of the Mississippi has, however, been partly offset by higher-grade cotton grown in Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona and California.

Since the war, considerable cotton has been imported in the raw state. According to the reports of the Department of Commerce, the import of raw cotton during recent years has averaged close to 200,000,000 pounds per annum. Less than half of the import was denominated "long staple"; the rest was called "short staple." How much of the imports called long staple would so rank under the tariff, is not clear. The largest fraction of the imported cotton has come from Egypt and has been mostly fiber of unusual quality. The imported Egyptian cotton serves special uses, particularly in the manufacture of fine thread and yarn for various purposes.

The tariff of seven cents, if largely reflected in an increased price on the imported cotton, will put to the test the ingenuities of American manufacturers. Automobile and aeroplane manufacturers have been the prominent users of higher-grade cotton. For certain uses long-staple cotton will continue to be imported, despite the duty. But for other uses it is to be expected that manufacturers will find ways of making the better grades of American cotton adaptable. Presumably the tariff on long-staple cotton will reawaken the growers' interest in better fiber.

The cotton situation of the world is in transition. Large new areas planted to cotton are in prospect in the Sudan and in Turkestan, into which the Russians have recently built a railway. Low standards of living and long hours of work of textile employes have enabled the mills of Asia to take from English mills a large part of the Asiatic market for cheap cotton fabrics. It is a three-sided contest between the mills of India, of Japan, and of England, with the lowest net costs apparently favoring the Japanese mills. For reasons of regional development, notable expansion in cotton acreage seems imminent. At the same time, the commercial preëminence in the manufacture of cheap cotton fabrics seems to have been transferred to Asia. In the meantime, in Europe and in North America, rayon is displacing cotton as well as silk, and apparently the manufacture of rayon from wood instead of cotton is destined to increase. Whether, under these complex circumstances, a tariff on long-staple cotton will increase the weighted farm price of cotton in the United States, remains to be determined by trial. The economists and statisticians will find here a new field for reflections and computations.

The Savings Barometer

IN THE summer of 1929 it became apparent that the growth of savings deposits in banks had for the first time in a number of years practically ceased. Large regular increases in savings deposits from year to year had come to be accepted as almost in the course of nature, and a radical change in this respect proved to be quite a shock. It should have proved more than that; it should have served as a warning. People had been placing their savings in the stock market, and this concentration or specialization of investment in one direction was partly responsible for the break last fall. It is impossible to put so large a proportion of the country's savings into stocks without crippling it economically.

It is true that during the stock-market excitement the more level-headed bankers predicted the return of the people with their money to the savings bank, and evidence that such has been the case now begins to appear. Deposits in the mutual savings banks, which hold more than 30 per cent of all savings in the banks of the United States, showed a gain of $273,766,807 for the six months ended June 30, 1930, as compared with an actual decrease of $82,710,075 for the last six months of 1929. The same ratio in national and state banks and trust companies would mean a gain in savings in all banks for the half year of about $700,000,000.

This is significant, because the period has not been one of active business or full employment. The classes which use the savings banks are frequently forced to withdraw funds when members of the family are out of work. It is true that a savings bank does not send out interest on its deposits after the fashion of a corporation, which mails out dividends on its stocks or which places detachable coupons in the hands of bondholders. Savings-bank interest usually remains in the bank and is compounded along with the principal sum. Therefore the growth of deposits does not consist entirely of new or fresh savings. Deposits actually grow even though depositors fail to put in any new money, provided no withdrawals are made. Allowing for this fact, the growth in savings deposits thus far this year, as contrasted with an actual decrease last year—meaning, as that did, very heavy withdrawals—is hopeful and encouraging. It not only indicates a return of investment sanity but it shows that unemployment cannot be so serious as the more pessimistic fear.

Investment Trusts

TO EXPECT reaction as well as action is a useful guide in life. The law of the pendulum may not carry over completely from the world of matter to that of human affairs, but it has its very real application. Wise men foresaw some such result from the frantic organization in 1928, and especially in 1929, of all manner of security-purchasing companies under the general name of investment trusts. The idea of the investment trust was and is sound enough. But in the period named these companies were formed in numbers far beyond any reasonable economic need. They were organized by all manner of people, by the merely ambitious and daring as well as by the skillful and experienced. Worst of all, they were gayly and ignorantly formed close to the top of a crazy and overinflated stock market.

The result has been natural, logical and inevitable. In many ways the investment trusts as a whole have given a surprisingly good account of themselves. Only an insignificant number have fallen into the hands of persons engaged in fraud or misrepresentation. A recent report of the New York State Bureau of Securities to the attorney-general says that, "Generally speaking, no such practices have been found in any of the larger and more responsible companies." Then, too, many of the investment companies have made a better showing in respect to increases in their assets than an average of selected stocks in the market. That is, they have done what they promised to do; namely, they have made more in their portfolios than representative stocks as measured by the familiar indexes. This means that many of them have had excellent management.

But despite these encouraging signs, the stocks of most of the investing companies have continued to remain very unpopular since the crash of last autumn.

The lesson is at least twofold. Just as these stocks were too popular, they are now in numerous instances too unpopular. Unfortunately, many were formed on such a high level of stock-market prices that their only hope of making satisfactory profits was to trade in the market. That is, they could not hope for even fair returns from interest and dividends received. Thus there has been a tendency to overemphasize appreciation rather than regular income. This, of course, is bound to have an unfortunate result. If a company has $20,000,000 invested in common stocks and these decline only five points, the company has lost $1,000,000. Yet a fall of five points is really nothing and may have no bearing whatever upon the intrinsic worth of the securities held.

The whole episode is an exceedingly illuminating one, with many lessons for the individual.

HUNTING A JOB

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

As Told to Charles Gilbert Reinhardt

BILL SMITH, erstwhile shipping clerk in the big-town department store, brought his car to a halt before a low, unpainted frame building that alone, apparently, guarded hundreds of acres of raw earth scarred and pitted by puffing steam shovels. He stopped it gingerly, for brakes and tires both were worn thin by many miles of recent travel. With a bravely simulated smile of encouragement at the tired woman and two fretful youngsters who occupied such parts of the tonneau as were not filled with nondescript baggage, he alighted and walked directly toward the insecure-looking shack. A sign over its crude entrance arrested his eye, but only for a moment. He was accustomed to that legend. It read, No Help Needed.

Straightening his shoulders in an effort to make his forty-two years look like twenty-eight, Bill Smith entered the building. A small group of men in muddy boots and stained clothing interrupted a conference over some blue prints to glance up at him.

"Well?" demanded one of them, in what by no stretch of the imagination could be interpreted as a welcoming tone.

"I'm hunting a job," said Smith. "I read in the papers that you're building a four-hundred-thousand-dollar plant here, and I thought there might be a chance for me."

"Yeah?" said the man wearily. "So did a hundred others who don't believe in signs and crashed this office today. Well, there isn't any. Can't you see we're just starting? Come around again in a couple of months and maybe we'll be taking people on." Then he turned back to the blue prints.

Bill walked slowly to his car, looking all of forty-two again. Together he and his wife consulted, for the hundredth time, a little sheaf of newspaper clippings with headlines reading Ground Broken for Ten-Million-Dollar Hydroelectric Plant; Highway Construction Project Begins, and the like. From this collection they studied one, reached a conclusion, and pointed the worn car hopefully toward the community whose date line it bore.

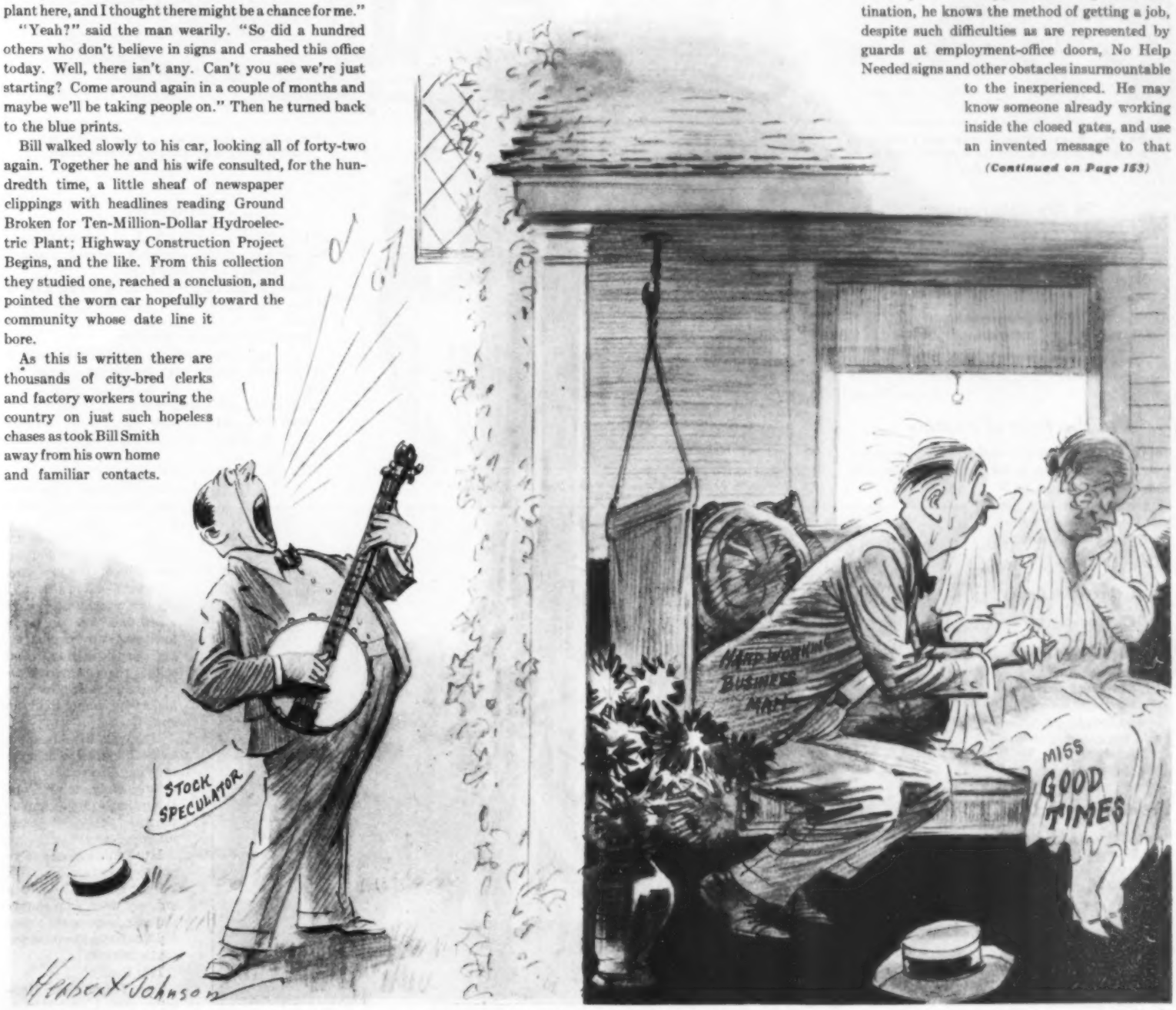
As this is written there are thousands of city-bred clerks and factory workers touring the country on just such hopeless chases as took Bill Smith away from his own home and familiar contacts. They are men who have lost the specialized positions they held for years, who are by age and training unfitted for the construction work or not dissimilar jobs they seek; who, in the majority of instances, will reach the end of their resources hundreds of miles from home, broke, frustrated and discouraged. On the vague promise contained in some optimistically written newspaper article describing actual or proposed construction operations, they have turned their small comfortable homes over to real-estate agents for sale or rental, withdrawn their children from school and started on their hopeless trek. Sometimes they land temporary jobs; sometimes they return under their own power; sometimes illness caused by discouragement, hardship and insanitary conditions ends the quest in a hospital; sometimes local charity turns reluctantly from the work of caring for its own unfortunates to send the family back whence it came. It all seems so hopeless and unnecessary.

These facts do not, of course, apply to the trained construction worker. There are jobs for him—not so many, perhaps, as during some recent years—but enough to keep him from feeling seriously the pinch of unemployment. Nor do they necessarily apply to the factory hand, the office clerk or other white-collar worker who seeks employment along lines with which he is familiar and in the community in which he has acquaintances. Employment, as this is written, is more difficult to find for the jobless of all trades than it was in the boom period of a few years ago, but my experience as superintendent of a state labor bureau in one of the largest cities in America has convinced me that for the man who applies intelligence and resourcefulness to the search there await many more jobs than is commonly believed.

Consider, for example, the technic of an experienced construction worker in search of a job, as compared with that of the city-bred Bill Smith, applying at the same operation.

The former, to begin with, boasts either one of the specialized trades or else the physique required in the work—usually both. In addition, he has learned to anticipate periods of unemployment between jobs and to judge from announcements of proposed work just when men of his own trade will be in demand. Nor does he take his family along on the job hunt, to cause unnecessary expense or worry. And finally, after arriving at his destination, he knows the method of getting a job, despite such difficulties as are represented by guards at employment-office doors, No Help Needed signs and other obstacles insurmountable to the inexperienced. He may know someone already working inside the closed gates, and use an invented message to that

(Continued on Page 153)



THE RIVALS—HOT AIR VERSUS HARD WORK

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY R. G. FULLER

The Big One: "Whew! Now Dat I Got it on Yo' Back All Yo' Gotta Do is Rush it Up to de Elebenth Flo'"

DRAWN BY H. BARNDOLLAR

"You Know the Mood—a Wild Desire to Gallop Willy-Nilly Into the Sunset, Casting Dull Care to One Side"

To My Biographer

NO PLEASANT myths about me, please,
Of burning cakes or cherry trees.

No gilding of the child or youth
Or struggling man, but only truth.

Avoid the wild, destructive spasm
Of those who love iconoclasm.

Speak moderately, with circumspection;
Say only this: "He was perfection."

—Jerome Barry.

In the Face of Famine

"THE trouble with this racket," complained the movie comedian as he ducked a layer cake and received a rice pudding square in the face, "is that you never know where your next meal is coming from."

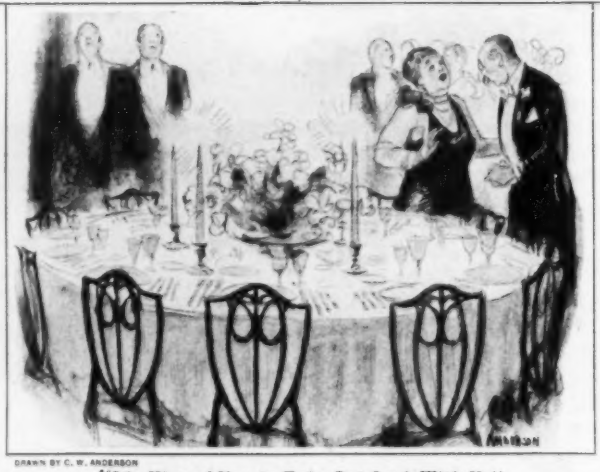
To a Certain Lady

QUITE probably, in Paradise,
You'll find prevailing fashions funny;
And, advocating exercise
To counteract the milk and honey,
You'll saunter, very svelte and slim,
Amid the portly cherubim!

From Observation

"THE meek shall inherit the earth";
So the Scriptures explain it.
But here is a comment from which
I can scarcely refrain: It
Would be the one way
They could possibly ever obtain it!

—Sara Henderson Hay.



DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"It's Nice of You to Take Pot Luck With Us"

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Yeh, But Listen—I Know for a Fact She's Bow-Legged!"

Sincerity

SHE: My dear, I think loads of girls are terribly insincere, sort of—do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, I spose that's true.

SHE: I mean, they're constantly saying a lot of things they don't mean. You know the type I mean.

HE: Yep, I guess you're right.

SHE: And they simply don't get away with it at all when they're with intelligent people, my dear!

HE: No, I spose they don't.

SHE: Well, anyways, my dear, I think the only way to be is perfectly sincere—I mean, I actually do!

HE: Oh, sure; you're absolutely right.

SHE: Even if it involves making yourself unpopular once in a while.

HE: Yeah, I guess it's always best to be honest, even if it gets you in wrong.

SHE: Well, my dear, I always am, but heaps of girls I know are frightfully insincere—always flattering people to death and telling them they're marvelous and all! Gosh, it makes me simply livid, no less!

HE: Well, it's refreshing to meet a girl who believes in being sincere.

SHE: Only, there's one thing that's just as important, and that's being tactful, my dear.

HE: Yeah, I spose you've got to have tact.

SHE: I mean, I know a girl, my dear, who simply slays me, because she comes right out with the most uncouth remarks!

HE: Really?

SHE: Yes, my dear. Honestly, she's a perfect riot,

(Continued on Page 129)

America's favorite soup!

Your choice:

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
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Vegetable-Beef
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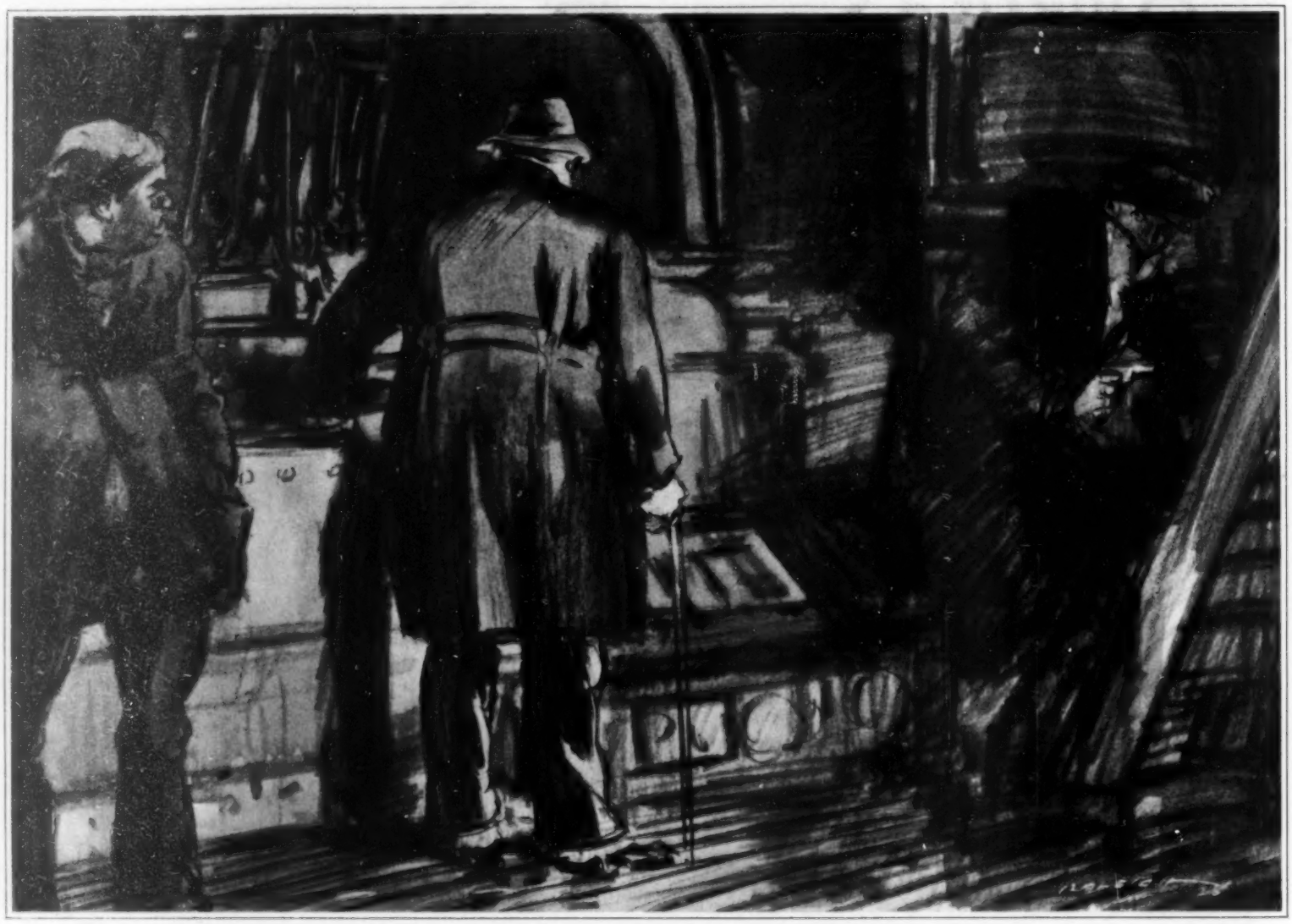
CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON



Suddenly, Amid the Shadows at His Right, He Saw a Black Figure Moving

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXI

HER eyes wide with amazement, Pamela Potter looked at Mrs. Luce. "What in the world," she cried, "did Mr. Chan mean?"

"He meant that he knows who killed your grandfather, dear. I rather thought he'd find it out."

"But how did he find it out? He said I ought to know too. And I can't imagine ——"

The old lady shrugged. "Even for your generation," she said, "you're a clever girl. I've noticed that. Bright as a dollar, as we used to say. But you're not so clever as Charlie Chan. Not many people are. I've noticed that too." She stood up. "Here comes young Kennaway. I think I'll go into the lounge."

"Oh, please don't run away."

"I may be a chaperon, Pamela, but I was young once myself." And she moved toward a distant door.

Kennaway sat down tentatively on the foot of the deck chair the old lady had deserted.

"Well," he remarked, "another day gone."

The girl nodded.

"You don't seem very talkative," the young man suggested.

"That should be a relief," she answered. "I—I was very busy thinking. Mr. Chan has just told me the most surprising thing."

"What, for instance?"

She shook her head. "No, I mustn't repeat it to you. I told you something once and you failed to keep it secret."

"I don't know what you mean."

"No matter. We needn't go into it now."

"Whatever I've done, I'm sorry," he said. "Really, I am."

He looked quite contrite, and very handsome in the light of the newly risen moon. For a moment neither spoke. Then a sudden expression of concern crossed the young man's face. "I say, Mr. Chan didn't tell you that—that he had his man?"

"Why should he?"

"I don't know, but something that happened tonight——" Again he was silent, staring into space. "I wonder," he added at last, and his voice was strained, even frightened.

Pamela Potter glanced at him. A boy in Detroit had once been the recipient of a similar glance, and had never been the same since.

"Our next to the last night aboard the ship," she reminded him.

"I know," he replied gloomily.

"We shall miss this old war when it's over."

"I shall," he nodded. "But you—you'll be back in Detroit, having a grand time. The little princess of the automobiles. All the peasants bowing low."

"Nonsense. You'll be back in Boston—that's where the royal blood is. One of the Beacon Street Kennaways. I presume the Browning Society will call a special meeting when you arrive."

He shook his head. "Don't kid me, please. Somehow, I don't seem to enjoy it any more."

"What's the matter? I supposed you'd be in high spirits. The end of the tour so near and all. Rid of poor Mr. Tait at last—and of me."

"I know," he agreed. "I ought to be the happiest man in the world. But I'm not. Oh, well, that's life, no doubt."

"And that nice girl waiting for you in Back Bay."

"What girl?"

"The one you're engaged to."

"Me engaged? Do I look as feeble as that? There're lots of nice girls in Boston, but I'm not engaged to any of them, thank heaven."

"You ought to try it sometime. It's fun, rather."

"I suppose you've tried it?"

"Oh, yes, frequently."

"One of those fellows who's been writing to you?"

"One of them? I'm no piker. All of them, at various times."

"Well, make a selection," he suggested. "Get it over with. We're none of us as young as we used to be."

"I am, and I mean to stay so. Shall you write to me after we part?"

"What for?"

"I love to get letters."

"I hate to write them. Besides, I shall be terribly busy. It will take me a lifetime of hard work to put by even a modest competence. We can't all of us manufacture automobiles."

"Heaven forbid! The roads are crowded enough now. Then, when we say good-by it will be forever?"

"And a day," he added, with forced cheerfulness.

"That will make it so much more romantic, don't you think? You'd better go in and play bridge. I imagine Mr. Tait is waiting."

"No doubt he is," the young man agreed.

"Would you like me to play?"

"Suit yourself. You're pretty bad, you know."

"I guess I am," she sighed.

"But, of course, you make poor old Tait happy, as long as you aren't his partner."

"It's tough on you—having me for a partner, I mean."

He shrugged and stood up. "Oh, I don't mind. I realize that it isn't permanent."

(Continued on Page 39)

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$795

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Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Chrysler Six models will be equipped on order.

C41

(Continued from Page 36)

She started to rise and he gave her his hand. "Since you insist," she said, "I will join you."

"Thanks so much," he smiled grimly. They went inside.

Mrs. Luce and Tait were seated at a bridge table; the latter looking wistfully about the room. His face lighted when he saw Kennaway.

"Ah, my boy!" he cried. "Will you join us?"

"Surely," Kennaway answered.

"That's good of you. I didn't like to ask. I've taken so much of your time and this is one of your last nights aboard."

"Quite all right," the young man assured him. "I have nothing else to do."

"God bless the man who invented bridge," remarked Pamela Potter. "Come on, old son, say it."

"Say what?" Kennaway inquired.

"Your proper comeback to that should have been: 'You ought to learn it sometime.'"

He laughed. "I couldn't be so rude as that," he protested.

"Oh, couldn't you?" she answered.

Meanwhile Charlie, having gone to the library and selected a book, was sitting there reading with the air of a man who has joined a book club and hopes none of his friends will call him up for a year. He read until ten o'clock, and after a leisurely stroll around the deck, sought his cabin. Sleep came to him without delay—the dreamless sleep of one who hasn't a care in the world.

At eight o'clock the next morning he was abroad on the sunlit deck. The final twenty-four hours of a most momentous journey were impending. If the realization of this was hanging over him, it evidently left him calm and undisturbed. From his manner it was clear he was one of those who feel that what is to be, will be.

Later that morning he had a long radiogram from Duff. He retired with it to his cabin. There, with the sun streaming over his shoulder, he read:

SPLENDID NEWS. HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU? GET THE PROOFS, CHARLIE. BUT I KNOW YOU WILL. CABLE FROM CHIEF SAYS IN[illegible]ESTIGATION CLERK JEWELRY SHOP CALCUTTA REVEALS HIM ON[illegible] I. D. B. IN SOUTH AFRICA. MEANING ILLICIT DIAMOND BUYER. INQUIRIES AMONG DIAMOND MERCHANTS AMSTERDAM BROUGHT OUT FURTHER FACT ANOTHER I. D. B. AROUND KIMBERLEY SOME FIFTEEN YEARS BACK BY NAME JIM EVERHARD. MAY BE HELP. REMEMBER BAGS OF STONES. SCOTLAND YARD MAN SERGEANT WALES IN NEW YORK TIME MY ACCIDENT NOW IN SAN FRANCISCO BY CHIEF'S ORDER. WILL MEET YOU AT DOCK PREPARED TO MAKE ARREST. WITH HIM OUR FRIEND FLANNERY. LIKE OLD TIMES. SORRY CAN'T BE THERE. MENDING RAPIDLY, BE ON COAST SOON, WAIT THERE FOR MY THANKS. CHEERIO. BEST OF LUCK. DUFF.

Chan read the message a second time, and when he came to the mention of Captain Flannery an amused smile spread over his broad face. Fate was a wonderful stage manager, he reflected. He would be happy to see Flannery again. He tore Duff's message to bits and tossed them through the porthole.

The day wore on without incident. Benbow came to him late in the afternoon.

"I don't know whether or not you understood, Mr. Chan," he remarked, "but you're invited to that party of ours tonight. Couldn't get along without you. Policemen round the world—you said it."

Chan bowed. "I accept with unbounded pleasure. You will show your films?"

"Yes. I've arranged to have the sitting room of one of the empty de luxe suites. We'll meet there about 8:30. I'll put up a screen I've borrowed from the purser. I must say nobody seems to be much interested."

"I am deeply interested," Charlie assured him.

"Yes, but the rest of them—you'd think they'd be keen to see those pictures. Their own trip." He sighed. "But that's the way it goes. A man with a camera never gets any encouragement. I suppose I'll have to lock the doors when I try to show those films in Akron. At 8:30, then, in Cabin A."

"You are so very kind," Chan returned. "I am honored beyond words."

By eight o'clock the clear skies that had for so long looked down on the President Arthur were lost behind an impenetrable curtain. The ship moved cautiously along through a thick fog that recalled London on the morning Hugh Morris Drake lay dead in Broome's Hotel. At intervals the voice of the foghorn, deep and sonorous, claimed for a moment the sole attention of everyone aboard.

When, at 8:30, Charlie pushed open the door of Cabin A, all the members of the party appeared to be already gathered inside. They were moving about, chatting aimlessly, but Mrs. Benbow, an efficient woman, soon had them seated in a little semicircle facing a white screen. Before this Benbow labored, busy with the many details that oppress a man about to show his own motion pictures.

While they waited Charlie spoke. "All life long," he remarked, "I have unbearable yearning to travel—to take same extended tour you people in this room are now completing. One thing I have unquenchable desire to learn: What sight envisioned on your long journey stands out in outline of fire amid great crowd of memories? . . . Mrs. Luce, you are agile traveler. On recent circle of world, what that you witnessed interests you most?"

"I can tell you in a minute," the old lady replied: "A troupe of trained cats I saw at a vaudeville theater in Nice. I'll never forget them. Greatest sight I ever saw in my life."

Doctor Lofton smiled. "You needn't look so surprised, Mr. Chan," he said. "I always ask that same question at the close of a tour, and often the answers leave me breathless. . . . Mrs. Spicer, if I were to ask it of you ——"

"Let me think." The San Francisco woman's eyes grew dreamy. "There was a gown I saw at the Opera in Paris. It wasn't just a gown; it was a little bit of heaven. Any woman could have looked young in that," she added wistfully.

"As far as I'm concerned," said Vivian, "the bright spot of this tour is still to come. When we pass the Farallones tomorrow morning and Russian Hill rises out of the mist—well, ask me your question then, Mr. Chan. I know it's impolite to point, but that's what I'll have to do."

Maxy Minchin took out a large cigar, looked about the crowded room and then put it back in his pocket. "They was a kid drivin' an oxcart in Italy," he remarked. "Gees, I wish little Maxy coulda seen him. It woulda give him a new slant on that straight eight I bought him just before we left."

"Do any of you remember the trees in the Forest of Fontainebleau?" Ross inquired. "I'm very fond of trees. Something so solid and serene and comfortable about them. Great timber, that was."

"Miss Pamela, you have not spoken," Chan reminded her.

"I have so many memories," she answered. She was wearing a delphinium-blue gown she had saved for this final evening. All the women had noticed it, and even a few of the men. It could have been the one that haunted Mrs. Spicer's dreams. "I find it difficult to say what interested me most," the girl went on. "But there was one flying fish that hopped aboard our ship in the Red Sea. He had such sad, romantic eyes; I just can't forget him." She turned to the young man at her side. "You remember, I named him John Barrymore."

"He looked more like Eddie Cantor to me," smiled Kennaway.

"It's all been wonderful," Mrs. Benbow said. "So different from Akron, and I wanted a change. I'll never forget the afternoon I was walking in Delhi, and a maharaja drove by. He had on the most wonderful clothes—gold brocade, they were ——" She looked severely at her husband, still busy with the projector. "You've got to go to your tailor the minute you get home, Elmer," she announced.

"A lot of things have interested me on this trip," Keane put in. "There's one night that sticks in my mind—the last in Yokohama. I was walking round the town and I dropped into a cable office. Doctor Lofton was there, and that little steward named Welby. I asked the doctor if he was going back to the ship, but he put me off; I could see he wanted to be alone. So I went along by myself, down to the water front, dark and mysterious; the godowns; the funny little people running around in the dark; the lights of the sampans—picturesque, I'd call it. It sort of gave me the feel of the East." He stopped and looked meaningly at Lofton, a malicious light in his eyes. "That was the place where Welby was found dead, you know."

"All ready, folks!" cried Mr. Benbow. . . . "Mr. Kennaway, will you snap off the lights? Thanks. . . . The first pictures, as you can see, are the ones I took on the deck of the ship just as we were leaving New York harbor. We didn't know each other very well then. I think I got the Statue of Liberty—yes, here she is. Take off your hats, boys. Now we're coming to some I got on the way across the Atlantic. Not many of you people in these—I guess most of you had a date with the little old berth down below. Here's poor Mr. Drake—lucky he didn't know what was coming."

He continued his prattle as the film unwound. They saw London again, and Broome's Hotel. They had a few moments with the Fenwicks, whom Benbow had met on a street corner and insisted on recording for posterity. The little man from Pittsfield was obviously somewhat resentful of the honor being done him. Then came the pictures of Inspector Duff, driving away from the doorway of Broome's, and evidently as unwilling an actor as Fenwick. Dover and the Channel boat. Paris and, after that, Nice.

Mr. Benbow's audience sat in attitudes that betokened an increasing interest. As the pictures of Nice were unrolled, Charlie suddenly uncrossed his plump legs and leaned forward. He was recalled to his surroundings by the voice of Tait, who sat by his side. The lawyer spoke in a low voice.

"I'm leaving, Mr. Chan," he said. "I—I feel rather ill." Charlie saw, even in that dim light, that his face was like chalk. "I'll not say anything to Kennaway; it's his last night and I don't want to trouble him. I shall be all right when I've rested for a moment on my bed." He slipped out noiselessly.

Benbow was starting on a new reel. His pictorial record seemed endless, but now his audience was with him. Egypt, India, Singapore, China—the man had really shown remarkable intelligence in the scenes he had selected.

He came at last to the end, and after thanking him the party drifted from the room until only Chan and the Benbows were left. The detective was examining the little spools on which the film was wound.

"A very interesting evening," he remarked.

"Thanks," Benbow replied. "I believe they did enjoy it, don't you?"

"I am certain they did," Charlie told him. "Mrs. Benbow, it is not just that you should oppress frail self with that burden. Your husband and I will together transport this material to your cabin." He took up the many reels of film and moved toward the door. Benbow, carrying the projector, followed. They went below. Once inside the Benbow stateroom, Charlie laid the film on the bed, and turned to the man from Akron.

"May I inquire who has cabins on either side of you?" he said.

Benbow seemed startled. "Why, Mrs. Luce and Miss Pamela are on one side. The cabin forward is empty."

"One moment," Chan answered. He disappeared, but returned almost at once. "At this instant," he announced, "both cabins quite empty. Corridor also is entirely deserted by one and all."

Benbow was fumbling nervously with the projector. He got it into its case and began to buckle up a long black strap. "What—what's it all about, Mr. Chan?" he stammered.

"That is very valuable film of yours," Charlie suggested blandly.

"I'll say it is."

"You have trunk with good strong lock?"

"Why, yes." Benbow nodded toward a wardrobe trunk in the corner.

"Making humble suggestion, would you be good enough to bestow all reels of film in that and fasten lock securely?"

"Of course. But why? Surely nobody ——"

Chan's little eyes narrowed. "Person never knows," he remarked. "It would grieve me greatly if you arrived in beloved home town lacking important reel. The reel, for example, that includes pictures taken at Nice."

"What is all this, Mr. Chan?" Benbow asked.

"You noticed nothing about those particular pictures?"

"No, I can't say I did."

"Others were perhaps more observant. Please do not distress yourself. Merely lock pictures all away. They have told their story to me and may never be required by Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard!" cried Benbow. "I'd like to see them try to ——"

"Pardon that I interrupt. I must ask just one question. Do you now recall exact date when the photographs of street in Nice were taken?"

"You mean of the Promenade des Anglais?" Removing a worn bit of paper from his pocket, Benbow studied it. "That film was exposed on the morning of February twenty-first," he announced.

"An excellent system," Chan approved. "I am grateful. Now you will stow away all reels and I will assist. This is snap lock, I perceive. There. . . . It has nice strong appearance." He turned to go. "Mr. Benbow, I am much in your debt, first, for taking so many pictures; second, for showing them to me."

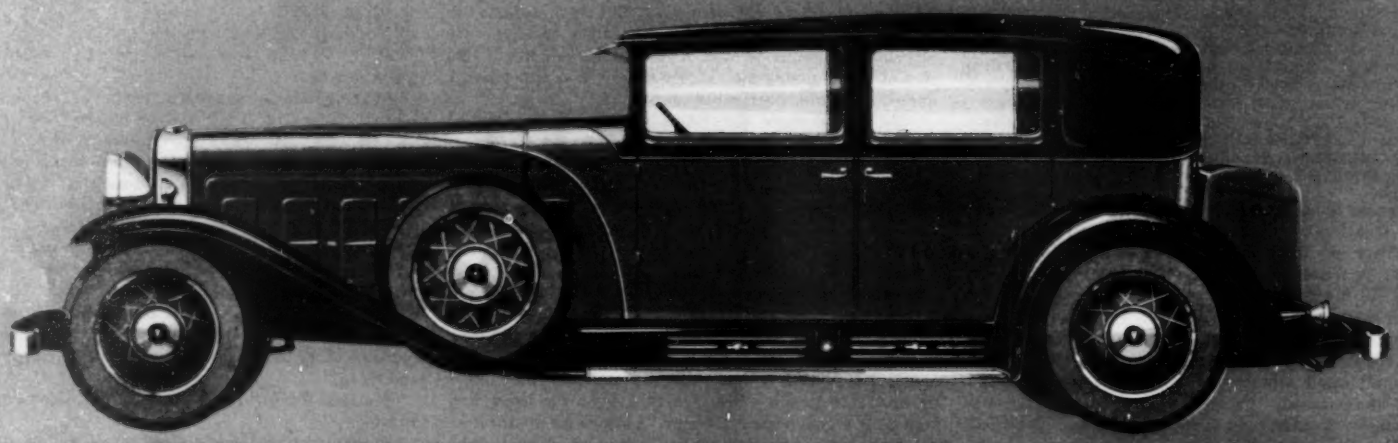
"Why—why, that's all right," returned the dazed Benbow. Chan departed.

He went at once to the topmost deck and entered the radio room. For a moment he thought deeply, then he wrote a message:

SERGEANT WALES, CARE CAPTAIN FLANNERY, HALL OF JUSTICE, SAN FRANCISCO: WITHOUT DELAY REQUEST SCOTLAND YARD AUTHORITIES OBTAIN FROM JIMMY BREEN, ENGLISH TAILOR, PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE, FRANCE, FULL DESCRIPTION MAN WHO HAD WORK PERFORMED ON OR ABOUT FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST, CALLING FOR SAME ON MORNING OF THAT DATE. ALSO NATURE OF WORK DONE. EXPECTING YOU WITHOUT FAIL ON DOCK TOMORROW MORNING. CHARLIE CHAN, INSPECTOR.

With a light heart Charlie descended to a lower deck and began a thoughtful turn about it. Damp, dripping, clammy fog surrounded the ship on all sides. In marked contrast to previous nights, he walked a deserted path; the passengers had with one accord sought the brightly lighted

(Continued on Page 137)



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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE RED FLAG—"Vive La Commune!"

By
F. Britten Austin
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

Some Battalions of the National Guard Were Approaching, Marching Westward to Take Their Turn of Duty on the Fighting Front

PARIS was strangely quiet on that Sunday morning, the nineteenth of March, 1871, as Aristide Foliguet, thirty-seven years of age, tall, gaunt and shabby, a large red rosette in the lapel of his coat, hurried toward the Hôtel de Ville. On the previous afternoon, the omnibuses had gradually ceased their services. Now the streets were utterly empty of vehicles. All the main thoroughfares were blocked by barricades, garrisoned by proletarian National Guards of the two hundred and fifteen battalions federated under the orders of a hitherto anonymous ultra-revolutionary Central Committee. The capital had changed masters overnight. Aristide Foliguet, member of the *Comité Central*, hastened now to the first thrillingly triumphant meeting of the comrades at the administrative headquarters of the city, convoked to exploit this victory whose suddenness and completeness had taken them by surprise.

Yesterday the government of M. Thiers—the government of the newly elected National Assembly prudently locating itself at Versailles—had attempted to forestall the imminent insurrection not longer to be ignored. At dawn it had sent twelve thousand regular troops to seize the two hundred cannon parked on the heights of Montmartre and the Buttes Chaumont, which the federated National Guards exultantly claimed as their own. Had they not themselves tumultuously rescued them from traitorous abandonment on February twenty-eighth, eve of the German entry into Paris? With the inveterate mismanagement which had lost the war, the troops had arrived without gun teams. While they waited, the tocsins had rung. There had been a tumult. Some line regiments had fraternized with the National Guards. Two generals had been brutally murdered. Barricades had sprung up. Paris—those vast quarters inhabited by a working-class population idle for the past six months, demoralized from the terrible winter of the siege, when only alcohol had been plentiful, furious at a national humiliation it had never believed possible, crazed with the fantastic mendacities of virulent mob orators and an obscenely subversive press—was spontaneously in full insurrection. The government, mindful of past history, its regiments uncertain, strong only in the support of the provinces, realized that if it lingered it must inevitably be overwhelmed. In the late afternoon it had evacuated its troops, abandoned the capital.

Aristide Foliguet was filled with an ecstatic happiness as he hurried through that not-yet-awakened city where the red flag waved over every strategic point. At last was to be realized that dream which had sustained him through so many years of squalid misery, of furtive police-hunted conspiracy in the secret societies perpetually undermining that glittering Second Empire which had crashed last September in the disaster of Sedan. All his life a revolutionary, half starving from one precarious employment to another, when he was not in prison, since 1865 he had been a member of the Internationale, creation of the master mind of Karl Marx in London, organizing the proletariat of the world to ubiquitous revolt. More than half the Central Committee were similarly members of the Internationale. Dictators of the capital, the way was clear for the fulfillment of their long thought-out program, for the experiment which would shake the world, which would be the beginning of a new era. Aristide Foliguet was fanatically convinced of it.

All France, all Europe, would indubitably imitate Paris, would establish on the ruins of an incurably rotten civilization the universal republic of automatically virtuous felicity.

He turned into the Rue de Rivoli, was checked by a barricade manned by unkempt, ruffianly National Guards of a Belleville battalion. As he scrambled round the obstruction they recognized his rosette, welcomed him vociferously.

"*Vive le Comité Central!* Now at last we shall have the revolution—the real one!"

He mounted a heap of stones, harangued them as he had harangued at all the barricades on his route.

"It is true, citizen comrades! Now we are going to make the real revolution! The virtuous and sovereign people has taken its destiny into its own hands. The patriots of the Central Committee charge themselves with protecting your freedom until you have elected a Commune which shall give effect to your revolutionary will. There shall be no more rich, no more poor! We pledge ourselves to the abolition of all that has kept humanity in chains—abolition of religion, abolition of property, abolition of the family, abolition of the nation! *Vive la Commune! Vive la République universelle!*"

They echoed him, as they echoed any revolutionary cry, whether they understood it or not, born Parisians joyously privileged to revolution, in whose blood 1789 had left a chronic fever periodically and hideously eruptive during the past eighty years: "*Vive la Commune! Vive la République universelle!*"

His coat was tugged from behind, and a voice spoke laughingly: "Come along, comrade! This is not the time to recite the program of the Internationale!"

It was Lucien Dufaure, the rosette of the Central Committee on his uniform as a *commandant* in the National Guard, young, blond bearded, rakish. With him was his sister Angèle, twenty years old, fascinating in her vivacious prettiness, a red ribbon pinned to her work-girl's shawl.

"*Ce bon Aristide!*" she joked at him, smilingly, her eyes coquettish, as they went along together. "Always he must proclaim his principles!"

He flushed awkwardly. "One must never lose an opportunity to indoctrinate the sovereign people with the right ideas, *Citoyenne Angèle*. You, as a good revolutionary, agree with me, I am sure."

He cursed himself for his stilted inadequacy. He ought to have joked back at her, wittily, in clever command of himself. Did she guess that he was desperately, obsessionally, in love with her—had been in love with her from their first meeting? Always he found himself covering his innate timidity with vague pomposities when he spoke to her: he could never utter the real thoughts that surged in him at her presence. For months past he had been haunted by a feverish imagination of making love to her, not as the other comrades carelessly and cynically made love, but asking her to live with him in that virtuous free union which alone became true revolutionaries. Uncouthly shy with women, for all his eloquent ferocity in politics, he had never been able to pluck up courage. Besides, his wretched poverty made it impossible. It was difficult enough to provide for himself alone.

She took his arm, laughed light-heartedly.

"*Que c'est rigolo* to be the masters!" she exclaimed. "Never did I think Paris looked so beautiful as now that it is ours! . . . What post are you going to get, Aristide? Of course, you will be in the government!"

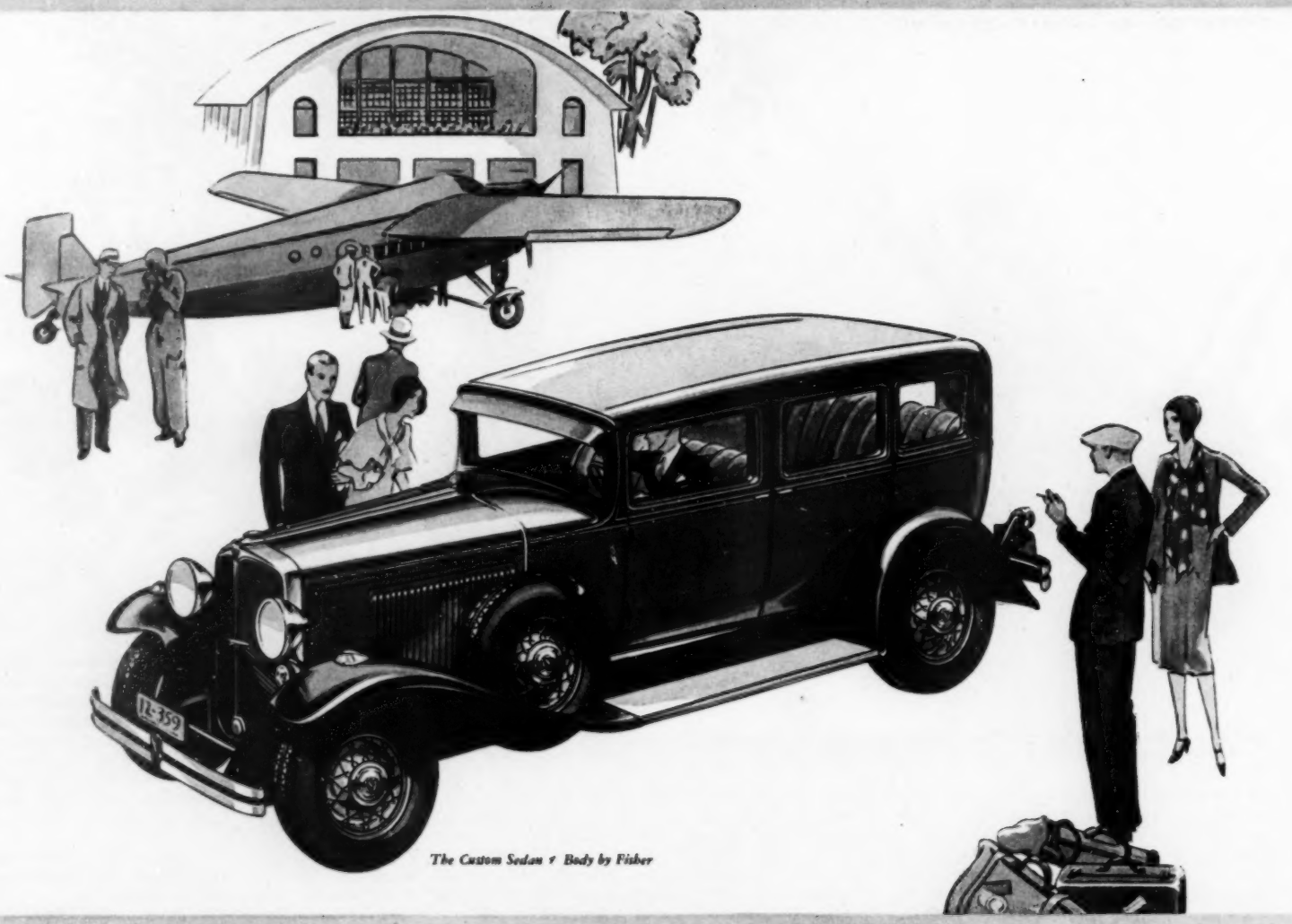
He looked at her. "I don't know," he said, with simplicity. "I have not thought about it."

Lucien exchanged a glance with his sister, laughed also.

(Continued on Page 43)

the New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



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AND UP

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(Continued from Page 41)

"These idealists! . . . We had better hurry, or we shall find the comrades have pulled all the coverlet to themselves! We don't want to arrive after all the best places have been filled!"

Aristide frowned at that mercenary apprehension, unworthy of a true revolutionary.

"In any case," he said, "those posts will be only provisional. We shall immediately call elections. The people must choose their own representatives on the Commune. That has been planned from the first."

"Of course," agreed Lucien. He winked knowingly. "But we ourselves will be the candidates. *Fichtre!* One doesn't make a revolution for the fun of it. It's our turn now; and I, for one, intend to make the most of it while it lasts!"

Aristide did not answer. To him, ascetically apostolic in the faith, it was sufficient that the cause should triumph. The thought of sordid profit by it was abhorrent.

Angèle continued to chatter gayly: "It must be wonderful to be a member of the government—able to get everything one wants by just signing an order for it."

He shook his head with a tolerant smile for her naïve innocence, tried to explain to her that this government would be different from all others. The first of all governments, it would not exploit the humble people it represented, would set the whole world an example of rigid and immaculate virtue.

Angèle only laughed.

"*Tu blagues, Aristide!*" she said. "People are always the same!"

They crossed the great open space flanked by the splendid sixteenth-century Renaissance edifice of the Hôtel de Ville, on which the red flag had replaced the tricolor. A battalion of National Guards bivouacked *en permanence* in front of it. Bold hussies in the short skirts and military jackets of *cantinières* laughed with these hirsute, dirty-uniformed patriots, poured to them from the little barrels slung at their hips, joined in their inebriated shouts. "*Vive la Commune! Vive la Révolution!*"

They found the corridors of the Hôtel de Ville likewise swarming with noisily drunken National Guards, utterly undisciplined, squatting where they liked, virtuously scrawling on the walls: "*Vive la Commune! Mort aux voleurs!*" The Central Committee was already assembled in the Salle des Conferences.

That magnificent apartment was thick with tobacco smoke, was filled with the male and female riffraff of the faubourg, squalidly hideous representatives of the sovereign people, crowding turbulently round the long table at which sat a score or so of shabby men, vehemently in argument. As Aristide pushed through the throng with Lucien and Angèle, he heard the tag end of one of those disputes:

"And if the Versaillais attack?"

"Bah! Let them attack! Paris will be ours, or Paris will cease to exist! We will set fire to it, blow it up! Our program is still and always the same!"

A frenetic shout of "*Vive la Commune!*" greeted that ferocious threat.

The president, young Edouard Moreau, just arrived from London with the final instructions of the Internationale, rang his bell violently. "Order, order, *citoyens!* Let us get to business!"

He perceived Aristide struggling to reach a seat.

"Ah, Citizen Foliguet! You come *à propos*. The committee has provisionally filled the ministries vacated by the late government. Citizens Varlin and Jourde have been appointed delegates to the Ministry of Finance. At Citizen Jourde's demand, you have been appointed vice delegate to assist them. The committee directs that you will enter upon your functions at once. Care of the finances of the revolution is a matter of urgent responsibility."

Varlin and Jourde were genuine revolutionaries as scrupulously honest as himself. He was flattered that they should ask for him.

"I accept, citizen president," he said simply. "The committee shall find me worthy of its trust. *Vive la Commune!*"

Angèle turned to him, threw her arms about his neck, kissed him excitedly.

"*T'as de la veine, Aristide! Faut que j't'embrasse!*"

Lucien laughed. "*Enfin*, you're in a fat job, Aristide! Why don't you two set up housekeeping? One is only young once, *quoi donc!*"

He stood confusedly, flushing scarlet, unable to utter that audacity to which Angèle's brother cynically invited him. She said nothing, only smiled at him with enigmatic eyes, provocative, infinitely desirable. He nerved himself to it, put an arm about her.

"*Tu veux, Angèle? Il y a longtemps que je t'aime!*" His voice caught in his intense sincerity. Long time indeed he had loved her!

She surrendered herself to his tremulous embrace, kissed him again amid that clamorous confusion, those wild shouts of "*Vive la Commune!*" which were like an appropriate sanction to their revolutionary union.

"And I love thee, great stupid! Why didst thou not ask me before?"

At the table, the comrades began to discuss that first proclamation which should inform Paris of at least the names of some of the utterly unknown personages who were its new masters.

Since April the second, the army of Versailles and the troops of the Commune had been in progressively bitter conflict. Once more Paris was besieged, under the cynically amused eyes of the victorious Germans encamped,

(Continued on Page 100)

"No! No!" She Shrieked. "Don't Shoot Him! Don't Shoot Him! He Has Never Done Anyone Any Harm! He is the Best of Men!"

He Might Have Been a Rooshan

By Guy Gilpatric

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE great green mountain sloped down into the sea. Here and there among the trees above the city were farms, clustering hamlets, and wall-girdled villas of snowy white tenanted by asthmatic Britishers, opulent Portuguese, and jobless royal refugees from the lesser countries of Europe. On the beach beyond the breakers, fishermen were painting their boats blue, lavender, pink. Across the waters the breeze bore fugitive snatches of music from the bandstand in the square. It was Madeira. It was January. It was delightful.

"H'm, Three and Four Mak' Seven, and Twa Mak' Nine—Nine Poonds and Some Odd Sheelings. Muster Montgomery Must be Reimbursed, Though Whoosh, How the Idea Rankles!"

Out in the open roadstead which the citizens of Funchal so optimistically term a harbor, several vessels swung at anchor. Among them were a Greek battleship which reminded one of a tin bathtub taking itself too seriously, and a tramp steamer with the woebegone air of an old gypsy crone fallen upon evil days. The latter craft was the Inchcliffe Castle, and she was streaked with the recent salt of Caribbean and Atlantic, and red with the rust of the sea lanes of the world. Just now, her crew was engaged in desultory barter with a dozen jabbering bumboat merchants whose shallops bobbed and bumped alongside as she seesawed in the swell.

In the wing of the bridge, elbows on rail, Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Swales were basking in comfortable silence, broken only when one or the other languidly bestirred himself to expectorate down into a bumboat. During such an interlude, Mr. Swales, glancing aft, was aroused to sudden interest.

"Oh, my eye!" he whispered, nudging the mate. "Do 'ave a look at the chief!"

"Lawk!" exclaimed Mr. Montgomery, following his gaze to the deck below. "All swanked up like the ruddy First Sea Lord, ayn't 'e? 'E must be going ashore to throw 'is weight about a bit."

"'Is weight, and m'ybe a bottle or so," suggested Mr. Swales. . . . "Oh, good morning, Mr. Glencannon!"

"Gude morning, Muster Swales, and to ye also, Muster Montgomery," said the Inchcliffe Castle's engineer, who was wearing his best uniform, an immaculate white cap and his customary funereal air. "It's a braw lovely day the noo, but I fear twull be stormy later. There being nowt better to do, I was thinking I'd go ashore to yon toon and gi' it a bit o' a look-see."

"Oh, yes?" said Mr. Montgomery, nodding prophetically. "Well, all I can s'y is, if them Portygees only knew wot's threatening 'em, they'd break out the 'urricane warnings and batten down the sidewalks!"

Mr. Glencannon paused on his way to the ladder to give the mate a disdainful stare.

"Muster Mate," he said, "from what ye say, anybody wad think I was a drinking mon! Weel, I dinna choose to swallow the slur. Ye're insolent, untruthful, ugly and no' overly clean."

"Oh, and am I?" bristled Mr. Montgomery, shaking an irate finger. "Well, listen 'ere, you web-footed Scotch guzzler, I'll lay you five pounds 'ere and now that they 'ave you in jail by midnight. 'Ow about it?"

"Done!" agreed Mr. Glencannon airily, settling himself in a bumboat and pointing toward the wharf. "Pronto, Portygee, row me ashore-io." Then, selecting a pint bottle from the stock of wares displayed in the sternsheets, he negotiated its purchase and went about sampling its contents. By the time they reached the landing stage, he had decided that it was distinctly inferior stuff and quite unfit to exist upon this earth, so he swallowed the remainder at a gulp and tossed the empty bottle over the side. "Whah!" he shuddered. "If that is the best beeverage this sorry port affords, I'll drink no' another drap today!"

Strolling up the cobbled street, he passed through the Entrada da Cidade and halted to look around him. "Ootlandish!" he announced sourly, dismissing the colorful scene with a scowl. "Ootlandish! And as for you"—he wheeled upon the group of beggars who had followed him, whining, from the wharf—"foosh to ye! Do ye think I am Muster Rothschild, or what?"

"It is really most annoying, is it not?"

Mr. Glencannon turned to see a large, flabby young man with yellow hair, pale blue eyes, and a mercantile-marine officer's cap from which the house-jack badge had been removed. His speech had a faintly foreign flavor. Vaguely, and somehow unpleasantly, he suggested a second steward.

"It is vurra annoying indeed," agreed Mr. Glencannon, looking him up and down. "It is always vurra annoying to be accosted by strangers."

"Oh, no offense, no offense," smiled the flabby one, unabashed. "Smith's my name, and as for us being strangers, why, I fancy a spot of whisky would soon fix that. Will you join me?"

"A-weel," said Mr. Glencannon, smacking his lips despite himself, "when ye speak o' whusky, ye're putting a deeferent compleexion on the seetuation. Where can we get it, Muster Smeeth?"

"Across the street, at the Golden Gate," said the other, leading the way. "Come on, it's an English place."

Now it happened that the cellars of the Golden Gate afforded that choicest of all Highland nectars, Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch. Mr. Smith proved to be a slow and conservative drinker, so by the time the bottle was empty, Mr. Glencannon's mood was so expansive that he even said something about buying a drink in return. But he quickly retrieved the slip by looking at his watch and remarking that it was time for lunch.

"Oh, why, so it is!" said Mr. Smith. "Hi, *arrieriro!*" he hailed a passing victoria. "Come on; let's drive over and take the switchback up to the Monte Palace. You'll be my guest, of course?"

"Weel, o' coorse, since ye insist," agreed Mr. Glencannon, fumbling in his pocket while his host bought another bottle of Dew to sustain them on their journey.

Soon they were clicking up the rack-and-pinion railway between the lush green groves and flowery fields of the mountainside. Mr. Glencannon cocked his feet on the seat ahead of them and considered the view through the bottom of the bottle.

"Sublime, sublime!" he said. "And to think o' that domned feerst mate, Muster Montgomery, betting me five poond I'd spend the nicht in jail!"

"Jail?" repeated Mr. Smith with sudden interest. "Why"—he lowered his voice and glanced furtively over his shoulder—"er—'jail' is a most unpleasant word to me too. I was just wondering if you'd do me a bit of a favor, Mr. Glencannon."

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon cautiously, "it a' deepends. If it's a question o' money, Muster Smeeth, I'm afraid I canna ——"

"Oh, no, it isn't money," the other reassured him. "But I do wish you could get me a job on your ship. You see, I'm here in Madeira against my will. As a matter of fact, they—er—kicked me off my last ship. I haven't any papers or passport, so I can't get another berth. The authorities have been badgering me all week, but as I admit no nationality, they can't decide where to deport me. So they're threatening to put me in jail."

"No nationality?" inquired Mr. Glencannon, his brain a trifle muddled and his eye become glassy.

(Continued on Page 49)

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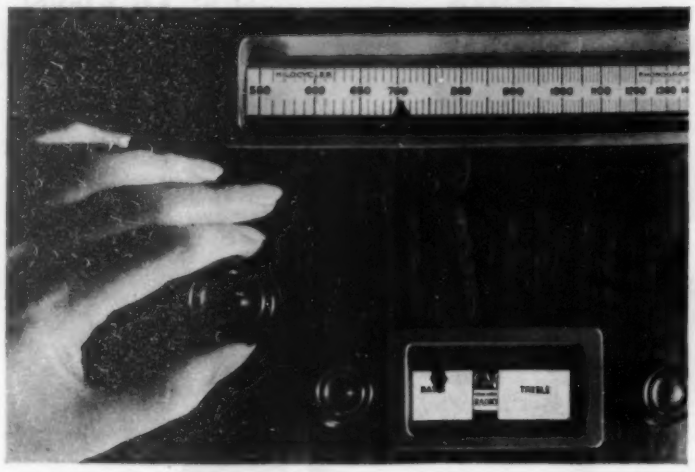

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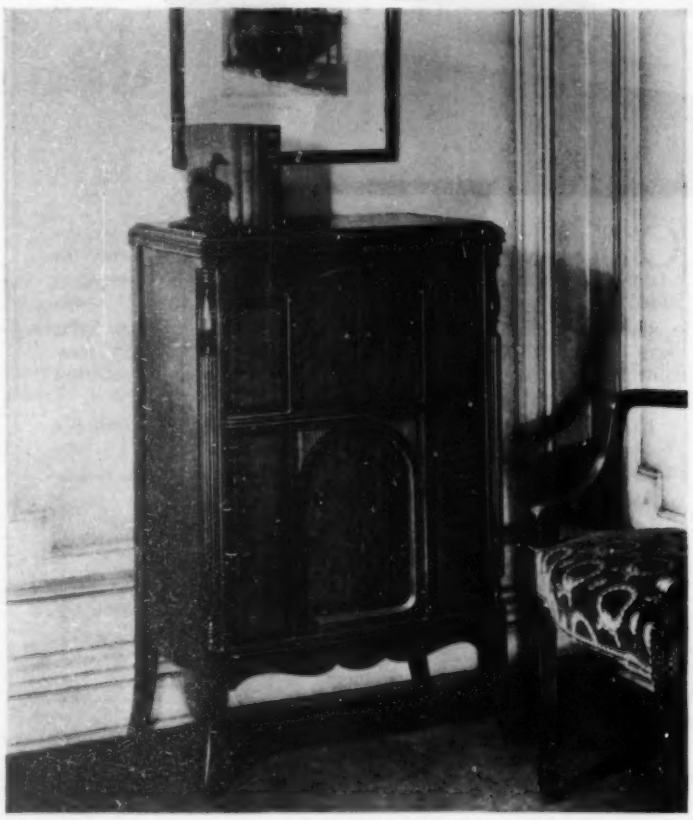

THE HEPPLEWHITE—A beautiful walnut-finished lowboy made of carefully selected and matched woods. Simple, graceful and in harmony with practically any setting. A very attractive low-priced radio of exceptionally high quality. Eight-tube, screen-grid chassis. Price, $136.00, less tubes.

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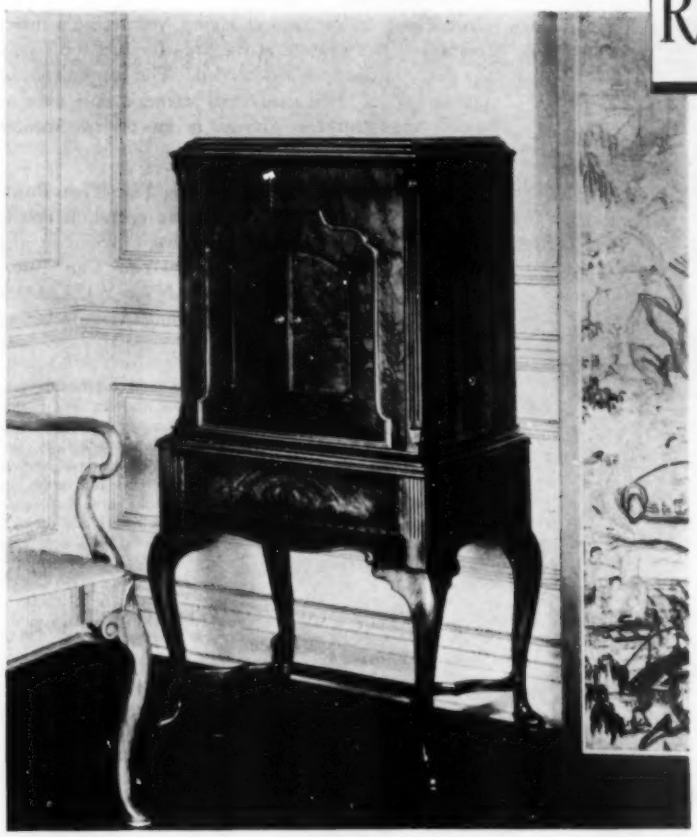
GENERAL MOTORS

RADIO

THE LATE ITALIAN—An unusually handsome highboy of butt walnut. Ornament, contour and finish achieve a rich, luxurious effect. Note the serpentine front, a distinguishing mark of fine cabinetwork—new in radio design. Eight-tube, screen-grid chassis. Price, $172.00, less tubes.



THE QUEEN ANNE—The Queen Anne period includes furniture created in England between 1702 and 1714. Noted for the introduction of the cabriole leg. Curves are pronounced. This model is a radio-phonograph of extremely attractive appearance and very desirable proportions—adaptable to practically any size room or any type of setting. An exceptionally handsome, very complete instrument at an unusually moderate price, $198.00, less tubes.

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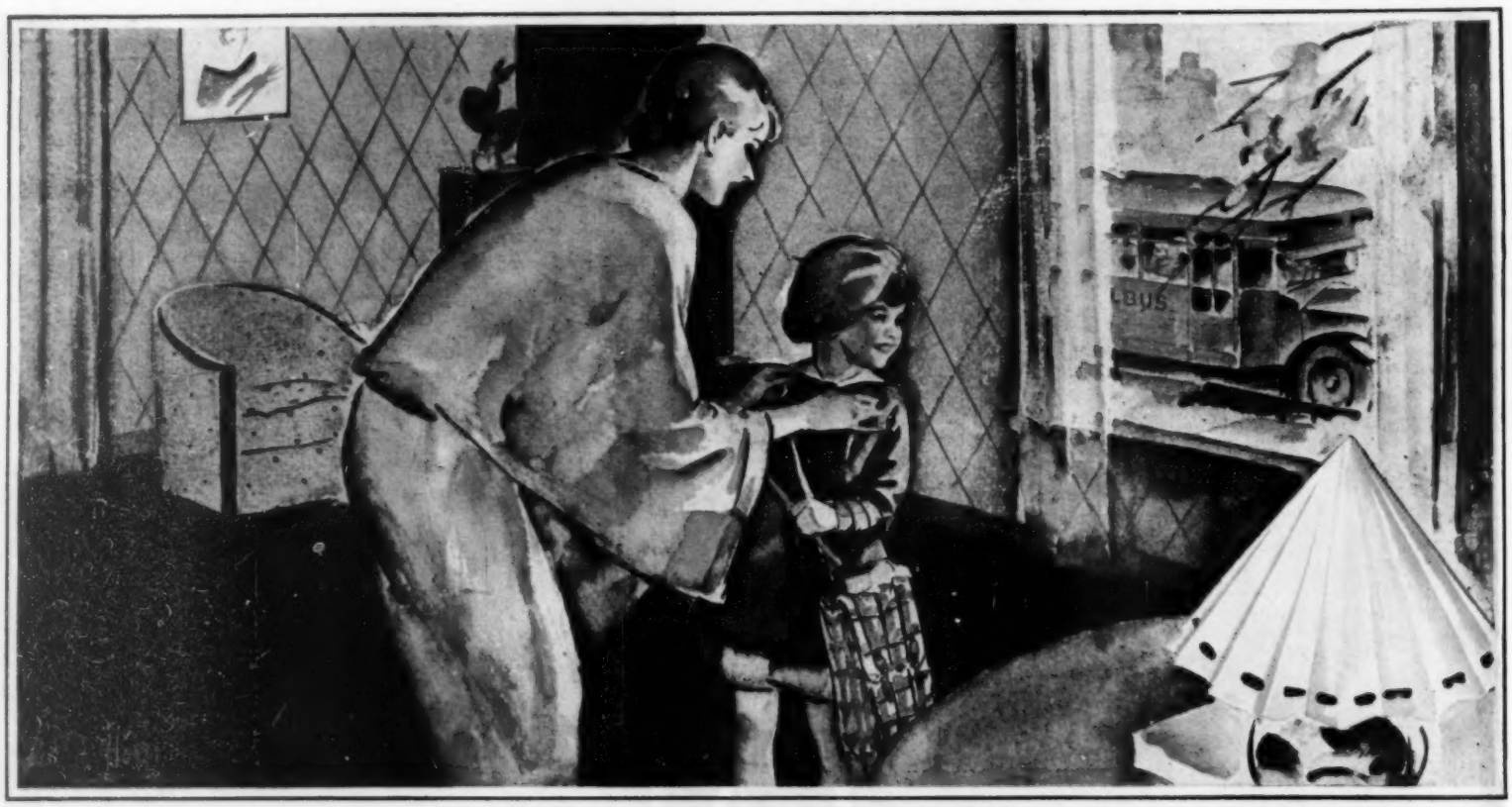


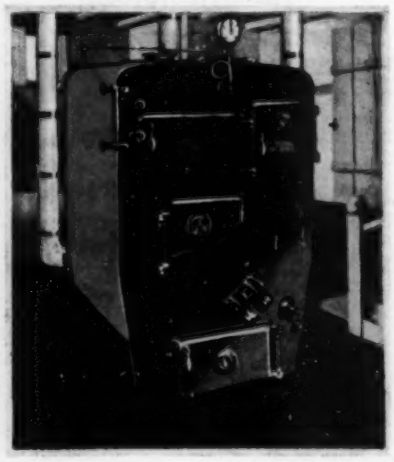
It costs less to keep them well

Every mother knows that the "Dear Old Golden Rule Days" are not always the joyous,care free days of song and story. Thousands of mothers know that Spencer Heaters can do much to eliminate the constant colds and mercifully rarer serious illnesses that come from uneven temperature in the home.

It costs less for Spencer automatic fuel feed than for the annoyance of frequent firing demanded by flat grate heaters. The Spencer maxim, "The Lowest Cost Heat You Can Buy" is not merely a catch phrase, but an established fact, proved by more than thirty-three years of daily use, by thousands of satisfied owners.

This ingenious heater is made with grates that, instead of being flat, slope down from a magazine. Instead of frequent firing by hand, the Spencer fuel feed is by gravity—as the fuel rolls down from the magazine to feed the fire below.

It is this combination of Gable-Grates and magazine feed that permits the Spencer to use the small size fuels—No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite and small size by-product coke—that are so low in cost. No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, for instance, sells for about half the price of large anthracite sizes—and you save all of this difference in price.



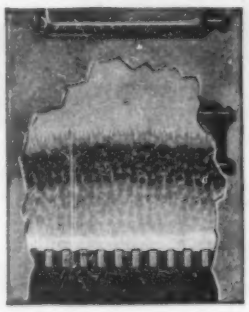
Illustrated is the Spencer Magazine Feed Heater for the home of average size. Spencer Heaters for steam, vapor, or hot-water systems are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types, for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

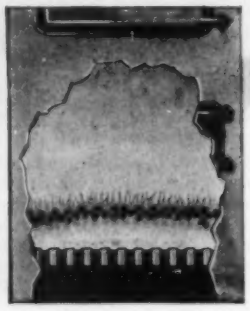
In addition to the Spencer saving, you secure a direct control of temperature at the fire—for fuel feeds only as fast or as slow as it is needed. The convenience of automatic fuel feed that needs attention only once or twice in twenty-four hours is an added Spencer feature.

Write for the Spencer Book "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It describes in detail the operation of the Spencer Magazine Feed Heater that provides in any home, "The Lowest Cost Heat You Can Buy." SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.

Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.

FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash —heater must again be refueled.





FIRE BURNS UPHILL .. FUEL ROLLS DOWN ..

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine.

(Continued from Page 44)

"No nationality whatsoever!" declared the flabby one, his voice suddenly vibrant with enthusiasm. "I—I am a citizen of the world! What are frontiers, boundaries and all such capitalistic foolishness, compared with the vast unlimited freedom of internationalism? I might have been born a Russian, or a Serb, or a Polander—I might have——"

He was interrupted by Mr. Glencannon chanting at the top of his voice:

"For he might have been a Rooshan,
A Toork or French or Prooshan,
Or peerhapsh an Eye-tal-i-an;
But in shpite o' a' tremtray-hay-shunsh
To brelong to other nay-hay-shunsh,
He remainsh an English-mon!
He ree-may-hay-haynsh
An Eng . . . lish-mon!"

"Ah, that's exactly my point!" resumed Mr. Smith, with the ardor of one who expounds his most cherished religious belief. "It is the mistaken spirit of nationalism which——" But then he noticed that Mr. Glencannon was deep in slumber, so he subsided.

Arrived at the summit, the sleeper was aroused with some difficulty. "Dinna shak' me—dinna shak' me—I was no' asleep!" he mumbled. "I heerd every word ye' was saying, Muster Smeeth."

The nap had done him good, and he was able to navigate the short distance from the station to the hotel without assistance. They were ushered to a table on the veranda which commanded a breath-taking panorama of mountain, sea and sky.

"Whoosh!" sighed Mr. Glencannon, sinking into a chair which turned out to be a potted palm. "What a theerst these high altitudes do gi' a mon! What wad ye say, Muster Smeeth, to a little liquid refreeshment?"

As they were discussing the wine list with the waiter, three motor cars drew up beneath the porte-cochère of the hotel and deposited a bevy of gorgeously uniformed naval officers.

"See, gentlemans!" said the waiter. "It ees the Greek admiral and his attachés. This afternoon they will to visit the exile' grand duke."

"Giddy monkeys!" declared Mr. Smith cynically.

"Ah, noo, noo, I canna' agree wi' ye there!" protested Mr. Glencannon. "It's unfoortunate, o' course, that they're only Greeks, but after a' an admiral is an admiral, and deesairving o' reespect." At this moment the dignitary and his aides were taking their places at a near-by table, so Mr. Glencannon beat lustily with his fork upon his plate and shouted, "Three rousing cheers for Admiral What's-his-name!"

The maitre d'hôtel hastened over to restrain him. The admiral, a paunchy gentleman with much gold lace, many medals and a black beard parted in the middle, arose and surveyed him belligerently through a monocle. Mr. Glencannon, not to be outdone, screwed a two-shilling piece into his eye and returned the stare.

"Ye're a mannerless lout, that's what ye are, and I'm deesappointed in ye!" he declared, shaking his fist. "You and yere gold lace and yere tuppenny tin gunboat wad be at the bottom o' the sea in twa winks, if the Breetish Navy ever got after ye!" Whereupon, having dropped the maitre d'hôtel over the veranda railing into a flower bed, and spurred on by Mr. Smith, he climbed upon the table and sang Rule, Britannia! with great gusto and impassioned gestures.

As it became apparent that the hotel staff was mobilizing for action, Mr. Smith suggested that they decamp.

"I agree wi' ye!" said Mr. Glencannon. "This is a second-class pub, the sairvice is atrocious, and the guests are so much riff-raff. Come, Muster Smeeth, do we be getting our caps and deeparting."

The *vestiaire* fled at their approach, so Mr. Glencannon helped himself to the admiral's hat—a notable fore-and-aft affair with gold braid, cockade and plume—and strode forth bravely into the sunshine.

At the edge of the hotel gardens they came out upon the Caminho da Monte, the famous stone-paved slide down which visitors to Madeira are wont to coast in runner-shod wicker chairs from the mountain summit to the town below. They hired a chair and a crew of two natives to guide it, and started on their way.

At first the slope was gentle and their progress slow. Mr. Glencannon yawned in boredom and took a deep and gurgling draught from his bottle. But soon the wooden runners commenced clicking over the smooth stones right merrily, and the crew, trotting along behind, held back on the guide ropes to check the speed.

"Fuddlesticks!" complained Mr. Glencannon. "'Tis a sorra spoort indeed! Do ye look doon there ahead o' us, Muster Smeeth, where it gets good and steep. Why do they no' cast us loose?"

"Because we'd jolly well go down like a bat out of hell if they did," said Mr. Smith.

"Hurroo! Here goes, then!" said Mr. Glencannon, reaching over the back of the seat and slashing the ropes with his clasp knife.

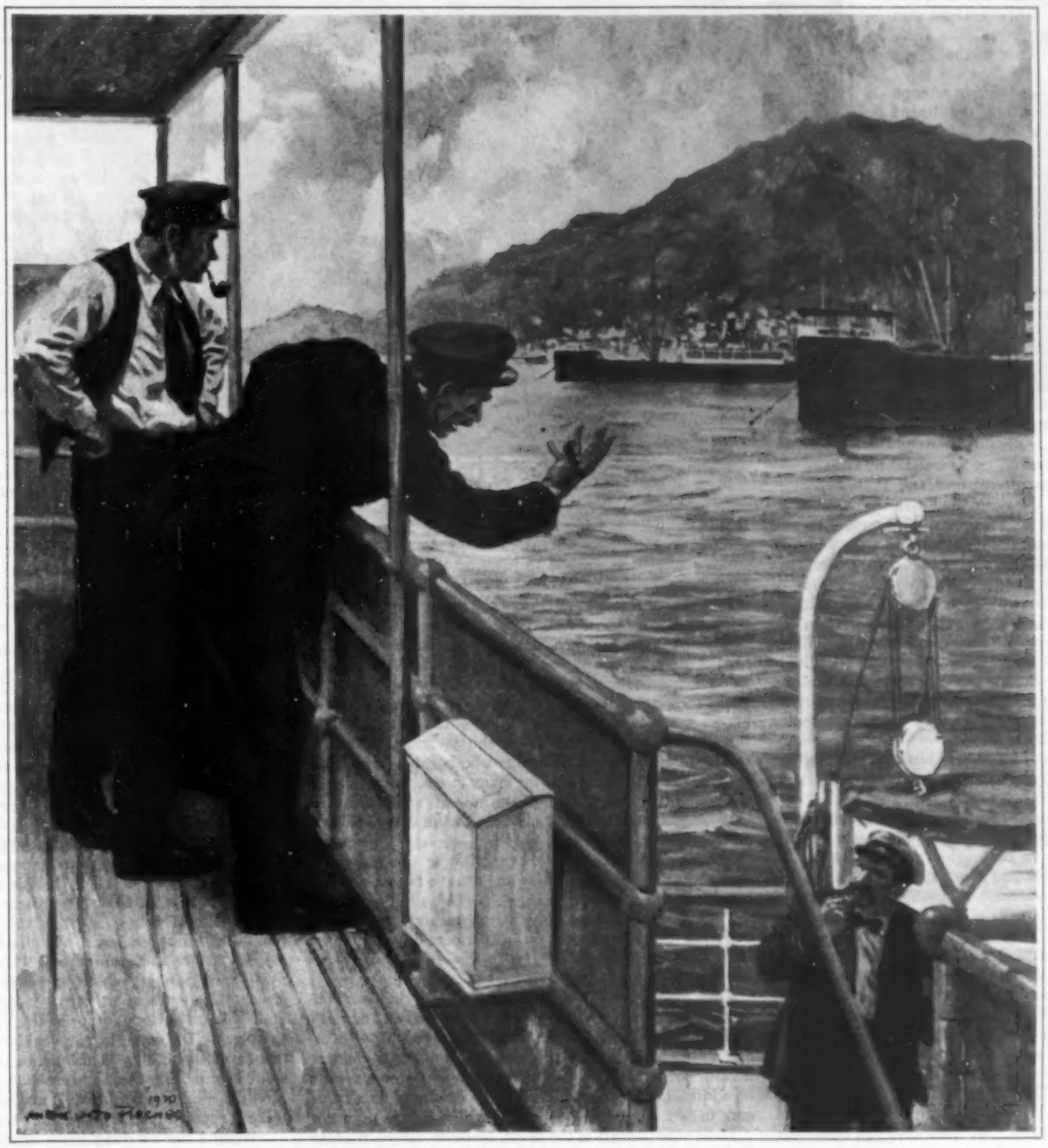
The chair shot forward and Mr. Smith jumped for his life. Mr. Glencannon, waving his admiral's hat in one hand and his bottle in the other, catapulted down the mountainside at breakneck speed. From time to time the chair hurtled high into the air, even as a chamois leaping from crag to Alpine crag. It caromed against the wall beside the road, reared perilously on one runner. It slewed around, proceeded backward, and with speed no whit abated charged through a party of tourists who were sliding on their leisurely way. Their screams were answered only by a lusty "Hoot!" and the courtly flourish of a gold-trimmed chapeau.

At length, becoming a trifle dizzy from viewing the speed-blurred landscape, or perhaps because of the very considerable alcoholic cargo sloshing about in his hold, Mr. Glencannon closed his eyes trustingly and let gravity take its course. A cool wind blew against his fevered brow. He felt that he was sliding, spinning, flying through space. It was as though he were coursing the etheric regions of the outer cosmos. It was delightful.

But suddenly there came a jolt, a splintering crash, a sickening thud. The flight was ended; Icarus had returned to earth. Dimly, Mr. Glencannon heard the murmur of voices and felt sympathetic hands ministering to his bruised body. Feebly he motioned to his mouth, and swallowed the entire contents of the flask which was instantly proffered.

He opened his eyes. He was lying upon a lawn which was decorated as for a fête. Around him were grouped gentlemen in cutaways and others in uniform. At one side he saw a low stone wall upon which was draped the shapeless wreck of the chair sled, and through which was a gate.

(Continued on Page 180)



"Oh, and Am I?" Bristled Mr. Montgomery, Shaking an Irate Finger. "Well, Listen 'Ere, You Web-Footed Scotch Gussler, I'll Lay You Five Pounds 'Ere and Now That They 'Ave You in Jail by Midnight. 'Ow About It?"

American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

MORE than a year has passed since Edward G. Seubert was elected chief executive of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and recently the public figures showed the largest net earnings in the forty-year history of the company, namely, more than $78,000,000. The momentum achieved in the years gone by is retained through a system of director management.

Industrial corporations are tending nowadays to put more and more responsibility on their boards of directors, but this is no novelty in the Standard of Indiana, which has nine of its eleven directors actually managing executive departments. The Standard of New Jersey does somewhat the same thing and these directors meet nearly every day.

"Our directors," explained Mr. Seubert recently, "have first-hand knowledge of the conditions we deal with and the business we discuss. We know what to expect of our co-workers all along the line because there is hardly a position that some one of our directors has not filled at some time. On the other hand, we have two men who can tell us how things are regarded from a point of view not so close to the object as our own.

"Decisions by our board lead to prompt action. On returning from the board room to their executive offices our directors are in position to carry out at once any course of action decided upon. The coördination between the deliberations which lead to decisions and plans and the action which puts them into effect, is about as close and perfect as it could be made."

Like the late George H. Jones, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the path that Mr. Seubert traveled has led through a maze of figures and statistics. Many years spent as cashier, cost accountant and refinery statistician, in which he saw the romance of drab reports, brought him advancement regularly, so that gradually, from the post of auditor, he went on up as assistant secretary and assistant treasurer, and finally secretary and treasurer, and ten years ago was elected to the board of directors as vice president, with the responsibility of looking after countless details involved in administering the funds of the company. For several years he handled millions and millions of dollars, paying for oceans of crude oil and mountains of coal for ships, refineries, oil lands, labor and materials, and cheering his stockholders with their dividend checks. When he was made president in 1927, he was really subordinate to the chairman of the board, and only when that position was vacated a year ago did he become the chief executive. With such a background there was, of course, continuity in the affairs of the company.

PHOTO. BY BLANK & STOLLER, INC.

Edward G. Seubert

Mr. Seubert has evolved a code of business ethics which he has followed quietly throughout his long career with Standard of Indiana.

"I believe in hard work," he said recently—and he rarely says anything for publication—"and square dealing as the basis of the happiness to be sought in life. I believe in square dealing in business and in all other relations of mankind. Hard work and exercise of intelligence are entitled to recognition. I am always glad to help the man who makes mistakes, but I have no toleration for dishonesty. I believe in frankness and fairness. I give it and I expect it in return. I believe in loyalty, discipline, obedience. They are things which enable us to get the work of the world done in an orderly manner, and make life pleasant where disorder would make it impossible. I like men who curry respect instead of trying to curry favor. The man who works to build for himself the confidence and respect of his friends and associates is worth emulating. I believe in reasonable aspirations. No one man can be everything and have everything for himself. We must give and take. We must do things for others. Some men who reach positions of power are avid for money. Though I believe every man should be paid for what he does and be able to live in comfort and provide for his family, I do not believe in seeking wealth as an end in itself. I believe in religion. Every man needs the inspiration of faith and the steadying influence of being answerable for his conduct to his Supreme Being."

These words are spoken earnestly out of a background of toil. Among all the 27,000 employes of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, only two or three have been with the company longer than Mr. Seubert, and probably nobody knows it better than he, inside and out. Today, at fifty-three years of age, he has spent thirty-eight years in the service of his company. The boy who began as a mechanic's helper at fifteen, who spent many monotonous hours at the accounting desk in later years, now sits at the head of a long table every day with his board of directors.

"Big moments?"

Mr. Seubert paused before replying to the suggestion that his life in the oil business might have been a series of important climaxes.

"There haven't been any big moments," he replied. "My life has been just a steady experience of prosaic hard work."

* * * * * * * * * * *

They wonder out West sometimes what the people in Wall Street look like; they give to the natives of America's financial center all the orthodox attributes of the urban dweller. Yet there presides over one of the oldest investment-banking firms in America a man who was born on a farm, reared on a farm and who now lives on a farm, and, in fact, sleeps in the room in which he was born.

Unlike the farmers of the West, however, Lloyd Waddell Smith has discovered that his acres in Northern New Jersey are worth more to him uncultivated than tilled. So, instead, he spends his time collecting Americana, developing hives of bees, making a study of the habits and customs of the Indians of New Jersey and their early progress, as revealed in some 30,000 stone implements he has gathered in recent years.

"I like the industry of bees," he told me not long ago. "They get results so quickly."

Like a good many men in Wall Street, reticence is a habit ingrained by years of restraint. He may tell you of the hundreds of volumes of essays and pamphlets on the revolutionary period and the dozens of George Washington relics that he has assembled, or he may talk enthusiastically of early civilization as disclosed in the work of the Indians, but about himself or the operations of a large investment-banking house, with its multitude of problems involved in the purchase as well as distribution of its financial wares, there is a steadfast silence.

* * * * * * * * *

There is another Lloyd Smith, manufacturer and engineer, who probably never has met the investment banker. He is better known as L. R. Smith in the three industries in which he wields a powerful influence—namely, steel, automobiles, oil and gas.

Anybody who takes a trip through the plants of the A. O. Smith Corporation, in Milwaukee, comes away with the feeling that here is an example of the mechanization of industry which is almost sensational in what it portends for the economic future of America.

Visualize an array of plants where they build 10,000 automobile frames per day with only 120 men. Picture, too, miles upon miles of pipe for the transportation of natural gas or oil. Alongside of the plant hundreds of workmen are digging the foundations for a science building where 800 engineers will be housed. Processes that are revolutionary in cutting costs are in the making—gas that could not be economically transported before from far-off wells can now be brought to distant consumers. Labor is relieved of its heavy burdens; nearly everything is automatic. The spirit of the enterprise is to make machinery do quickly what men took many hours and many days to do before.

Not long ago, "L. R.," as he is familiarly known to his employes, was walking through one of the plants and noticed a workman asleep at one of the stations where an automatic operation passed from one stage of development to another. The workman jumped up quickly. Mr. Smith noted his embarrassment and smiled.

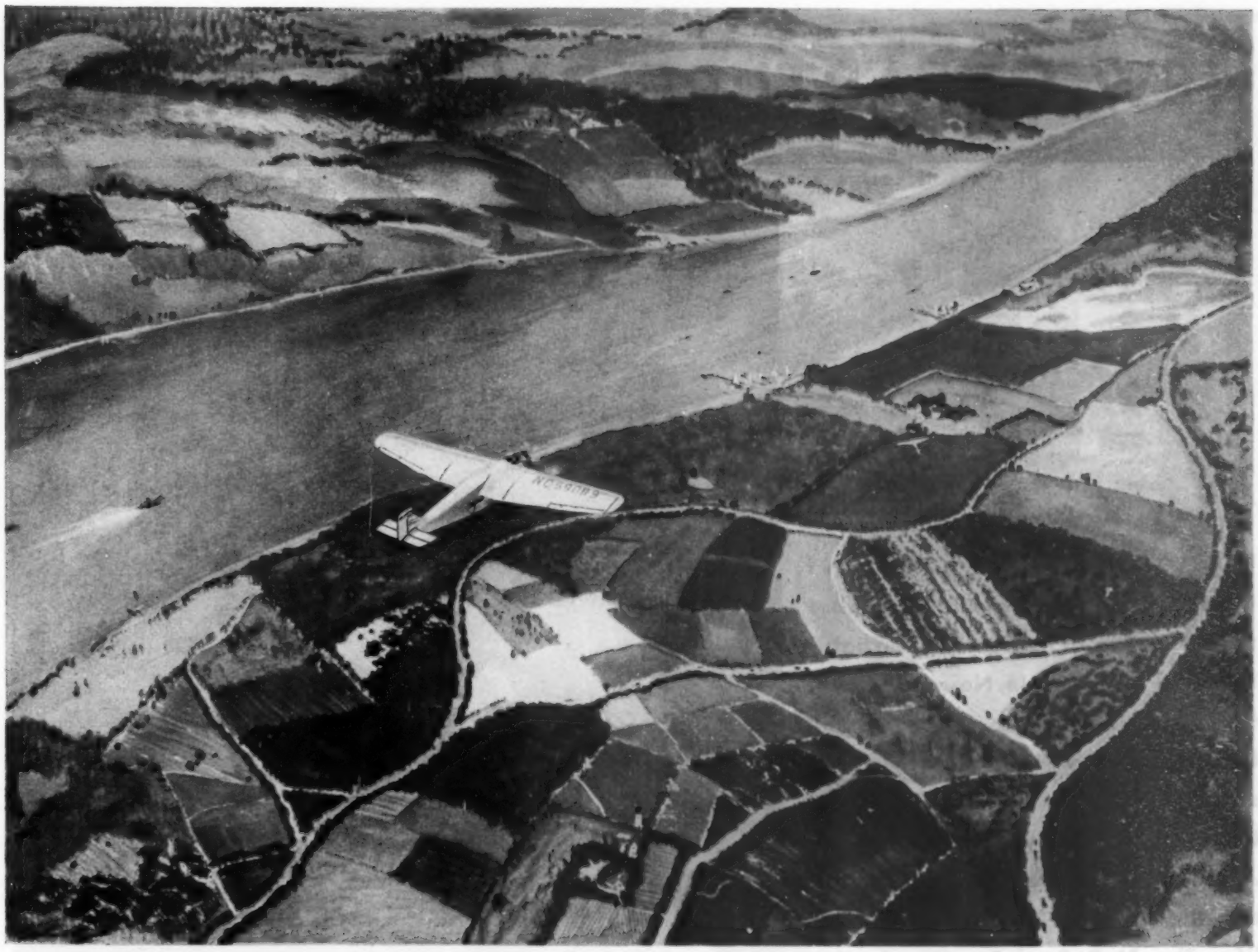
"I've noticed that man do the same thing before," he said to a visitor. "I wish he wouldn't look so worried, because this is supposed to be an automatic operation and the very fact that a man can sleep on his job is in itself the best proof that the machine is really automatic."

When I visited Milwaukee recently Mr. Smith was planning new and even more radical departures from tradition in the fabrication of steel products.

"We have three new developments now in the laboratory," he said, "and one of them is almost ready. It will do in a single plant what is now being done in fifty plants. It will not, of course, deprive those industries of their reason for existence, but it will affect their products. You see, my father and grandfather, who developed this business, knew nothing about merchandising. And I don't either. Life is too short to try to develop merchandising ability if you haven't got it already, so we have tried, here, to make up by research and engineering what we lack in merchandising ability. This philosophy is the one that I think is going to govern industry in America—namely, that products have got to be cheaper and better. I don't say better or cheaper, but both better and cheaper at the same time.

"When I say we don't know anything about merchandising I mean that our engineers are really the salesmen.

(Continued on Page 185)



FROM THE SAFE SKY...

WITHIN ten minutes of the take-off you may be soaring in the coolness of mountain altitudes . . . looking down upon the sweltering city from the safety of the sky . . . floating homeward at 120 miles an hour!

Your plane is a yacht in the bluest of seas, its three propellers beating as steadily as the screw of an ocean liner. Two will carry you to your destination. One alone will take you to port. And in the forward cabin your pilot and assistant are masters of the controls.

Cushioned on air, you may be surrounded by luxury . . . upholstered chairs, a writing desk, a table, a radio, a well-stocked kitchenette with crystal and linen for your service, a lavatory with running hot and cold water! There's ample accommodation in this all-metal plane for half a dozen week-end guests or business aides, and all their paraphernalia besides.

Perhaps you have never flown. A sense of hazard then will of course be yours as the plane first gathers speed in its rush across the field, and as it mounts on its ramp of air to higher levels. But when it flattens out, with motors throttled down, all at once you will find yourself extraordinarily calm; for the solidity of the supporting element is more stable than water, smoother than concrete.

Hundreds of thousands have gone through that first breathless experience, only to find surprisingly that there is no thrill of danger in travelling in a multi-motored transport. There is not even a sense of dizzy height, for there are no lines of perspective to draw you earthward, and the world below seems only like an infinitely perfect model laid out upon a rug. There is no feeling of rushing speed, but rather of a calm drifting motion. There is, too, a sense of exaltation for which there is no earthly comparison.

These are partial reasons for the sudden amazing growth in air-passenger traffic, along scheduled lines. The following figures exclude the thousands who have made unrecorded local flights: 1926, 5,782 passengers carried; 1927, 8,697 passengers carried; 1928, 49,713 passengers carried; 1929, 150,000 passengers carried (U. S. Government Estimate).

The total number carried this year will be tremendous. . . . Not only has the American public discovered that the airways are safe, but that air travel is delightful beyond description!

• FORD MOTOR COMPANY •

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

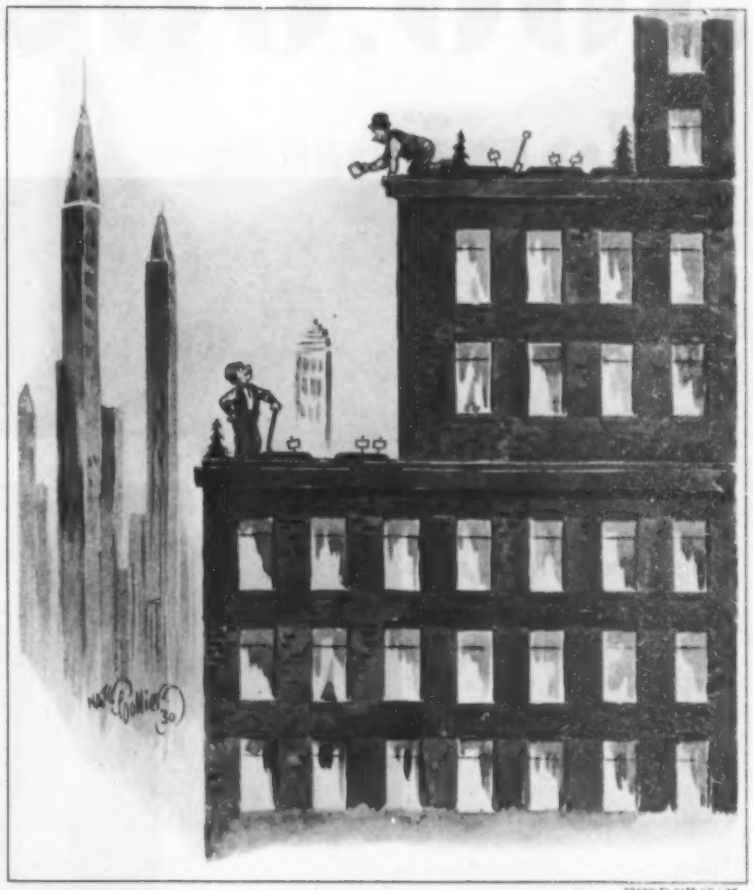
HOW OFTEN DO YOU LUBRICATE? Because people too seldom remember to lubricate . . . or neglect it when bearings are inaccessible, New Departure has developed a new type of ball bearing . . . the N-D-Seal. It is self-sealed to retain sufficient correct lubricant for many years' operation . . . to exclude foreign abrasive matter, the greatest enemy of bearing life. The N-D-Seal Bearing is designed to economize assembly and enclosure costs and enables engineers to attain new standards of economy in manufacturing, operation and maintenance in small electric motors, vacuum cleaners, fans, home electric light outfits, pumps and other light household and industrial machinery. Write for booklet describing this new type ball bearing . . . the N-D-Seal.

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

CARTOON AND COMEDY

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

"Come, Tootsie—Lick the Nice Stamp for Momma!"



DRAWN BY KATE COLLIER

"I'll Trade You a Pack of Nasturtiums for Some Calliopsis"

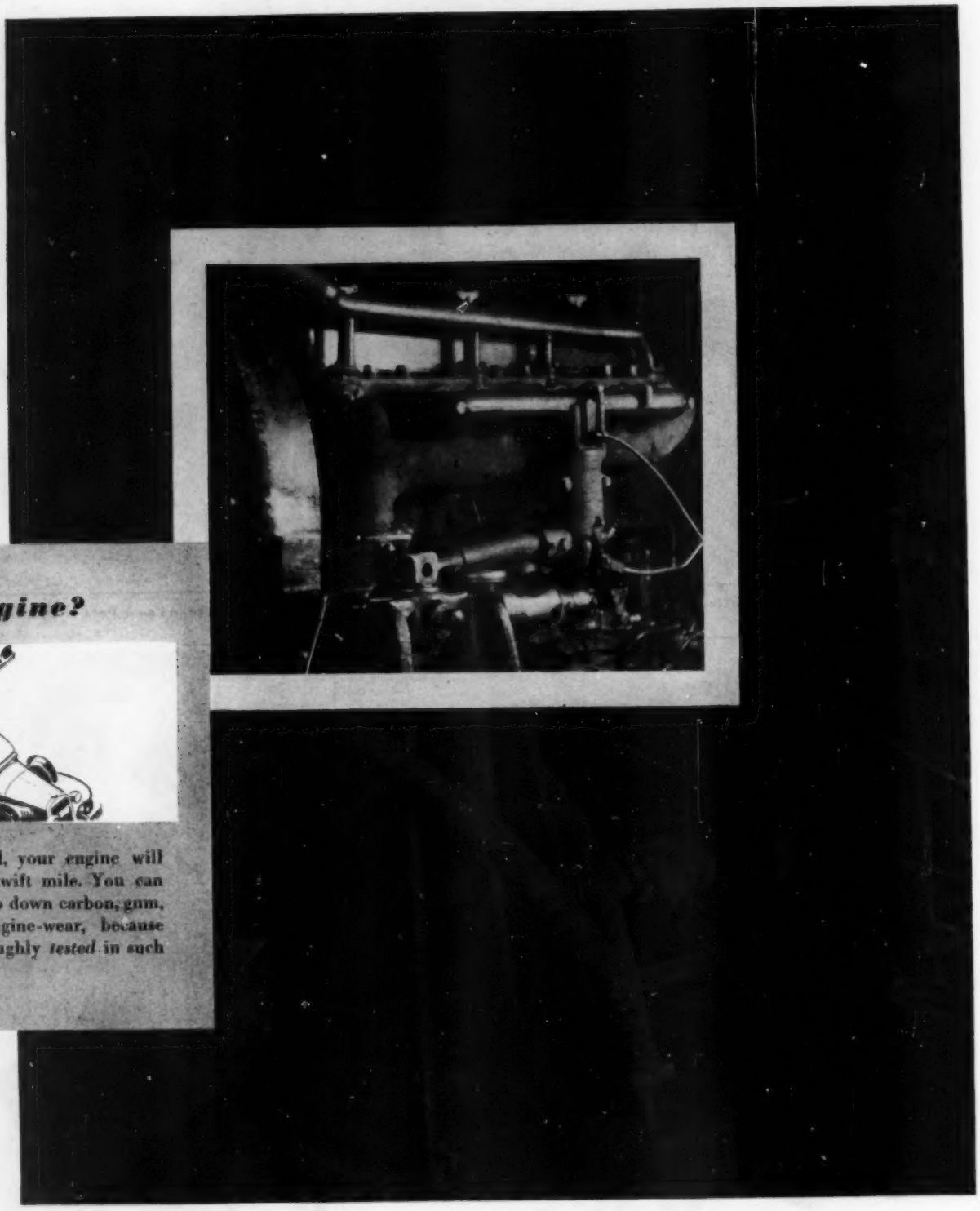
DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT

Automobile Salesman: "What's the Trade-in Value on the Old Set, Doc?"

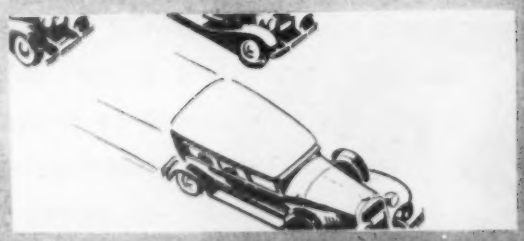
DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Daddy, Where's Mother Gone?" "We Had an Argument as to Which Would Represent the Family at the Dog Show, and as Usual We Compromised"

500,000 MILES



Your engine?



Lubricated with Mobiloil, your engine will run sweetly, mile after swift mile. You can be sure Mobiloil will keep down carbon, gum, oil-consumption and engine-wear, because Mobiloil has been thoroughly *tested* in such an engine. It *fits!*

This engine has roared on day after day at a speed of 50 miles an hour. Coupled to a huge machine that "fights" it, just as hills and hard road-stretches "fight" *your* engine, it has proved that the *right* oil is *made*, not found. It has proved that your engine needs more than just an oil made from any particular crude. It needs an oil made to *fit!*

Motor Oil is MADE · · · *not* FOUND

without moving an inch!

Roaring day after day this engine has proved "you can't judge your oil just by the crude it was made from!"

This engine has fought many a valiant battle for you. It has exploded a lot of oil theories.

Especially, it has exploded the theory that an oil is a good oil for your engine because it is made from a particular crude.

In the huge Mobiloil laboratories at Paulsboro, N. J., test engines like this one have run more than 500,000 miles without moving an inch—wearing themselves out, battling against inevitable destruction, to save *your* engine from faulty lubrication.

Every flicker of these sensitive instruments tells the Mobiloil engineers how the lubricant under test will protect your engine on the road.

No single crude can produce the right oil for every engine!

To keep your engine running sweetly mile after mile, your oil must fight flame, gumming, carbon, friction. It can do this successfully only if it is exactly the *right* oil for that engine.

How do the Mobiloil scientists find just that right oil?—

By choosing one crude, and refining it?

No—*they study your engine!*

Last year alone, the Mobiloil engineers studied more than 1,500 separate engines and analyzed their lubrication needs.

Some types of engines have one set of needs; other types have different needs. The oil that fits one type may be a bad oil for another type. An oil which keeps down carbon in one engine may *pile up* carbon in *yours*.

A dozen different kinds of oil may be made from a single crude. So you can see that it requires far more than just a good crude to make the *right* oil for your engine.

It requires knowledge of engines, knowledge of crudes, knowledge of oil chemistry, knowledge of manufacturing processes.

Mobiloil is always easy to get. It has wider distribution than any other oil—in America as well as throughout the world. Look for the Mobiloil sign on any road.

Oil made to specifications— not from one crude

Mobiloil is made from the world's finest crudes, of course. But Mobiloil is made *to fit*—according to the specifications gained from the most extensive lubrication study of engines ever conducted.

The results of this study, interpreted by the world's largest and most experienced group of lubrication engineers, are available to you on the famous Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's. The type of Mobiloil recommended on this chart for your car is the *right* oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Mobiloil

For appearance and for protection *use* No. 7 *Auto Top Finish . . .*

TODAY automobile tops are low and in plain view. Some you see are sleek and shiny. Care and attention have offset the effects of sun, rain, snow, wind and vibration.

How about the top on your own car? Does it appear dull and lifeless? Do you find tiny checks and cracks developing in the smooth coating of the fabric?

Here's a simple, and inexpensive way to renew your top and make it waterproof. Apply No. 7 Auto Top Finish. It beautifies and preserves the top fabric. Either you or your garage man can easily brush it on in half an hour. It dries overnight.

When you refinish the top, make sure that you use No. 7 Auto Top Finish. It is made by du Pont, the world's leading maker of auto top materials. It is backed by years of experience gained in the manufacture of automobile fabrics and finishes.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish is ideal for all coated fabric auto tops (open or closed), for side curtains, trunk covers, tires and tire covers.

You can get No. 7 Auto Top Finish at good dealers' everywhere. If you would like a sample of No. 7 Auto Top Finish, as well as No. 7 Duco Polish and No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream, fill out the coupon at the right.

Four other du Pont Products—to make your car more beautiful

No. 7 Duco Polish removes Traffic Film—brings back the original lustre of the Duco Finish on your car. No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream is used after polishing to preserve the lustre and protect the finish against weathering. It is much easier to apply than ordinary waxes. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiators and lamps. No. 7 Touch-Up Black is an ideal finish for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.

Send for the Sample Beauty Kit

Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover the mailing cost) and we'll send you the following:

1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 DUCO POLISH (enough for one polishing).
1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 SUPER-LUSTRE CREAM (enough for the hood).
1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH (enough for a spare tire).

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.
Desk S-17, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Industries, Ltd., Paint & Varnish Div., Toronto 9, Canada.

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost.
(*Good only in U. S. and Canada*)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

PHOTO. BY C. P. CUSHING, FROM ERWIN GALLOWAY, U. S. C.

Cutting Alfalfa on a Farm in Tonganoxie, Kansas

LOST—to agriculture, 4,000,000 people. Highly important to national welfare that they be found. Suitable reward should be provided for the forces of economic and political wisdom that can locate them and determine and correct the causes of their being lost.

By Clyde M. Reed

Governor of Kansas

THE United States of America is facing a new phenomenon. For 140 years every decennial census has shown an increase in the population of this country. For 120 years the number of people engaged in the greatest and most essential of our basic industries increased, though not so much proportionately as the total increase. Only in the past two decades has the farming population shown an actual decline.

In 1789, when the first President was inaugurated, 90 per cent of the 3,929,000 people living along the fringe of sparsely settled territory bordering the Atlantic were occupied in agricultural pursuits, and the surplus agricultural products above domestic consumption made up the great bulk of our foreign trade. By 1910 there were nearly 32,000,000 people on the farms and the total population had grown to 92,000,000. The census of 1930 will show a further total increase to about 120,000,000, but in this last ten years agriculture will show an actual loss of approximately 4,000,000 people. In that fact lies the most important economic, social and political problem that confronts the nation.

The farm question has been the subject of much discussion in recent years, and within the last two years it was the most-discussed topic of political economy. There have been boards and commissions named to study the question. Their conclusions, in the main, have been sound and revealing. But after the reports have been published and time given to study and digest them, not much has been done to attempt a solution of the problem facing the great agricultural regions of the Middle West, the South and the Southwest. Why?

Evolution of the American Farm

TO MY mind it is because we have been so steeped in the ballyhoo of big business and so interested in watching the development of the industrial side of our nation's business that we have neglected, if not forgotten, its largest fundamental institution, agriculture, employing 27,000,000 persons and producing a great percentage of our nation's wealth. The economists who have studied the question assert without equivocation that the farm situation in this country has not had the attention given to industry, and that there is need for study and thought and action.

Let us view the farm in these relations: First. As a place and manner of living, as well as a means of production.

Second. The direct effect of volume of production upon certain important businesses.

Third. The effect of farm production on our general national economy and trade.

When this nation came into existence the farms ranged in size and character from the one-family farm of New England and Pennsylvania to the plantations of Maryland and the Old South, operated largely by slave labor. All the plantations and many of the farms were what economists term self-contained units. They not only raised food enough for themselves and the few town dwellers but the surplus made up practically all the foreign trade of the struggling new nation. On these farms and plantations was produced the wool which the housewife, or the slave, as the case might be, spun into cloth from which was made the clothing for those engaged on that particular farm or plantation. The large plantations tanned hides to make leather, which was made into shoes and harness. They had blacksmith shops, shod their own horses, and, in some cases, made their own nails and horseshoes.

As population increased it spread westward. North of the slave-holding region farming developed along the lines then existing from Pennsylvania northward. In the cotton country, development was largely of the plantation type, with slave labor, and throughout the Gulf States came great plantations similar to those of Virginia and the Carolinas. Whether large or small, the farm was still a more or less self-contained unit.

The change was gradual, but for 100 years after the founding of our nation that description attached in a lesser and lesser degree to the farm. It came to be found that factories could weave better cloth at a less expenditure of time and energy, that tanners could make better leather and artisans could make better shoes and harness, that horseshoes and nails could be made more cheaply in foundries. Mills which ground the farmers' own grain into flour or meal were replaced by commercial institutions.

But all this time the farm has been a place to live on as well as a unit of production. That is one characteristic of the farm which has not been lost or changed. Today, when good roads and the automobile have made the town almost as accessible to the farmer as a trading point as it is to the dweller in the town, the farm still continues to be the home of about a quarter of our population, as well as a producer of food for all the population, and then some. A man works in a steel mill, but he does not live there. Another man works in a factory, but he lives as near or as far away from it as his means and inclinations will permit. But the farmer, except in a very few instances, lives and works on his farm. It provides his workaday income, his spending money, such as it is, much of his recreation, and occupies practically all his interest from long before daylight until well after dark. Of today's farming population, practically all live upon what are known as one-family farms. Evolution has fixed that type of farm as the only type that could survive.

Agriculture has not been, with some exceptions, a profitable vocation as compared with industry, and agriculture has survived up to this time only through the utilization of family labor. The family farm differs in size in New England, in the Middle Atlantic States, in the Cotton Belt, in the states where corn is king, in the Wheat Belt farther west and northwest, and in the intensive farming section where farming produces fruit and vegetables, whether in the truck gardens adjacent to large cities, or on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, Florida, the Rio Grande Valley, Arizona or California. In point of population the exceptions to the one-family farm constitute only about 1 per cent of the total farm population. The farm is the only spot in American life where the owner may be poor and not know it; where he may be insolvent and not realize it; where he may be disgusted and yet remain, discouraged but determined, distressed yet diligent.

Government Aids to Industry

I SHALL not undertake to discuss at length the influence which individual ownership and tilling of the soil have had on our national life, socially and politically, but I profoundly believe that it is of such vital importance that the nation may not disregard it. Land is, of course, property, but there is a depth of affection attaching to a bit of land, whether a farm or a plot of ground that makes a town or city home, that cannot be produced by occupation in a mill or factory. The nation of farm and home owners is less likely to be upset or die than a nation whose people's life interest is only that of a temporary user or occupant. Only one thing needs to be added, and that is that the economic organization of a nation must be such that the home owner's willing work must provide a fair wage on which he and his family can live and, in the case of the farm, a reasonable return upon the value of the property used.

Following the close of the Civil War, this country began and has continued a tremendous expansion as an industrial nation. Even before that, our Government gave aid in the construction of canals and highways and railroads. Legislative aid to railroads is a current policy of government, though land subsidies are no longer being granted.

Since the days of Henry Clay, about 100 years ago, there has been an increasing demand for governmental subsidy in various forms to industry. Aid was sought and secured in the development of manufacturing and the disposition of its products, and in the protection of manufacturers from the competition of foreign countries. The tariff on imported commodities theoretically is intended to cover the cost of production between cheap-labor countries and our own.

Tariff for protection has become so thoroughly a part of our national system that it no longer is a matter of serious partisan controversy. We have come to a place where each section tries to get the benefits for its particular commodity, regardless of how that section votes. We have restricted immigration because of our citizenship needs, but an effect has been to reduce the supply of labor and thereby increase wages. We have enacted laws, state and national, for the benefit of banking business. One may not engage in banking in these days without first obtaining authority from his

(Continued on Page 60)

HALLS of all places must never get *down at the heel*

FOR it is in the hall that everybody gets the important first impression of your home—the impression which may mean so much that you cannot afford to let shabby, down-at-the-heel floors threaten it.

Floor beauty, halls *must* have. Permanent floor beauty they *should* have. If you can get all this at a cost more reasonable than you had believed possible (as you can with Sealex), so much the better. Your reflooring worries cease to be a burden to you at all.

Refloor with Sealex Linoleum for lasting satisfaction

When you refloor with Sealex Linoleum, a flooring problem is there ended. Covered forever are unsightly, uneven, heel-marked floors. And a problem of room decoration is solved. For whatever preference suggests, decoration demands or pocketbook dictates—you will find in the Sealex Linoleum line some pattern, some color effect, that you will linger over — and joyfully make your own.

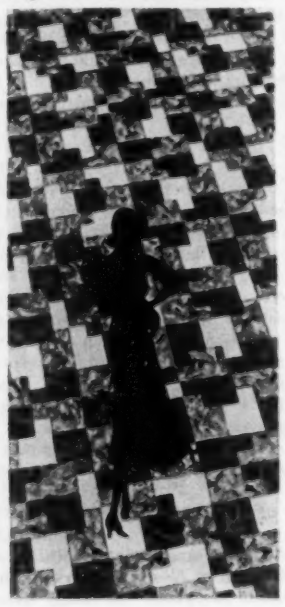
It may be a richly marbleized inlaid, an embossed tile, or a duotone jaspé. But it will be lovely. It will be reasonably priced. And it will last. How much in pleasure, pride, added leisure and permanent satisfaction this enduring linoleum will mean to you, the passing years alone can tell.

How little you are called upon to pay for all this loveliness and convenience, you can readily learn at the nearest furniture, department or other store selling linoleum.

And little it is. Sealex looks expensive—that we must admit. But Sealex is a gay deceiver. That you will agree when you consult your dealer and learn its range of reasonable prices.

"APPLE-GREEN"—A lovely pastel shade of Sealex Jaspé Linoleum, No. 1259 . . .

"TUNIS"—Exclusive Karnean Marbled design in Sealex Linoleum, No. 6232 . . .



"COPENHAGEN"—As rare as beautiful marble is this Sealex Linoleum, No. 7261.

"SINCE most halls are not large enough for elaborate furniture groupings, decorative interest centers on walls and floors. Wall paper in hunting scenes, red taffeta curtains, and Sealex Linoleum 2621 in black and cream squares make a striking background." *From Color and Charm in Home Interiors, Page 4.*

Between Two Meals . . . .

Unless you like the idea of having your house in a mess for several days, you will welcome the speed, ease and lack of muss with which a Sealex Floor is laid. Deftly, quietly, it goes snugly into place. That's modern. As modern as the whole philosophy of color and brilliant design which is the present tendency, a tendency wholly expressed by Sealex Linoleum.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.

SEALEX LINOLEUM

SEALEX

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LINOLEUM FLOORS

SEND for the delightful book, "COLOR AND CHARM IN HOME INTERIORS." It includes many color illustrations—each a definite suggestion for the woman interested in planning rooms that are in good taste. A unique feature is the "Color Harmony Guide," which makes it easy to choose furniture, hangings, walls and floors—in harmony with one another. Sent postpaid for only 25¢. Address: Home Decoration Bureau, Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

(Continued from Page 57)

state or national government, and permission is in the discretion of government officials and not easily obtainable. In various ways the application of the law of supply and demand has been modified to a point where it may be said that agriculture alone among basic industries is still trying to operate on an unrestricted and unaided basis.

The only policies comparable in importance to that which we must now consider would be those dealing with the slave question and the adoption of a protective tariff as the nation's policy. I think only these two questions compare in economic and social importance with a correct determination of what will be the attitude of our country toward agriculture.

I don't want to rehearse in detail the phases of statistical information bearing upon agricultural problems. A mass of data is available that will enlighten anyone who cares to take the time and trouble to inform himself. Let me cite just a few examples of what has happened.

The amount of land used in agriculture steadily increased, sometimes more rapidly than at other times, but always on the upgrade from 1789 to 1920. The increase was particularly rapid during the period when the states now comprising the Agricultural Belt were new and their lands were being settled.

Coming to a recent period, 78,000,000 acres of raw lands went into cultivation from 1910 to 1920. From 1920 to 1925, 31,000,000 acres of farms were abandoned.

PHOTO, BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Field Dotted With Haystacks Means Fat Days for Stock

Prof. John D. Black, of Harvard, in a recent book entitled Agricultural Reform in the United States, points out that in the eight years beginning with 1920 agricultural wealth declined from $79,000,000,000 to $58,000,000,000. During the same period values of industrial property increased somewhere between $20,000,000,000 and $25,000,000,000. On Page 24 of his book Professor Black writes:

> The vast difference in the valuation of agriculture and urban industry represented by these figures—a phenomenal decline in one set against a phenomenal rise in the other—is the principal basis for the continuing agricultural discontent.

In 1919, 30 per cent of the people of the United States, which was the percentage engaged in agriculture, received approximately 21 per cent of the nation's income. In 1921 there were still 30 per cent of the country engaged in agriculture, but in that year they received less than 11 per cent of the nation's income. The share of agriculture in the national income has not reached 11 per cent since 1920, and in 1928 was less than 10 per cent.

The Decline of Farm Income

FROM 1919 to 1928 the total national income increased from about $67,000,000,000 to $89,000,000,000, and in the same period the gross income from farm products decreased from about $16,000,000,000 to about $12,000,000,000. Though the income of the people of the country as a whole was increasing about 33 per cent, the income of agriculture decreased about 25 per cent. I quote these figures from the United States Department of Agriculture and from the National Bureau of Economic Research.

From 1920 to 1929 bank deposits in the United States increased from $37,000,000,000 to $58,000,000,000, or 55.5 per cent.

In the same period bank deposits in the West North Central section of the country, in which agriculture has reached a high development, decreased 13.6 per cent. Of these states, Kansas shows the smallest decrease in bank deposits—that is, 2.3 per cent—and North Dakota the largest decrease, 48.4 per cent. Iowa and Nebraska—states with fertile soil, and where agriculture conditions are regarded as almost ideal—each decreased 14 per cent. Similar results have been shown in substantially every other agricultural section of the country. Most of the bank failures of the country from 1920 to the present time were due to the distressed condition of agriculture.

In his recent book, America Challenged, Lewis F. Carr makes this assertion:

> The farm problem appears as the greatest source of conflict and instability in the history of this country. The possibility exists that it will continue to be such until some possible solution of it is finally attained. If such really is the case, then the farm problem demands our attention.

There are approximately 6,500,000 separate farm businesses in this country. These are manned by approximately 27,000,000 persons, consisting not only of the farmer himself but the members of his family, all of whom do more or less actual farm labor. Only to the extent that the farmer is able to utilize the labor of the members of his family has he been able to continue to pay the rising costs of farming, taxes, food, clothing, machinery, supplies, and continue to exist upon his income.

Let me attempt to summarize the cause for this condition as viewed by every student of the question, whether he be economist, author or layman like myself. Farm prices of farm products in the United States are not greatly above the pre-World War levels. I am speaking now of staples like cotton, wheat, corn, oats, hay, cattle and hogs, the production of which occupies about 87 per cent of the cultivated acreage of the United States. As against these prices, taxes on farm lands have increased 153 per cent, cost of farm labor has increased 70 per cent, freight rates on agricultural products have increased about 50 per cent, building materials 59.9 per cent, machinery 56.6 per cent, and so on.

Edwin G. Nourse, in his article on agriculture, published in Recent Economic Changes—being two volumes containing reports of the President's Conference on Unemployment—tersely states the situation on Page 549, Volume 2, in this language:

> Any reasonably acute observer who examines any large sample of American farm life is pretty sure to conclude that the price level of agricultural commodities does not pay production costs on the present plane of efficiency and leave to the majority of farms a surplus large enough to maintain standards of living comparable to those of town and city dwellers.

Which brings us to the question of the efficiency of the farm and farmer as a producer in the economic world. There is quite a general belief that production efficiency on the farm has not kept pace with increased efficiency in industry.

And this belief furnishes a basis for those who say, "there is no answer to the farm problem except greater efficiency in production, which will lower producing costs." Manifestly relief from deficiency of income might come from higher prices or from lessened cost in the same volume of production. On this point I go back to Professor Black, of Harvard, who wrote:

> It must be remembered that production per farm has increased nearly 30 per cent since 1910. Not all of this increase has been of the kind that can be handled by power and machinery. The data prepared by Dr. E. Dana Durand, of the Department of Commerce, indicate that output per worker in agriculture increased 47 per cent between 1900 and 1925, exactly the same as in manufacturing.

Those who have regarded the farmer as a dullard, unwilling or unable to make himself more efficient in his business, should either disprove the statements and conclusions of these authorities or revise their own opinions and admit their error.

And then what? Has the nation sectionally and as a whole any interest in the farm and farmer and in the volume of farm production, aside and apart from the direct interest of the farmer in the income realized from such production? Having lived nearly all my years in the farm country and being somewhat familiar with business in general, my answer is a most decided affirmative.

Let me first deal as briefly as may be with the sectional concern. Kansas—heart of the winter-wheat belt—ranks first among the states in wheat production. Our crop ranges from 65,000,000 to 75,000,000 bushels in extremely bad years, to a record of 180,000,000 bushels in 1914. We have produced several crops exceeding 150,000,000 bushels, and our ten-year average, 1919–28, is about 130,000,000 bushels. Northern Oklahoma, the Panhandle of Texas, Eastern Colorado and Southern Nebraska, with Kansas, make up the area of great winter-wheat production. Likewise North Dakota—second to Kansas as a wheat-producing state—South Dakota, Montana and Minnesota comprise the main spring-wheat region. These two territories produce about 75 per cent of the wheat of the United States; a rough average of 600,000,000 bushels out of 800,000,000 for the nation.

Now let the New York or New England citizen owning stock in the Santa Fe, or the Union Pacific, or the Great Northern, or the Rock Island, or the Northern Pacific, or any one of a dozen other railroads, examine the annual reports of his company, and he will find that the years of big wheat crops were the years of the greatest gross earnings and largest net profits for those great transportation businesses. I am not here dealing with the price the farmer receives. That is another matter. The freight rate is the same whether the price be high or low. It is volume that counts with the railroads and the country elevator and the great terminal markets at Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Louis and Duluth and Omaha and Wichita and Hutchinson. It is volume that counts at Buffalo, at the foot of the Lakes, and at Galveston and New Orleans and Baltimore and the other ports, Atlantic and the Gulf, through which the grain moves. Aside from the farmer himself, more of the agencies dealing with the wheat crop—railroads, banks, mills, country and terminal elevators, labor everywhere along the line—find their profits in volume, not in price.

Farm Versus General Business

WHAT I have said here about wheat applies with equal force to cotton and cotton markets and marketing agencies. Not so directly does it apply to corn, because only about 15 to 17 per cent of that crop moves as grain out of the county where grown. The bulk of corn is marketed in the form of livestock, whereas wheat and cotton go to market as produced.

I have written the foregoing out of my own observation and knowledge, and have dealt only with the immediate effect of crop volume. If the reader should care to pursue the subject, he can add to his knowledge by reading an article by L. H. Bean, printed in The Agricultural Situation, June, 1927—United States Department of Agriculture publication. Mr. Bean is a thorough student and a most able economist. In this article—accompanied by graphs—he shows the relation between volume production and prices on the farm, on the one hand, and general business activity, on the other. He follows these trends from 1875 to 1927, and his study is the most valuable treatise upon the subject of which I have knowledge.

In 1927, agriculture commodities furnished 42 per cent of our foreign export trade. That figure is about an average

(Continued on Page 189)

THE BLOW-OUT PROOF TIRE

climaxes ALL *other safety advancements*

Greater safety is the constant goal in automobile design. New models stress improvements in steering, braking, power and driving control—all are important improvements. Yet, when the sudden emergency arises, the full responsibility for your safety rests with your tires.

Recognizing this, General developed the New Blowout Proof *Dual*-Balloon, and in every part of the country it is being hailed as the greatest safety advancement in modern motoring.

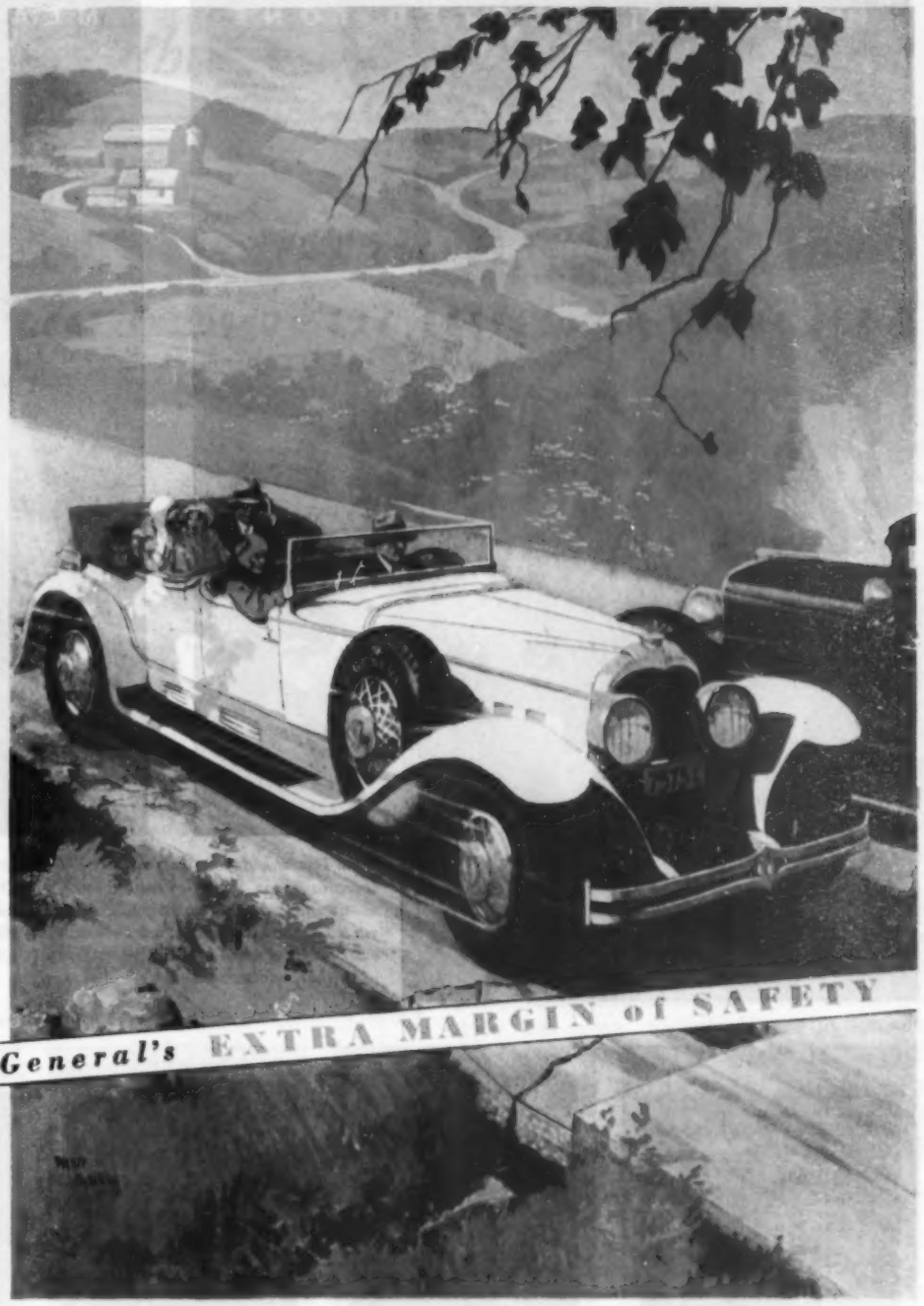
The *Dual*-Balloon construction is radically different from other tires. It is patented. It eliminates the customary breaker strip—replacing it with extra layers of soft cushion rubber.

This unique construction means even flexing throughout the tire. There is no side wall hinge to cause excessive heat from internal friction. The common causes of blowouts have been removed.

With the Blowout Proof Tire you are safe against the sudden impacts of road holes and bumps that shatter the carcass of ordinary tires. And in addition, the lowest pressure ever known gives you easy riding that challenges any comparison.

Sweeping editorial comment gives daily emphasis to the ever mounting number of casualties caused by blowouts. Don't risk it. Equip your car now with the New Blowout Proof *Dual*-Balloon.

The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio



There is no substitute for General's EXTRA MARGIN of SAFETY

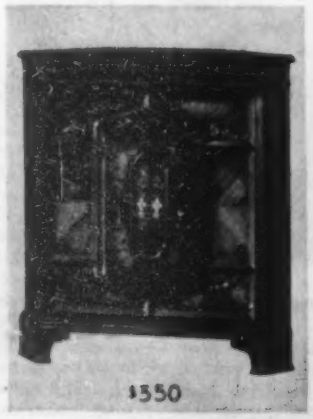
—goes a long way to make friends

THE BLOW-OUT PROOF TIRE

The GENERAL *Dual*-BALLOON

Philco challenges any radio at any price to match the performance of

When Dominick Astrella plays with the Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, Wednesday evenings over CBS, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the* distorted *tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*



PHILCO CONCERT GRAND
Greatest of all radio-phonographs. New design; gorgeous tone from Screen Grid Plus

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
Beautiful walnut cabinet with 9-tube Screen Grid Plus, Philco Tone-Control

SCREEN GRID LOWBOY
An exceptional value. Walnut cabinet with the new 7-tube Set. Tone-Control

SCREEN GRID CONSOLE
Beautiful design in walnut and maple. New 7-tube receiver. Tone-Control

SCREEN GRID BABY GRAND
Walnut Cabinet; 7-tube, Screen Grid Set. Genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker

Every Philco Radio, from the great Concert Grand to the wonderful little Baby Grand, is quality throughout. Every set has Balanced-Unit construction and new Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Cabinets are authentic designs in finest woods, with beautiful finish. The Complete Line fits every purse, every purpose—value supreme for 1930

Screen Grid Plus..THE SUPER SET

..Tone-Control and Automatic Volume Control now within the reach of all

"Is it as good as a Philco?"

You hear it everywhere. Customers instinctively ask dealers if any other radio is as good as Philco because this 9-tube Super Receiver—Screen Grid Plus—has set standards of performance, power, distance, selectivity and grandeur of tone, that put it at the peak of perfection by which all other radios are judged.

Proof of this fact is easily submitted. Hundreds of thousands of people have demanded Philco super performance; have bought and are buying Philcos; have made its leadership more than a printed claim.

Philco's Super Set is deliberately built to give greater performance than the average owner needs. In the past it has been the set for those who are only satisfied with the finest radio entertainment. In the big cities it separates crowded local stations so accurately that the listener can enjoy any program without cross-talk. Its distance ability brings out-of-town stations *through* crowded locals without interference. And in cities without broadcasting stations it reaches out and makes enthralling programs available, often for the first time.

Now, because of its tremendous public acceptance, Philco Screen Grid Plus—The Super Set—is available at prices which put it within reach of all.

Only Automatic Volume Control Makes Radio Power Worth While

With all its power and distance and selectivity, Philco would be just another great radio set if it were not for Automatic Volume Control. Power and distance are useless unless you can maintain reception at a constant level—*without fading.* Philco's Screen Grid Plus—gives you this additional device, which makes its power worth while and usable. Automatic Volume Control means you can *hold* programs when you get them. No radio which lacks this feature can be called "Super Set."

Again, Philco Automatic Volume Control serves well in *holding* programs against normal daylight fading and gives women daytime broadcasting to lighten the hours in the home.

PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS HIGHBOY

Exquisite walnut cabinet containing Philco's new 9-Tube Super Set. Automatic Volume Control; Tone-Control. Built-in Aerial. New, Electro-Dynamic Speaker behind American Gobelin tapestry

The same Super Set now available in the Lowboy

$127.50

"BRILLIANT"—"BRIGHT"—"MELLOW"—"DEEP"

Philco Tone-Control

This new miracle of the air gives you control of station tone. Programs can be interpreted your way, with the tone quality you like best. A single knob on the front of the set offers you a new, fascinating way in which to regulate the tone quality to suit your taste.

Now you can have *your* choice of four tone qualities—Brilliant—Bright—Mellow—Deep—always available at your finger tips. At "brilliant" a president's speech almost makes you think he is present in the room, the tone is so life-like. Jazz bands can be "bright" and crisp, or whisper and croon, as you wish. Great artists of the air come to you YOUR way now, with this marvelous device. And in a noisy location you can cut down interference; enjoy programs never before available by turning to "deep." It is the *outstanding improvement* in radio reception this Fall.

The new Philcos have a Station Recording Dial, too, on which you can permanently log favorite stations. Each Philco is an unequalled VALUE—it challenges, by comparison, any radio—at any price you are asked to pay.

Don't fail to ask your nearest Philco dealer for a free demonstration of Philco Radio today. The new Philcos are priced from the Baby Grand $49.50 to the Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph $350, less tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Philco receivers are also available for AC or DC current, and in a battery set.

And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio is sold by all authorized Philco dealers.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

IN CANADA, PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

THE PUBLIC GLADLY PAYS FOR FRESHER FOOD

IN HOTELS

The Chef of the Leamington Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., doesn't have to "walk in" for foods, he merely "reaches in."

IN SCHOOLS

In the beautiful Bloomfield High School, five General Electric Commercial Refrigerators serve 800 pupils.

IN STORES

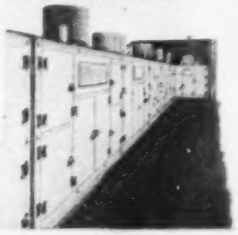
In George Simon's Cleveland Grocery, customers don't have to *ask* whether the food is fresh. They see where it is kept!

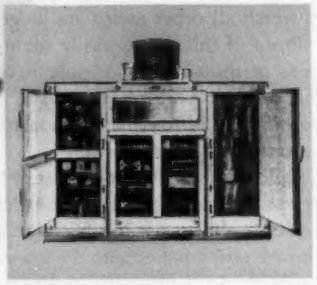
IN RESTAURANTS

The owner of the famous "Cave" at Detroit says "Our General Electric Refrigerators do 100% more than you claimed!"

IN HOSPITALS

Just a *few* of the 18 General Electric Commercial Refrigerators recently installed in the magnificent Laval Hospital.





In thousands of stores and restaurants, General Electric Commercial Refrigerators are helping to expand business and increase net earnings . . . . .

The public of 1930 knows! General Electric Refrigerators in hundreds of thousands of homes have taught the public of 1930 the delicious difference in food kept fresh the General Electric way.

And the Trade of 1930 knows! Thousands of restaurants, stores and hotels—knowing the public of 1930 demands food a lot fresher than the public of 1920—are keeping pace with the demand. They are installing General Electric Commercial Refrigerators. And *profiting* by it!

General Electric Commercial Refrigerators are not only helping them hold their trade, increase their patronage and expand business by supplying the public of 1930 with what it wants—but these refrigerators, with their efficient, economical operation, are cutting expenses, preventing spoilage and waste, saving food, time, floor space, labor costs—and money.

There is not a restaurant, lunchroom, café or store which cannot afford *such* a refrigerator—for the General Electric Commercial Refrigerator is a money-saver, a true *economy* for the man who wishes to cut expenses—a paying *investment* for the man who wishes to do a bigger business with the public of 1930!

Ask us to send a specialist to discuss your particular requirements, or write for our catalog and easy terms. Address Section S-9A, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., 1400 Euclid Av., Cleveland, O.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATOR

HOUSEHOLD REFRIGERATORS · ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS · ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

A SOVIET SAINT

(Continued from Page 9)

Here, on the curving hillside, would be the seats, and in that level space below, the stage. This oak would have to be cut down, but that one could be saved. He rushed to the owner of the property, got a price on it, and spent the day in planning. Money? Oh, that could be arranged. Somehow money always came when you needed it. He had rich friends whom he would see tomorrow. Show them this natural site and they couldn't help contributing. His plans were so definite, so detailed, that Miss Tarbell herself began to vision a Greek theater near her house, and the owner of the land considered it as good as sold. Jack sat up late that night elaborating his idea, and in the morning went roaring off to raise the money. And that was the end of the Greek theater.

But no, not quite the end. Years afterward Miss Tarbell chanced to meet a wealthy woman to whom Jack had gone for funds. "He described the possibilities so charmingly," the lady said, "that I seriously considered putting money into it. But he went away and I never heard from him again. I've always wondered what happened. Did he ever build the theater?"

Almost Miss Tarbell might have answered that he did, for though the circling hillside remained as it had been when he first saw it, she knew that in his fancy the structure was a thing complete, more beautiful than marble could have been. And so he had gone on to other things.

His radicalism seems to have begun through a friendship he formed with Lincoln Steffens. Steffens, an agreeable and highly educated man, had written a series of magazine articles exposing municipal corruption in various American cities and, when Reed first knew him, was working on a plan to reconstruct society by the application of the golden rule. This he believed to be a practical possibility.

A Prisoner by Preference

Steffens was a Socialist and had a profound influence upon Jack, whose little book, The Day in Bohemia, already mentioned, is dedicated to him as "the only man who understands my arguments." Through Steffens Jack met Larkin, the Irish labor agitator, and other radicals of various hues, many of them inhabitants of the Greenwich Village region. But whereas most of these men were merely vocal, Jack longed to translate his new-found beliefs into action.

In 1913 he went to Paterson, New Jersey, to write about a strike in the silk mills, but instead of remaining an onlooker he joined the strikers in street demonstrations and got himself arrested. One of the first friends who rushed to his aid was the managing editor of a magazine that was paying him a small subsidy in order to assist him to become a poet, but by the time the editor arrived Jack was so deeply interested in his fellow prisoners that he did not wish to be released and asked only that food and cigarettes be supplied himself and his companions. On leaving jail a few days later Jack wrote an article about his experiences, but the editor who had befriended him did not benefit thereby, for Jack sold it to a rival magazine.

With a view to calling attention to the wrongs of the strikers, he wrote a pageant which was performed by them under his direction at Madison Square Garden in New York. Several of his Harvard classmates, curious about his activities, went to see the pageant. They found Jack wearing a red shirt and shrieking orders through a megaphone, but they did not see the show, for Jack caught sight of them and, gathering that their attitude was unsympathetic, had his minions throw them out.

His jail experience got him onto the front pages of the newspapers, which he enjoyed, but he did not enjoy the amusement of his more conservative friends.

"What makes you do that sort of thing, Jack?" I heard one of them ask him at a club a few days later. "Why don't you stick to your work and your own sort of people?"

Several others had already spoken to him in a like vein, and Jack was belligerent.

"I would rather eat with a bunch of murderers, any time, than with this crowd in here," he retorted. "They're a lot more interesting."

His friend remarked with a smile that he was sophomoric, but would some day grow up and get over it. Most of us believed that, but we misjudged our man. Radicalism was running like a poison through his system and was not to be thrown off. True, there were times when he emerged as his old charming self, but his consuming egotism grew continually more apparent, and like Kipling's Aurelian McGoggin, he could not long enjoy conversations that took no account of his beliefs.

Putting Villa on the Map

The fact that many of his friends did not share these beliefs made him the more aggressive, and his aggressiveness was often expressed in deliberate efforts to shock conventional people. Loudly proclaiming his disapproval of wealth, he was not above riding in the motors of the rich and dining at their tables, and nothing delighted him more than to set off verbal bombs where members of the capitalist class were gathered. If the lady beside whom he sat at dinner was a pillar of the church, he would find a way to mention casually that he believed in free love, and if her husband had amassed a fortune, he would tell her blandly of the class war that was coming, in which wealth would disappear and the streets would run with fashionable blood. If these good ladies tried to reason with him he pelted them with arguments which left them gasping, and if their husbands took up the cudgels they generally regretted it, for Jack was a born debater. Argument was a game at which he loved to exercise his skill, and if facts and statistics were wanting he would invent them to fit the moment's need.

Sweet, sheltered women used to worry about Jack and wonder what was going to become of him. But their husbands didn't worry about him. More than once I have seen a sober man of affairs eye him with an expression suggesting a private hope that the next time this impudent young man rode the brake beams or made uncomplimentary remarks to a policeman, he would get what was coming to him.

Soon after Jack gave his pageant for the strikers, he was sent by the Metropolitan Magazine to Mexico, where he spent some months with the army of Pancho Villa, bandit revolutionist, and had a glorious time. His articles from Mexico crackled and sparkled with color, and it was through them more than through anything else that Villa was first brought prominently before the American people.

Jack was not only McGoggin, he was Tartarin. And more than either he was Don Quixote. I particularly recall two episodes which emphasize his resemblance to Cervantes' windmill tilter.

One night he came to my house burning with indignation over an outrage he had just discovered. He said he had met a young girl, an orphan, whose guardian had robbed her of her inheritance, leaving her destitute. Jack was going to force restitution, let the trail lead where it might.

The next time I saw him I asked how the fight was progressing, but he changed the subject, and the same thing happened later when I asked again. Finally I questioned a common friend who saw Jack oftener than I did.

"Oh," he said with a laugh, "didn't he tell you? The girl turned out to be cracked—never had any money at all."

Soon after this Jack came to my house indignant over a new outrage. With a group of friends he had gone the night before to an Italian restaurant below Washington Square, and had sat late over coffee and liqueurs. Toward midnight a woman at another table began to sing. Jack and his friends applauded, and presently, after the fashion of Bohemia, the two groups merged. In the early morning hours Jack and some other young men walked home with the singer. Under the moon, in the deserted streets, she sang them Home, Sweet Home.

"It was an unforgettable experience," he told me. "There isn't a voice to compare with hers at the Metropolitan Opera, and when I told her so she wept and gave me her story.

"There's a clique up at the Metropolitan. They know about her voice, and they realize that if the public once hears her their regular sopranos are done for; so they've entered into a conspiracy to suppress her."

But Jack was not going to let them get away with it. He was raising money to hire a hall and give a recital for her. The critics would be there and, having heard her, would force the Metropolitan to take her in.

For the next two weeks we heard of nothing but the recital. Most of Jack's friends bought tickets. A large and warm-hearted audience assembled. The critics duly arrived. Everything required to make a memorable musical occasion was there—except a voice.

To hear Jack talk pacifism always amused me, for I never knew a man who more enjoyed a fight. His personal controversies were endless, and rumors of war and battle had the same effect upon him that the sounds of a dog fight have on a bull terrier.

The moment the war broke out he was off to Europe like a shot. After visiting several of the allied countries as correspondent for the Metropolitan Magazine, he got to the German front, and on coming away told of having taken a gun from a German soldier and fired in the direction of the French lines. News of this incident, reaching France, created indignation, and had Jack fallen into the hands of the French during the war he would have found it difficult to persuade them that even in the trenches boys will be boys.

T. R. Advises Court-Martial

It was not Jack's custom to apologize for his acts, but, returning to America eager to get to the French front, he did express regret for this one, and asked Theodore Roosevelt, who had become a contributing editor of the Metropolitan Magazine, to recommend him to Monsieur Jusserand, French ambassador at Washington.

The letter of introduction dictated by Roosevelt in Jack's presence was a curious document. It stated that Jack was sorry he had fired toward the French, that he wished to go to France, and that if permitted to do so, his writings would doubtless benefit the French cause. But that was not all. At the end came a sentence somewhat as follows:

"Nevertheless, I am bound to say that if I were Marshal Joffre and Reed fell into my hands I should have him court-martialed and shot."

Jack took the letter to Washington and saw the ambassador, who told him nothing could be done for him and strongly advised him not to set foot on French soil. He accepted this advice and went instead to Serbia, Bulgaria, Rumania and Russia.

His excursion into Russia with his illustrator, Boardman Robinson, was a stupendous piece of foolhardiness. Lacking proper credentials, they stole over the Rumanian border at night and for days thereafter moved along behind the Russian front, where correspondents were forbidden to go. Continually suspected of being spies, they were arrested thirty times in two months and were more than once in danger of being executed. But as one of Jack's editors has said of him, "He had the nerve to face a

(Continued on Page 67)

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OLD MAN RANDALL wanted a boy, but a girl was born—and the stubborn old fire-eater actually christened her John. From that day on she was Johnnie.

I don't know what our town, or the "Banner," would have done without Johnnie. She supplied one with interest, the other with news.

I remember, at fifteen, she used to come whizzing down Main Street—a sort of red-haired meteor in a shiny blue Packard. Bill Willett, the Sheriff, wouldn't arrest her, but he swore he'd gladly turn in his badge for the privilege of spanking her.

When she was seventeen, the golf bug hit her, and a year later she won the County Championship. She probably would have won the State, too, but along came a chance to get into a stock company that played near town. Off she went, while her father stormed. As the "Banner's" sob-sister, society editor and dramatic critic, I went to see the performance. She played her part beautifully.

Finding argument didn't work, her father brought some of his influence to bear and had the theatre temporarily condemned as a fire trap. That got rid of the whole business, including the young juvenile who was falling in love with Johnnie.

You got another slant at her character when, a year or two later, fire swept through the south end of town, putting twenty Lithuanian families homeless on the street and maiming many. Johnnie turned the house into a hospital, moved twenty of the victims and sufferers into it and mothered and nursed them until they could get on their feet. Doc Harvey said that she was a born nurse—just another of her talents.

After that there were several phases of Johnnie. Johnnie as near opera star. Johnnie as a dancer extraordinary. Johnnie as a budding literary genius (we published eight of her poems in the "Banner").

Naturally, such a girl attracted boys. Before she was fourteen, alone and single-handed, she had switched the entire men's Bible Class from the Methodist Church to the Baptist. The Reverend Doctor Nelles never quite forgave her. After that, there were droves of boys. But her heart didn't give an inch.

Later, when our town got to be quite a summer resort for St. Louis and Chicago people, these striplings were superseded by young men—business men. And they, too, adored Johnnie. They, too, had their little hour and were gone. Though Johnnie was around twenty-five now she was as fancy-free as ever.

And then on the scene hove Leslie. He bought the old Douglas property and began building himself a very magnificent house overlooking the golf course. He was the kind of man any woman would admire. He was tall, about thirty-five, handsome and successful. One had the feeling that he would stand for no foolishness. He had an air of force, decision and finality.

Well, Johnnie fell simply head over heels in love with him. It was by all odds the most dramatic thing that happened in her whole dramatic life. And believe it or not—Leslie was as indifferent to her as a man could be. He declined invitation after invitation to swim or dance or play golf or dine at her house.

"Just watch Johnnie now," said my father. "She isn't accustomed to being balked."

If ever a charming young woman set to work to fascinate a man, it was Johnnie. She pursued him subtly, interested herself in his work, his house, his hobbies, his weaknesses. And finally, Leslie, being only human, fell.

They were seen together everywhere. It seemed an ideal companionship; their tastes were so similar. Everybody in town agreed that it would be a wonderful match. And everybody expected to hear the engagement announced within a few weeks. I did myself. In fact, I wrote three columns about it for the "Banner," ready to release the minute the news was out.

Then something happened. For the first time in months, Leslie, instead of spending the week-end in her company, took the 4:30 to Chicago. His calls became less frequent. He seemed tremendously interested in other things. Finally, the calls ceased almost altogether. While still very pleasant, very nice to her, it was obvious that he had lost interest.

As for Johnnie, she went about as usual trying to hide her humiliation and her grief. She simply couldn't understand it. She looked a little drawn and white. Never afterward was she the same happy, carefree girl. She packed suddenly and went abroad.

What had happened the town never knew. I wouldn't have known either if Dad hadn't sent me to interview her on her return from abroad. Sitting close to her, it came to me with sudden clearness why Leslie had politely dropped out of the picture. I could see, too, why he would have hesitated to tell her his reason. And as I sat there, conscious of her charm, and the thing that was bringing it to naught, I had to admit that I myself didn't have the courage to tell her.

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(Continued from Page 65)

firing squad believing he could kid his way out."

Boardman Robinson has told me many tales of Jack's performances in Russia at this time.

Once on a railroad train at night Robinson was awakened by the sounds of a scuffle, and looking from his upper berth saw Jack violently tussling with a Russian general. This sacrosanct personage had risen to close a window which Jack, who was a fresh-air enthusiast, had opened. Jack leaped up, seized the general by the back and jerked him away from the window. "You damned old fool," he cried, "don't you know you'll suffocate?" At intervals during the night the struggle was resumed, and it is difficult to say why the railroad police, who were finally called aboard the train to interfere, did not put Jack in jail, for a general in the czar's army was not a person to be trifled with, especially in time of war.

Later, when Reed and Robinson were imprisoned at Cholm, under suspicion of being German spies, an obnoxious Cossack guard spat upon the floor of their room. Warned not to repeat the offense, he did repeat it. Instantly Jack sprang upon him, and pinioning his elbows, threw him out, bolting the door just as a saber point came through.

The beginning of 1916 found Reed once more in the United States, finishing his book, The War in Eastern Europe, and writing articles for magazines.

That summer I ran into Jack in Chicago, where I had gone to report the Republican National Convention. He was wearing a conspicuous red badge and was indignant because no one took exception to it. Lunching with Mark Sullivan, Wallace Morgan and me at the Blackstone Hotel, he threw off a veritable spray of provocative remarks, but we declined to take issue with him, and when in response to one of his sallies Sullivan gave him an indulgent smile, Jack got up and left us for a poor, mean-spirited lot.

If you agreed with him, that was all right; if you disagreed with him, that was better still, because it gave him a chance to argue; the one thing you must not do was to take him lightly, and to laugh at him was the unforgivable sin. Roosevelt once laughed at him, and thereby hangs a tale.

Passing Judgment on Roosevelt

Often meeting Roosevelt in the offices of the Metropolitan Magazine, Jack yielded him a grudging admiration as a man of courage and of action, yet their views were diametrically opposed and Jack was fond of shooting barbed shafts in Roosevelt's direction in the hope of stirring him to serious debate.

At about this time there was trouble over the alleged practice of continued polygamy by Mormons in Utah, and one day when the topic was under discussion by a group surrounding the colonel's desk, Jack, well knowing Roosevelt's monogamous views, attempted to bait him.

"But colonel," he interjected, "I believe in polygamy."

"That is splendid, Jack," returned Roosevelt with one of his ironic, dental grins. "Every young man should believe in *something*."

I was not present when this happened, and meeting Jack a few days later I chanced to praise something Roosevelt had done.

Jack gave a gloomy shake of the head. "I'm off that man," he said. Later I heard what had brought about the change.

H. J. Whigham, who was editor of the Metropolitan Magazine, tells me that in 1916 he gave up Jack for lost.

"You and I call ourselves friends," Jack said to him, "but we are not really friends, because we don't believe in the same things, and the time will come when we won't speak to each other. You are going to see great things happen in this country pretty soon. It may kill me and it may kill you and all your friends, but it's going to be great!"

In the fall of that year Jack went to Johns Hopkins Hospital, where one of his kidneys was removed, but he was soon out again and not many months later was married. He and his wife did not, however, completely bow the knee to matrimonial custom, for the lady continued to use her former name.

Upon the entry of the United States into the war, Reed—who had fired from the German trenches—declared himself a conscientious objector to bearing arms. His recent operation got him excused from the draft, and in the summer of 1917 he again went to Russia as a correspondent, this time to write of the Kerensky revolution.

I am told that he had known Trotzky in the United States; at all events, he was soon hand in glove with the Bolsheviks, and in January, 1918, appeared before the All-Russian Soviet in the rôle of "fraternal revolutionary delegate from the United States," making a speech in which he lauded the Bolsheviki and promised to return to the United States and spread the glad tidings of revolution among "the oppressed and exploited masses."

Acting for Trotzky

He was at this time under indictment in New York, charged with having published seditious matter in a radical magazine and much capital was made in Moscow over his courage in returning for trial. The trial ended in a disagreement of the jury.

For much of my information concerning Reed's performances in Russia, I am indebted to Edgar Sisson, who was there at the time as a special representative of President Wilson, and who is now writing a book on the Bolshevik revolution.

"By his speech before the All-Russian Soviet," writes Sisson, "Reed became a factor, though a small one, in adding to a situation whereby Russia not only withdrew from the war but enabled Germany to move its eastern armies to the Western Front for the offensive of 1918, which theoretically should have won the war for Germany."

Under an American passport, to obtain which he had taken the oath of allegiance, Reed returned to the United States with the deliberate purpose of fomenting revolution. He was now a thoroughgoing Bolshevik and had come to regard chicanery merely as a convenient tool.

Writing of Reed after his death, Arno Dosch-Fleurot, correspondent of the New York World, recalled the fact that on Jack's return to America in 1918 he had Trotzky's appointment as Bolshevik consul-general at New York. Fleurot was in the waiting room outside Trotzky's office when Jack received his appointment.

"He came out," he writes, "his eyes full of merriment at the indignation it would arouse in Washington, and confided his appointment to me. I knew how he was regarded by our Government and told him he could not consider it. I tried to argue with him that he was a writer and not a propagandist, but he did not listen to me. . . . He looked at me smiling and said: 'When I am consul I suppose I will have to marry people. I hate the marriage ceremony. I shall simply say to them, "Proletarians of the world, unite."'"

Wisely our Government ignored the appointment, which was made, as so many other Bolshevik gestures are made, purely in the hope of embarrassing another nation.

The United States was now at about the peak of its war effort, and Reed at home was devoting his attention to propaganda in favor of Bolshevism and of revolution in America, writing articles and making inflammatory speeches. After the Armistice he went on with this work, growing continually more bold. In February, 1919, he admitted that he was employed by the Bolshevist Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and in the same month he was examined by a senatorial committee investigating radical activities in the United States.

Stanley Frost, who reported the hearings for the New York Tribune, described Reed as he appeared before the senators—"A hint of swagger in his gait, the glint of steel behind his gray eyes, and a general air of you-be-damnedness." Continued Frost: "Reed thoroughly enjoyed himself while he told the committee his views on Russia, Bolshevism, revolution and life in general. He reveled in his own dialectic skill and found pleasure in the atmosphere of opposition."

He proved a slippery witness, and frequently contrived to embarrass his inquisitors by eluding their traps and introducing testimony favorable to the Bolshevists and unfavorable to the American form of government. That Petrograd was for two weeks in the hands of drunken Bolshevik soldiery at the time of the wine pogroms, he admitted, but he said it was the fault of counter-revolutionists who told the soldiers where to get the wine. He upheld the food-distribution plan under which Bolsheviki received more rations than persons of the middle class, explaining that it was based upon the usefulness to society of the individuals concerned.

Asked if he favored revolution by force, he replied that he did not believe in the use of force, but that unfortunately all these profound social changes had been accompanied by force. How would he propose to bring about a revolution without employing force? He replied waggishly that it might be done if the American people would pass an amendment to the constitution abolishing the constitution. Had he been advocating the seizure of land and industry in the United States by the masses? No, he had simply said that it would be a very good thing.

"I don't think a capitalist can be efficient at anything," was one of his generalizations, and there was a kind of superb insolence in his answer to a question about his plans for spreading revolutionary propaganda.

"I wanted to open a [Bolshevik] bureau of information," he said, "and I went around to some people in New York from whom I thought I might get money—and I think I may get some yet. You know there are some wealthy women in New York who have nothing to do with their money except something like that."

Treated With Soviet Indifference

Three days after this hearing he was arrested in Philadelphia on a charge of inciting to riot; in March and April of the same year—1919—he was agitating for all-day demonstrations by communists on May first; in June he figured in the newspapers as editor of a weekly paper called The Communist; in August the Socialist Party, convened at Chicago, threw him out, along with other extremists; in September he and these others formed a new party with a platform of which the New York Times declared, "It is said to be the most radical declaration of principles ever issued by a political party in this country." Shortly after this he was indicted for making revolutionary speeches in New York.

On January 21, 1920, Reed and some of his associates were indicted at Chicago for conspiracy to overthrow the United States Government by force, but the law could not lay hands upon him, for he had again left for Russia—this time, according to newspaper reports, without a passport.

Of what transpired after his arrival there I have been able to secure no conclusive information. From a source friendly to the Bolsheviki I learn that he was received with honor and that he enjoyed the full confidence of Lenin and Trotzky. From a source unfriendly to them, but thoroughly familiar with the ways of their officialdom, I gather that the masters of the Soviets, disappointed at his failure to kindle revolution in his homeland, treated him with indifference, if not contempt.

The truth matters little now. If they treated him ill, it was not the first time they had turned upon a faithful servant of

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

IN

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This most charming actress is associated with DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., in a delightful comedy of youth which ran with such success in New York as a stage play. It has an unusual twist and SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ZASU PITTS, SALLY BLANE and ROSCOE KARNS help to make it gay and light-hearted entertainment.

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Norman, on the day before his scheduled marriage to Madge, is summoned to Chicago where the previous year he had secretly married Isabel, but she had the marriage annulled. At the maternity hospital in Chicago he finds that he is the father of a three weeks' old boy whom his former wife is about to let out to strangers for adoption. Norman raves, steals the baby and flees. What happens when Isabel follows him and demands the boy back? See the picture at your favorite theatre. It's a Universal.

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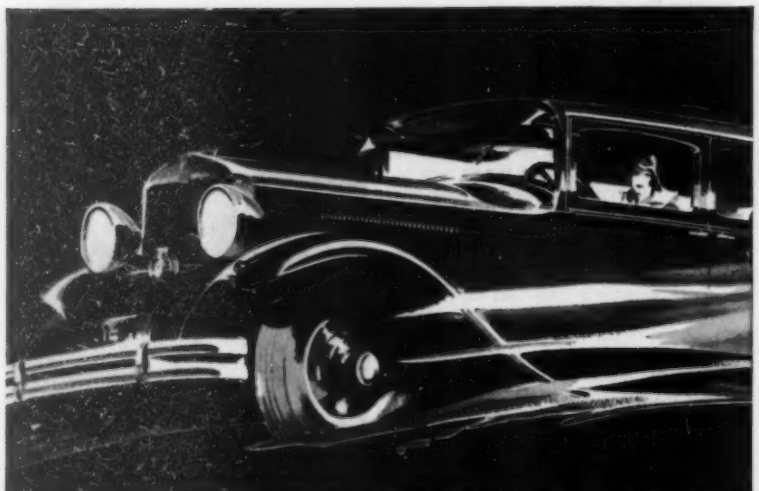

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their cause; nor was it the last, as witness the case of Trotzky himself. If, on the other hand, it is true that they placed him high in their councils, we are shown once more of what material the Soviet Government is made. For it would be difficult, I should think, even for John Reed's most extravagant admirers, to deny that a country governed by the John Reeds of this world would be a fantastic and terrible place.

One fact is clear: Jack soon set out again for the United States. He may have left Russia because he now found the official atmosphere uncongenial, or he may have left, as his radical admirers declare, for the purpose of facing the Chicago indictment, as earlier he returned to face the indictment based upon his writings for the radical periodical. Whatever one may think of Jack's beliefs or of his judgment, one cannot question his courage.

This time, however, he did not get far upon his way. According to newspaper dispatches published in March, 1920, he was found hiding in the coal bunker of a ship at Abo, Finland, and was imprisoned by the Finnish authorities. The dispatches stated that he had with him large sums of money of various countries, jewels valued at eight hundred and eighty thousand Finnish marks, and correspondence with Bolshevik leaders in the United States.

His radical friends declare that a trunkful of papers confiscated by the Finnish authorities contained material from which he planned to write a history of the Bolshevik revolution, but so far as I am able to learn they offer no explanation of the fact that among his papers were an American passport made out in the name of Samuel Arnold, Jr., and letters, purporting to be signed by an American government official, introducing Samuel Arnold, Jr.

After twelve weeks in prison he was permitted to return to Russia. Again he had failed. Again the rumors as to his reception in Moscow are at variance. Again it does not matter.

The John Reed Club

News of his death reached the United States in a cablegram from Moscow dated October 1, 1920. The cause was stated as typhus. In the earthly paradise which he had helped to found, John Reed, it appeared, had perished of a disease in which the predisposing factors are impure food and water, foul air and vermin.

"Whatever irony there may be in his dying thus in the capital of communism," wrote Dosch-Fleurot in the New York World, "there can be no question but that he died with an even more tragic sense of its irony."

Gratifying to Russia's present rulers must have been the formation, recently, in New York, of a John Reed Club composed of radicals who protest against American hostility to Bolshevism. Likewise gratifying to them must be the laudatory nonsense written about Reed's activities in Russia, a typical specimen of which I find in an æsthetic-looking little magazine called Hound and Horn, a Harvard Miscellany.

"It is worth remembering," says the editorial, "that a Harvard man is honored next to Lenin in having given his life for the cause of Russian freedom." Then, after almost a page in praise of Reed, the following: "His memory already holds in the history of the new Russia the place which the memory of Lafayette has come to hold in the early history of the United States, and whatever success the U. S. S. R. may have will be due in part to the efforts of this young American.

"A memorial to Jack Reed is yet to be placed at Harvard, but he lacks none in Moscow, and his monument in the poetry of revolution is permanent."

Only Snowballs After All

To praise Reed for the best of his poetry and prose is legitimate and right—though Hound and Horn's decision as to its permanency seems premature. To liken Reed to Lafayette is to exhibit ignorance upon the one hand or political showmanship upon the other. To glorify his service to the Soviets is to glorify his disloyalty to the land of his birth, the land which gave him his education and his opportunities, the land which—let grumblers say what they will—offers its citizens advantages greater than man has ever known before.

A survey of such facts as are available leads inevitably to the conclusion that Reed was, and is still being, exploited by the masters of the Soviets. Living, he was a less important figure in Russia than he has since been made to appear; but dead, he became extremely valuable for exhibition purposes.

The Bolshevik leaders were quick to appreciate this fact. Engaged in stamping out the ancient religion of Russia and supplanting it with a state religion having Lenin as its messiah, they have seized on him as material for the making of one of their lesser gods—a secondary deity whose glorification in Russia will, they hope, influence receptive minds in the United States.

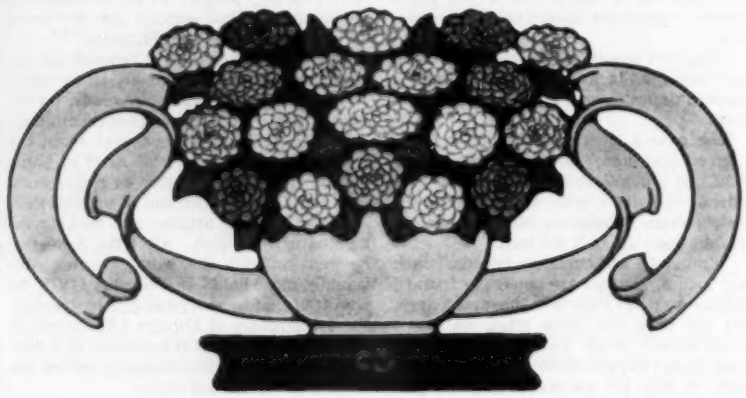
Machinery for the creation of this kind of fame for Reed has been in operation since his death. His elevation to apostolic rank began with his funeral, which is described by Clare Sheridan in her Russian diary, extracts from which were published in the New York Times in the winter of 1920.

"A large crowd assembled," writes Mrs. Sheridan, "and the occasion was one for speeches. There were speeches in English, French and Russian. A mixture of rain and snow was falling. Although the poor widow fainted, her friends did not take her away. It was extremely painful to see this white-faced, unconscious woman lying back on the supporting arm of an official more interested in the speeches than in human agony. The faces of the crowd around betrayed neither sympathy nor interest. They looked on unmoved."

Poor Jack! Fame at the price of life was not what he wanted. Living, not dying, was the thing he cared for.

His heart, when I first knew him, was that of a mischievous boy throwing snowballs at the world's silk hat. Presently he began to conceive this snowballing as a serious duty to be performed for the welfare of humanity. He put stones in the snowballs, threw harder, and finally whipped himself into a frame of mind in which he wished his snowballs would explode like bombs.

But they were only snowballs.



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The Singing Shave

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RIVER TO THE SEA

(Continued from Page 29)

store. As the steady source of her income he was a valuable article, but as a person he felt sure she never permitted him to exist, thus by one stroke imprisoning him within the inanimate and erecting her own impregnable citadel.

Fortunately he had a system of his own; whenever she cleaned house he busied himself outside with giving his motor a thorough overhauling. He escaped to the barn, which served as garage as well as warehouse, and was soon absorbed in the task which he enjoyed more than any other. There was a simplicity about the most complicated bit of machinery which never failed to reward the seeker after knowledge. Once you knew the purpose and the working of a thing of steel, you had something you could fall back on with all your weight; even broken, it did not fail, for there was the joy of a sure replacement.

But returning to the house, he returned inevitably to Mrs. Thorndyke. She was opaque, not sullen; malleable without being receptive.

When you told her to do something she did it, keeping herself equidistant from protest and enthusiasm. He had never thought of trying it before, but if he told her to talk, she might talk. Perhaps he could turn her on like a phonograph. He regarded her speculatively during the evening meal and afterward listened for the putting away of the last washed dish.

Now began the exact half hour which she devoted to the reading of her Bible. He had never been able to make out whether she did it for enjoyment or salvation, or out of a sense of duty, or as a matter of inescapable routine, but he knew that if she began at eight o'clock she would cease at the stroke of half past, possibly in the middle of a verse. He listened for the jangling note of the kitchen clock, and, entering, found her laying aside the book.

"Have you ever been on Yellow Mountain, Mrs. Thorndyke?" he shot at her without preamble.

"Twice. Blackberrying."

"Do you know the people who live over there?"

"Seen them, but never to talk to."

"Ever heard anything about them?"

"Plenty." She placed the tips of her knotted fingers on the edge of the deal table and fastened upon him gimlet eyes slowly coming to life.

"What?" he asked, feeling as though he were pulling a trigger.

"They're a bad lot," began Mrs. Thorndyke, obedient to his will. "There's the old man, Mr. Clayton Beale. He makes pictures Sundays or Mondays, Mondays or Sundays; it's all the same to him. He had a daughter; her name was Madeleine, spelt foreign, and she was rightly named after the one in the Bible. She married Jimmy Steele, the son of old man Steele who owned the brass foundry. That lasted long enough to bless the world with a bobcat named Lorry.

"When Lorry was eight years old—eight or nine—her mother went off with a man named Brown. No divorce, mind you; she just went off, to show up five years later with three little brats. Their names is Dora, Maddie and Molly. First their mother kept going and coming and going again, with the Brown man always after her. Then something happened to him, as near to a murder as might be. It was Lorry brought him down to the village in the buggy, with both his arms and one leg broke. She paid Zeb Smith five dollars to take him to the hospital in Torrington. Everybody was looking forward to the inquest, but he got well, and as soon as he could walk Madeleine Steele come and took him away. That's the last anybody ever seen of them, and a good riddance."

"How long ago was that?"

"Four years come October."

"What became of James Steele? Did he ever get a divorce?"

"No, sir. Jimmy Steele hung himself in his own barn three years ago this very month."

"Oh."

"Do you want to hear about the Maddens, t'other side of Torrington Pike? They're another fine lot from outside."

"No," declared Le May decisively, "I don't. The Beales don't try to stay on Yellow Mountain through the winter, do they?"

"Yes, sir; in Log House."

"Is that what they call it—Log House?"

"Some says Log, and some says Slab. Slab is more like it, because it was made out of the leavings of Clem Dunning's sawmill on the Cooperstown road. The Beales didn't make out to stay in it winters at first, but ever since somebody broke all the Brown man's bones, like I told you, they never been away."

"I can hardly believe it."

"Why not?"

"They would be snowed in for weeks at a time."

"What of it? Wasn't you snowed in for a right good spell last winter? Haven't me and the Tuckers and the Beebes been snowed in regular all our lives? '

"That's the difference, isn't it?" said Le May mildly. "You're accustomed to it, but I can't imagine how they get along."

"By fixing for it. Old Mr. Beale quit his painting long enough to dig himself a big cellar. Round about this time of year Lorry spends most of her days fetch-and-carrying provisions from the village, because nobody would undertake to drive a delivery wagon up that road. She has a little Morgan mare must be ten years old by now that they bought from Zach Tupper, along with a hickory buggy that was falling to pieces even then."

"When?"

"The time I'm telling you about—four years ago. But I reckon you're right; I reckon they's times nobody sticks a nose out of Log House three to five weeks running."

"Who does their housework? Lorry?"

"Not Lorry nor nobody much." She bent on him an inquisitional look, avid with curiosity. "When you went in there I warrant you found things next door to a pigpen."

Le May colored in spite of himself; here was the explanation of the old lady's sudden loquacity, the key to her readiness to answer. He felt she had been building up steadily toward her shrewdly worded statement, far more clever than any outright question of his own. He decided to dodge it.

"Just one more before I let you go to bed," he said hastily. "Here you are, tucked away on top of Becker Hill and never leaving it except on Sunday mornings. How do you know so much about the Beales?"

"Well, I do go to church, and coming out you can't help hearing things," she replied, disappointed, but reluctant to give up hope. "Us folks has lived here all our lives; I reckon you hear considerable about us too."

"Why pick on me? Didn't my grandfather live here and his father before him?"

"Yes, sir, but it's different, like you said. Your father went outside when he was a boy and you was born outside. The outsiders talk about us and we talk about them, but we don't waste much breath talking to each other. Somehow you can't mix outsiders and insiders no more'n you can mix water and oil."

"Perhaps it's because nobody tries hard enough. Look at us tonight—you and me. We've had quite a friendly chat."

"Have we?" she asked with a dash of irony.

"Haven't we?"

"Me telling you all I know," she grumbled, "and you telling me nothing!"

"That's so," he agreed after an instant's reflection. "Probably because there's nothing to tell."

"There's always something to tell about that girl Lorry from the minute she wakes in the morning till she goes to bed at night. You seen her twice, ain't you?"

"Two or three times."

"Heard her sing?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

He stared at her, totally at a loss, waiting for her to go on. "What do you mean—well?" he demanded at length.

Two spots of pink glowed in Mrs. Thorndyke's withered cheeks; she dropped her eyes chastely. "Perhaps it ain't done to you what it did to all the men in the choir, principally Ben Stalker; perhaps you're different."

V

FOR a very moderate sum, half down and half on mortgage at 6 per cent, Le May had completed his purchase of all Yellow Mountain except the Beale holding. He did not look upon it as an investment and cared little whether it would increase in value; nevertheless, his satisfaction was boundless. The consciousness that nobody could meddle with the billowing mound of verdure which formed his eastern horizon filled him with a glow beyond the joy one ordinarily takes in possession.

He had spoken truly when he had told Beale he wanted the mountain only to look at, and already he was anticipating with a new eagerness the moment when it should again assume the flaming robes of autumn. In the meantime, since he had acquired certain proprietary rights in the long lane up its side, he provided himself with an ax and grubbing hoe in addition to the sledge hammer; and drove down to get to work.

Leaving the car at the crossroads, he proceeded up the lane. Whenever he came to a rock which encroached upon one of the shallow ruts he would beat down its nose with splintering blows of the sledge until it approximated the level of the road. It was slow and arduous labor for a hot day, however constant the shade. As he moved from outcrop to outcrop he kept his eye open for possible turnouts. At a spot where the ditch was both passable and bordered only by saplings he changed from hammer to ax, cleared out a crescent in the young growth and grubbed out the jagged roots. Three or four such passage points, each at the end of a long vista, would suffice for the present, and he could add to the number, if necessity arose, during future hours of leisure.

On the afternoon of the second day, when he had conquered half a mile of the ascent and was pounding away at a knob of stone, he looked up to find Lorry seated on a flat rock within the range of flying shards. He was startled out of himself, far more startled than if it had happened to be one of her little sisters or any stranger. He groped vaguely for the reason and found it. Against the enfolding background of elderberry, sassafras and drooping maple fronds, Lorry assailed the senses not as a person but with the suggestion of a burning bush. The blackness of her hair, the depths in her slate-gray eyes, the pallor of her skin and the simplicity of her garb, all contradicted in detail the impression produced by the whole. Though all her tones, thus taken one by one, were somber, there was a vividness about her which seemed to strike a note of scarlet.

For an instant he glimpsed the solution of Mrs. Thorndyke's enigmatic "Well?" and the faint blush which had followed it. Looking at Lorry, it was as though one had come upon a tropic bloom within a northern setting. Was it far-fetched to imagine something of this exotic quality so tinging her voice as to make it the counterpart of sin in the eyes of an immemorial repression?

"I'm Lorry Steele," remarked Lorry sarcastically. "Don't you remember me?"

"Of course. How are you?"

"All right. How are you?"

He leaned, half sitting, on the haft of the sledge hammer, fished out his handkerchief

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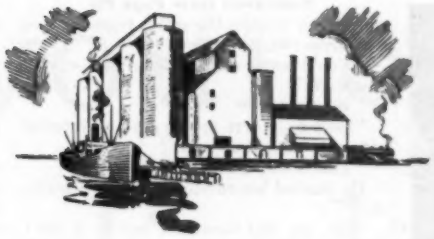

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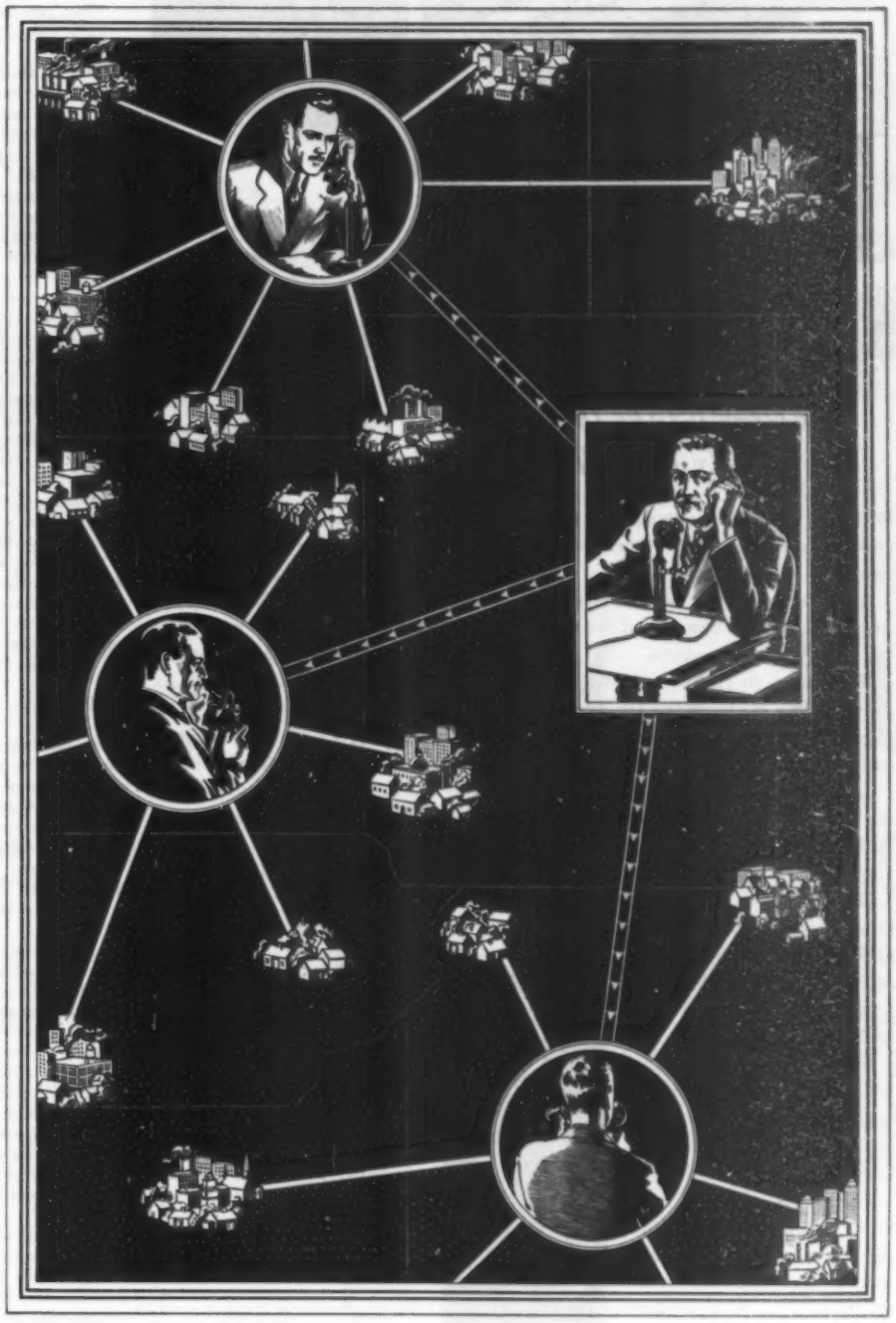

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MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL
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(Continued from Page 70)

and began to mop the sweat from his face and arms.

"You'd better move or I can't go on with my work."

"Why not?"

"Because you're apt to get a splinter of stone through your neck."

"That's why I'm sitting here."

He studied her curiously. "You want to die?"

"Oh, no; it's because I won't—I can't die," she affirmed. "Nothing in the world can hurt me."

"If you believe it, it's probably true," he said, continuing to gaze at her fixedly, "but I don't want to be the one to prove you're wrong. If you won't move farther off, I'll give up and sit down and talk."

"I won't move," said Lorry.

He let the sledge hammer fall where it stood and went to sit on the bank before her. "That suits me; I was tired anyway. What shall we talk about?"

"Nothing. I don't care about talking."

"But you like to sing?"

"Oh, yes. I like to sing and breathe and dance."

"What about smiling?" he demanded, irritated by her impassivity.

"I don't smile very much," she replied with simplicity. "When I feel like smiling I generally laugh instead."

"At what?"

"Oh, things."

"Like the children pulling my hair?"

"Yes," and she broke into clear laughter.

The change made her more human and he drew a long breath of relief. Here was a phenomenon. Intrinsically she was the most approachable person he had ever met, but the very directness of her reactions established the illusion of a hard shell. Far from laying her open to attack, it armored her with an uncompromising simplicity as effective as the quills on a porcupine. Now, there is nothing engaging in the absolute, whatever its nature, since the mind of man recoils from perfection in the exact ratio that perfection denies the possibility of frailty. But when Lorry laughed her shell seemed broken.

"I like you when you laugh. I'd almost be willing to have them pull my hair again."

Lorry, immediately sobered, shook her head. "The second time wouldn't be funny."

"Perhaps they'll think of something else."

"Probably. Why are you fixing up the road?"

"It gave me a scare the other day when I almost ran into you. I'm not only getting rid of the worst of the stones, I've made one turnout just below here, and I'm going to put in three more so it won't happen again. You use the lane quite often, don't you?"

"Not now; I've about finished. I'm through with it."

"With the land?"

"Yes."

"Don't you like going to the village?"

Her eyes smoldered, then flamed, though not at him.

"No," she said.

He waited in vain for her to go on. "You're hopeless," he complained finally, with a quizzical twist to his lips. "Do you think I enjoy firing questions at you? But you come back at me with yes and no; the surest of all ways to keep a secret."

"I told you I don't like to talk."

"Perhaps you haven't given it a chance. Perhaps you'd learn to like it if you gave it a fair trial."

She looked at him curiously. "Can you learn to like things? I can't."

"Of course you could; everybody can. You'll find it out as you grow older. How old are you, anyway?"

"I'm nineteen, almost twenty."

"It will come over you some day you like a thing that a week before you didn't like at all, and when that's happened once it will happen again."

"That isn't learning to like things," she said quickly. "It's different; it's having a new feeling grow on you, like ivy on a wall. You can't sit down and bring it on by studying a lesson."

"Take me, for an example," said Le May playfully. "Supposing you hated me and then you found I'd fixed up your road from top to bottom. Such a little thing as that might make you learn to like me."

"That's silly," said Lorry, shrugging her shoulders. "If I liked you I would like you just the same if I caught you burning down the trees or tearing up the road. Besides, I told you I'm through with it."

"Not for long, though."

"Yes, for always."

"What rot!" he exclaimed. "You can't mean it."

"I do, I do! I'm going away."

She sprang to her feet, raised swaying arms above her head and began to sing:

"I'm going away, away, away!
Down river! Down river!
Down river to the sea.
Standing rock and standing tree,
Farewell to you, farewell to me!
Where once I was, there am I still,
Though here the sea and there the rill.
I'm going away, away, away!
Down river! Down river!
Down river to the sea."

As suddenly as she had risen she was seated again, leaving him still spellbound by a vision and a voice. He awoke to the sound of sobs, and stared helplessly at Lorry, her face dropped into her hands, her back convulsed. So recently carried to a pinnacle on the lift of the song, he found himself dashed to the ground, bruised and at a loss. Unaccustomed to any but the most casual dealings with women, and feeling horribly awkward, he arose, went over to stand beside her, and after a moment touched her shoulder.

"Don't cry, Lorry. What's the good? Why shouldn't you go away? Let me talk to you about it; I guess that's exactly what I've been wanting to talk about all the time, only I didn't know it."

She stopped sobbing, impatiently smudged the tears on her cheeks with the back of her hand, and looked up at him. "You can't do anything. What do you know?"

He sat down again. "I know a lot," he replied. "I know that with a voice like yours, and with your youth and strength, if you'll only use them right, you can go anywhere, do anything and be anything. I'm a lot older than you, but I only wish I were older still; then perhaps you would listen to me."

"I am listening," she declared, open-eyed.

"I mean with your heart as well as your ears."

"You can't listen with your heart."

"You certainly can, and you know it. What you hear with your heart is all that matters; the rest can't change you inside. What does your grandfather say about your going away?"

"Nothing; he doesn't know."

"How are you going to manage it then?"

"There's nothing to manage; I've got plenty of money and all I have to do is to go."

"How much money?"

"Thirty-two dollars."

He was shocked, but tried to hide it. "You're starting out wrong, Lorry," he said quietly. "That's no way to begin. You can't rush at life like a bull at a fence without breaking something important. What you are is your capital, and the way you spend yourself is what you'll be. Quite aside from the jolt of cutting yourself off from your grandfather, you can't get anywhere with thirty-two dollars."

She gave him a glance that for an instant made her seem ages older than he, a glance almost of commiseration. "Can't I?" she remarked with supreme confidence.

"I don't mean you wouldn't be able to keep yourself alive, but I stick to it—you wouldn't get anywhere. What you can't possibly see, because you're too near to it and too young, is the wealth in your own being. Not only in money but in emotions and—and things like that. The chance

(Continued on Page 74)

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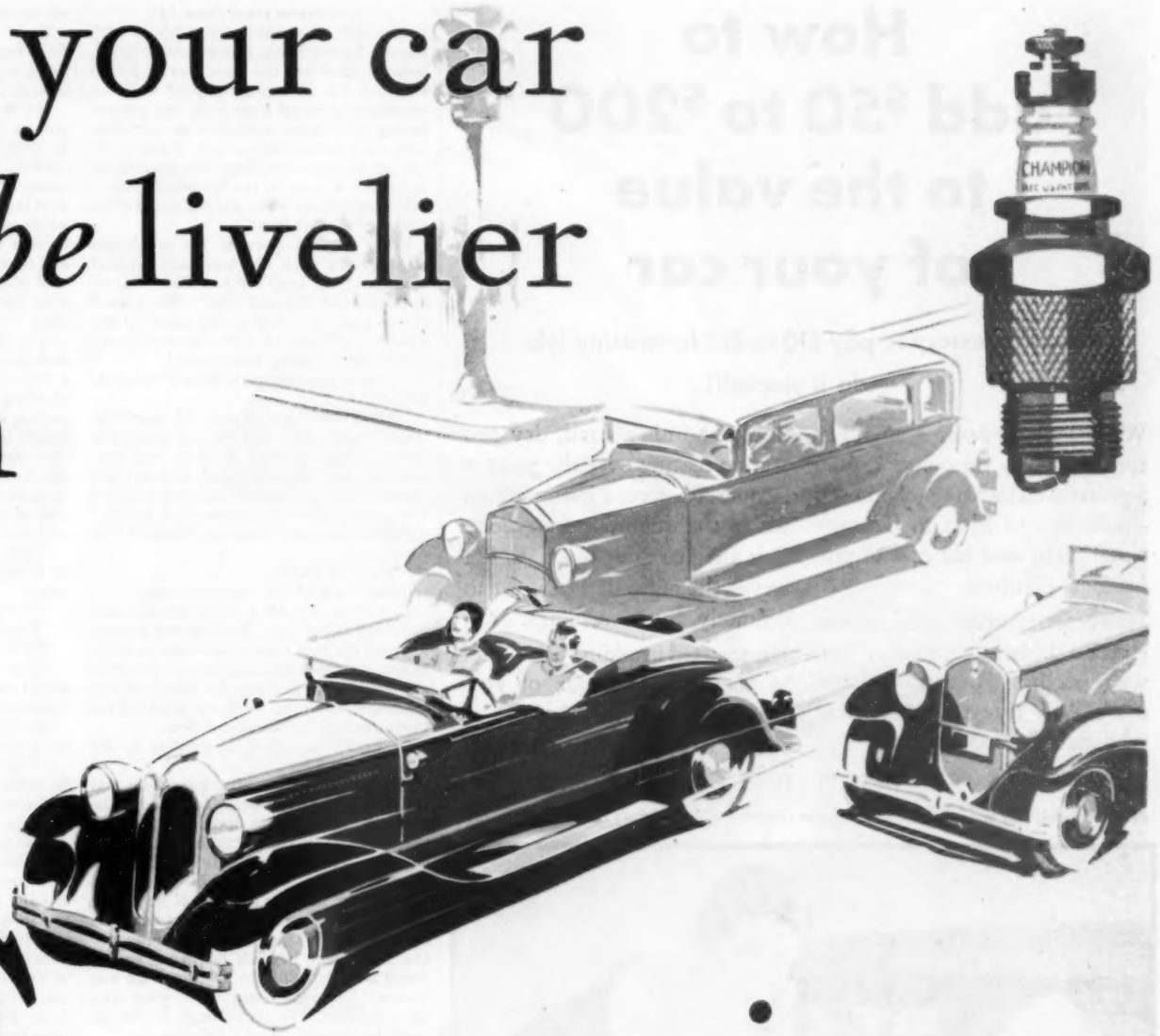

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(Continued from Page 72)

you've got—the chance for a life in high places! Listen to me, Lorry; please listen, because these are the traps you've got to look out for: Tearing up your roots by cutting yourself off from your own people. Selling your voice while it's an unbroken colt, too weak to carry a load. Tying yourself up to some scalawag just because he looks like a rung on the ladder of fame—marrying nobody when waiting would bring anybody to your feet."

Lorry glanced down at her misshapen shoes, threw back her head and laughed shortly. "My feet!" she scoffed. "Look at them—and this, and this!" She plucked at her skirt and then at the sleeve of her blouse, tearing out a strip between thumb and finger. "There, that's gone!"

"I knew you wouldn't listen!" he cried angrily.

"But I did!" she jeered. "I heard the whole dream, but when do you think I'm going to begin to live? Look at that foot, and that one," she continued, kicking them out at him, "and tell me how long would it take you to make up your mind to kneel?"

"How long did it take Ben Stalker?" he countered.

"Who? What?"

"Ben Stalker!" he repeated clearly.

It was as though a hand grenade had burst full in her face. Her features seemed to break up, flow into one another, and her mouth became contorted in a distressing grimace. She clamped her teeth on her trembling lower lip as if she would drive them through it, turned and fled.

"Lorry!" he called, scrambling to his feet. "Lorry!"

He ran up the lane after her, faster and faster, until his heart began to pound in the desperate effort to cut down her lead, but she was more than a match for him in cleverness as well as speed. He caught a last glimpse of her fluttering blouse as she leaped over the low stone wall bordering the blackberry patch. He heard her tearing through the brambles and crashing into the underbrush beyond, but when he followed and stood within the wood, all was silence. No trace remained of what way she had taken. He started back, muttering aloud to himself, "Fool! Oh, you fool!"

When he regained the lane he hesitated for a moment, but finally turned to the left and in due course came upon the sledge hammer lying across the road. He picked it up and started to work again, but his heart was no longer in the task. There are things you can do in rhythm and still permit your thoughts to wander, but swinging a sledge hammer is not one of them. His blows grew listless and ceased.

He was thinking of Lorry and of how he had hurt her. One moment she had seemed harder than the granite of Yellow Mountain, impervious to any form of blow; the next she had writhed before him like some poor beast in its final agony. How had he come to do it? Was he the sort to break a squirrel's back out of petty rage at being nipped? He despised himself and waited a long time, hoping she would come back; but finally he gave up, gathered his tools and stowed them in the near-by car.

All the way up Becker Hill he continued to upbraid himself for having failed so miserably where a little patience might have gained his end, and when, after supper, Mrs. Thorndyke showed odd signs of being in a receptive mood, he took a sardonic joy in thrusting her back into her lifelong repression. That night it rained, but the morning broke clear and cold. He had lain awake quite late, trying in vain to plan some course of action, but he awoke, as so often happens, to instant decision. Scarcely waiting to swallow his breakfast, he started out for Log House, determined to beard Beale in his den.

There was no chance for water to have gathered on the arid slope of Becker Hill, but in the hollow where his road crossed the turnpike before continuing, as the lane, up Yellow Mountain, it was another matter. Here was mud, and he slowed down to a snail's pace, anxious not to soil more than his wheels. He negotiated the two gullies without splashing and was in the act of throwing his gears into second when his mind registered an imprint unconsciously seen at the side of the road behind him.

He stopped, got out and walked back around the car. Almost to his amazement, he verified the impression subconsciously recorded; the mark of a small footprint, certainly set since the rain, looked up at him with the forcefulness of a message in a region where all footprints, large or small, have become rare. His eye followed its direction and found another and another before the trail disappeared on the hard surface of the pike leading to Torrington, twelve miles away.

It took him but a moment to turn the car and start in pursuit, but he had gone over a mile before he caught sight of a figure plodding along before him. It was Lorry, hatless, and, like any immigrant, carrying a bundle wrapped in a red-and-white-checked tablecloth. Though she must have heard the car approaching, she paid no attention to it except to draw a little farther to her side of the road. He sped past her and stopped.

"Hello, Lorry. Where are you off to?" he called, trying to make his voice sound casual.

"Torrington," she answered unsmilingly.

"That's a long walk on a hot day."

"It isn't hot."

"But it will be in no time at all and it would take you all of three hours." He threw open the door. "Better get in."

Her brows gathered in a frown. "I don't want to ride with you."

"That's nonsense," he said, continuing to speak lightly. "I was a fool yesterday, and I'm sorry, but I'll try my best not to be again. Get in."

The temptation was too much for her; she climbed into the seat beside him with her bundle in her lap, and as the car steadily increased its speed her face began to soften to a strange animation, as if she were tasting the first of a long line of anticipated joys. It was from no desire to get her to Torrington in a hurry, however, that he was driving so fast; it was rather through sheer nervousness. His intention was to take her back to Log House and he was seeking desperately for the best and surest method. He slowed down.

"You're not in a hurry, are you?" he asked by way of an opening. "Let's talk this thing out."

Even as he spoke she tensed in her stillness, and no sooner had he finished than she acted with disconcerting swiftness. She threw the bundle into the bushes at the side of the road and was already straddling the door before he realized what she was about. Cutting off the ignition and keeping one hand on the steering wheel, he threw out the other just in time to seize her right wrist. Instantly she tried to raise the knuckles of his closed hand within reach of her teeth and at the same time attacked his grip with her free finger nails. He watched his chance, seized her other arm, and, binding both her wrists to her waist, lifted her bodily back into the car.

A struggle ensued which fully justified the sobriquet of bobcat applied to her by Mrs. Thorndyke, but in the end Le May emerged a conqueror, only to find himself sorely puzzled as to his next step. With disarming suddenness Lorry had ceased to struggle and was lying limp in his arms and across his lap. He half released her and waited tensely for some sign of life, but she gave none. Having relaxed, she had relaxed completely, mind, spirit and body. He straightened her a little, set her head against his shoulder and presently began to talk.

"You're nothing but a kid, Lorry; it's almost as if I were holding Dora, so you mustn't mind. I wouldn't have hurt you yesterday for anything in the world, and I don't want to hurt you today. If you could only get it into your head that what you want for yourself is exactly what I think you ought to have, perhaps you wouldn't

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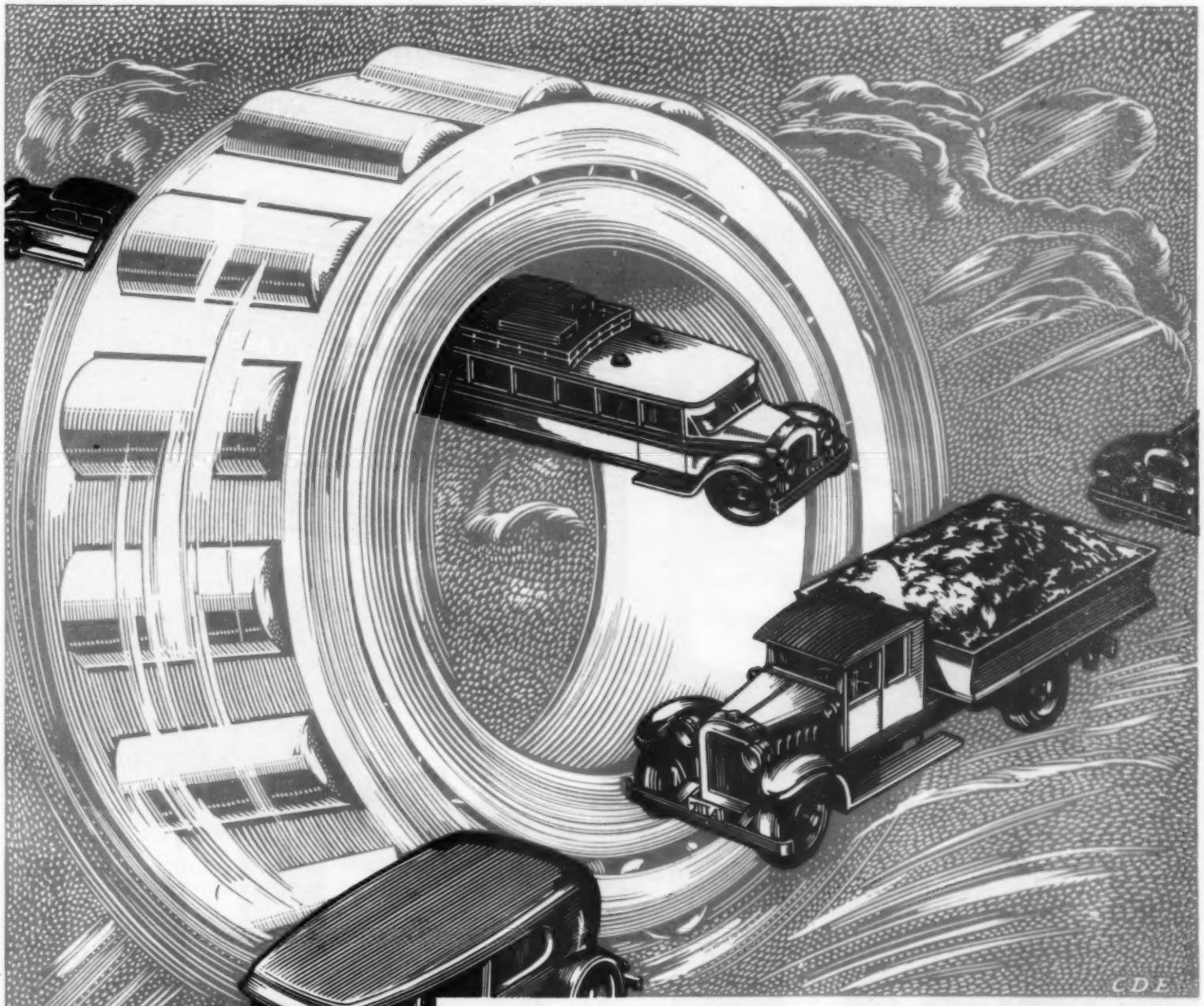

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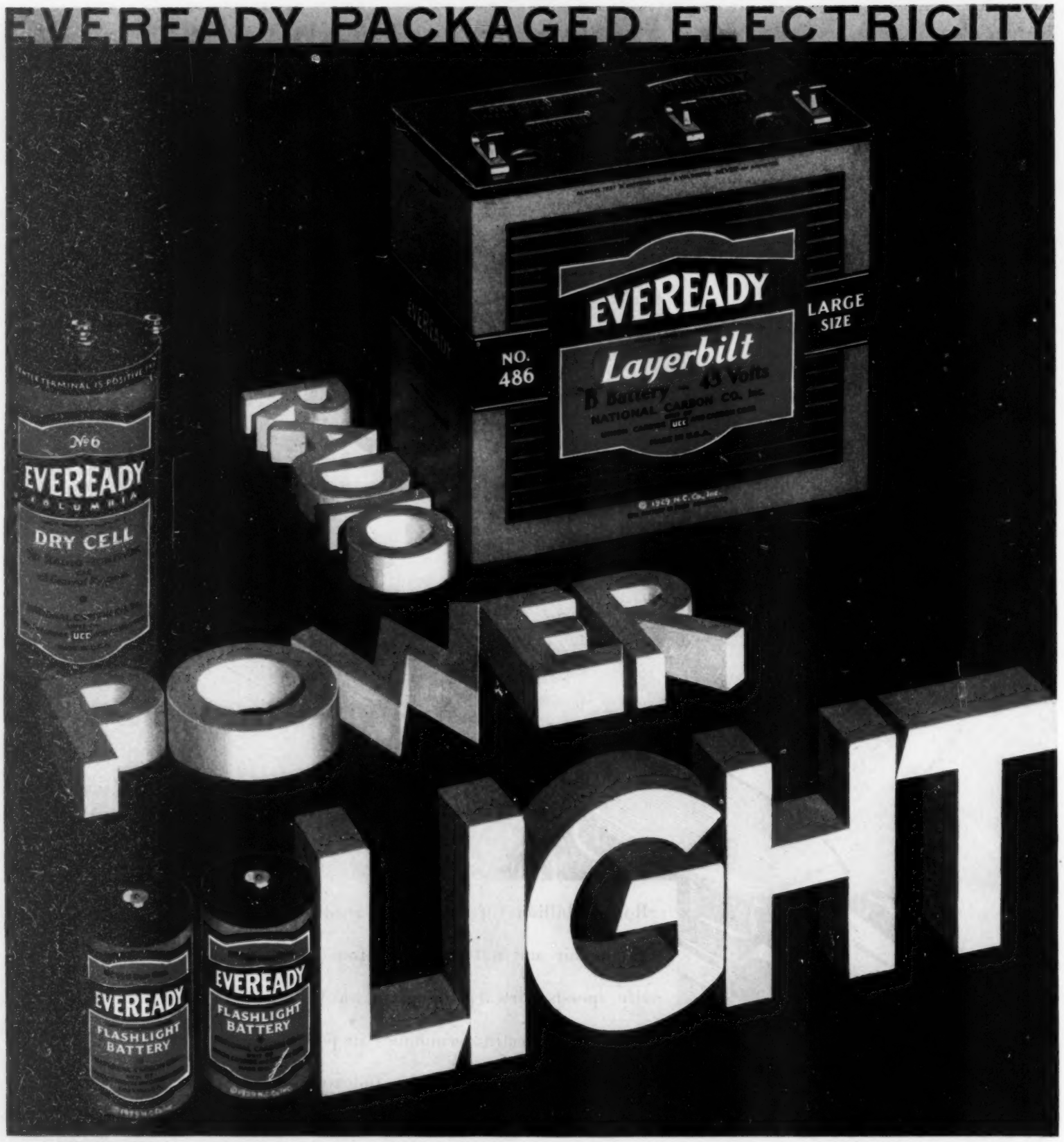
EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY



LIGHT No groping in the dark on pitch-black, foggy nights. Trigger-quick, your flashlight packed with Eveready Batteries shoots a beam of dazzling light through inky space. Vision! Safety! Sureness! . . . . 10c everywhere.

POWER Vigorous, hot sparks from Eveready Dry Cells. Full of pep and snap. Never tired—loaded with vim and life. For buzzers, doorbells and a thousand battery jobs.

RADIO Flat-celled, laminated Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries for radios. 89 unnecessary trouble-spots killed. No delicate connections. Every cubic inch of space is crammed with energy-creating substance. All "honey" and no "comb."

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The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (New York time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N.B.C. network of 31 stations

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UCC

(Continued from Page 74)

mind listening and helping me to help you get it. What do you suppose brought me to Yellow Mountain so early this morning? Do you think it was work?" She did not answer and he shook her a little. "Do you?" he insisted.

"I don't know," she murmured.

"Well, it wasn't work; I was on the way to see your grandfather and have it out with him."

"What business is it of yours?" she asked, still in a murmur.

"That puzzles me, of course," he admitted, frowning. "It's none of my business, and yet I'm going through with it. Here's my offer, Lorry: Let me drive you back; I'll leave you outside, if you like, sitting in the car. If he doesn't come across with some sort of agreement, I promise I'll take you all the way to Torrington. You believe me, don't you?" She nodded her head. "Will you let me have a try?"

"Yes," she agreed apathetically.

"Then sit up."

She braced herself, brushed her hand across her eyes as if to rub them awake, and withdrew into the farther corner of the car. He left his seat, went to recover the bundle, and soon they had turned and were on their way back to Yellow Mountain. Having no fear of meeting the buggy, he drove all the way to the house, and arriving there, asked her whether she would rather be present at the interview or wait outside.

"I'll stay here," said Lorry, with something of her normal vigor. She gave him an inscrutable look and added: "But I'll come in if he starts breaking your legs and arms."

VI

BEALE was at his easel, as always; Le May closed the door behind him and, after a perfunctory greeting, went to sit on a corner of the couch, his elbows on his knees, but his chin tipped up in the posture of one ready to rise.

"Would you like to know why I've come?" he asked presently.

"Not particularly," replied Beale, continuing with his painting.

"You haven't finished the portrait, have you?"

"No," said Beale, kicking out his foot sideways. "There it is, face to the wall, just as you left it."

"I caught Lorry on the way to Torrington," continued Le May after a brief pause. "That's why I'm here."

Beale's hand hung suspended for an instant, then it resumed its work. "So that's where she'd gone," he remarked casually.

Again Le May waited, hoping for a little help, but he got none. "Isn't there anything you'd like to know about my past or future?" he asked presently.

Beale was startled into looking around. "No," he said, wondering. "Is there any reason why I should pry into your private affairs?"

"No reason, but it would make it easier for me to meddle with yours. It's this way, Mr. Beale: Without any special justification, I've got your granddaughter on my mind."

"Which one? Molly? She's the most helpless of the lot."

"Lorry, of course."

"Then you're in love!" exclaimed the old man with feigned glee. "You're in love with Lorry!"

"No." Le May frowned intently. "I hadn't thought of that; I wish I were."

"Why?" demanded Beale, also frowning.

"Because it would make things so much simpler."

"What things?"

"Taking an active interest in her voice, principally," said Le May, "and in other things—the way she feels."

"What's that got to do with you?"

"Nothing," said Le May with an ingratiating smile. "That's my trouble, and you aren't even trying to help me out."

The old man's eyes flared as he dropped his hands to his sides. The palette slipped from his thumb and fell to the floor with a clatter, but he did not so much as look down.

"If you go any further," he rumbled, "I'll help you out in a way you don't expect."

"You don't frighten me," said Le May, continuing to smile, "because I'm nearer the door than you are. If you start for me I'll run. But why can't you be as reasonable about this as you were about the pictures? It's just another question of values, isn't it?" His eyes brightened to a discovery. "There you are—values. That must be why I had to butt in; I can't stand seeing values molder or go to waste."

Beale controlled himself by staring at him as if he were a study in lights and shadows. "There's one thing to be said for you—you're refreshingly young. Imagine still thinking anything you do is of importance! Fledglings like you think it's the road to the sea that matters, but the old know that the sea itself is the only thing that counts, no matter where the water comes from."

"The road does matter," declared Le May vehemently. "But I didn't come here to swap metaphors; I came with a plan as simple as bread and butter. I've got a sister in New York I'm sure could be persuaded to take Lorry in. All I want you to do is to send her off with your blessing and an allowance, because, if you won't ——"

"Well?" urged Beale with disarming calm.

"If you won't," continued Le May stammeringly, "if you won't do anything at all, I've promised to take her to Torrington."

"For nothing?"

Le May colored violently. "You can't make me lose my temper, sir; it only happens that's all I promised—to take her to Torrington:" For the first time during the difficult interview his courage began to fail. He had expected an argument but not this hopeless battering; the old man as the stone wall and himself as the goat! "Give my plan its due," he pleaded with a last endeavor to move his antagonist. "Is it particularly fantastic? Is there anything impertinent about it?"

"There is," said Beale; "you couldn't have picked on a better word. The assumption that your sister and the city of New York would make Lorry's future any brighter, purer or mightier than what we can do for her here, I consider a naïve burst of impertinence."

"You are an old man," stated Le May, white-lipped.

"Am I?"

Without warning, Beale turned to grip the heavy easel by its standard, raised it off the floor and hurled it, picture and all, half across the room. It pitched in such a way that Le May saved himself only by a quick leap to one side. Scarcely had the clatter subsided when he was aware of the opening of two doors. Lorry entered by one, and stood with her back to the wall beside it, her hands outstretched as if ready to propel her forward. The other, the door leading into the dining room, had been standing ajar; it now swung back silently on its hinges and in the oblong thus formed appeared an apparition.

Never had he looked upon so strange a woman. She was clothed in white crêpe, soft and clinging, cut formlessly, but belted beneath her breasts with a tasseled cord and falling in straight folds to her ankles. Her bare feet were thrust into sandals; they were long, as were her tapering hands, her arms and, indeed, her whole body. What entranced him most, however, was her face—Lorry and yet not Lorry. Lorry in its pallor and dark-eyed beauty, but not Lorry at all in its masklike composure.

Beale, arrested in midmovement by Le May's fixed gaze, turned his head sharply to follow its direction, and promptly the access of strength with which he had been infused seemed to melt out of him. Staring at his daughter with fascinated eyes, he braced his hands nervously on the back of a chair, and upon seeing her step out from the doorway his knees bent slowly and he sat down. She moved the whole length of the room, apparently without seeing him or Le May or any object save the piano toward which she walked. She sat down before it and struck a chord.

Presently peace entered to them on the fluttering wings of her fingers. It gripped Le May slowly and held him spellbound, unconscious that he still stood. It forced Beale's head downward so that his beard spread out like a fan across his huge chest. It reduced Lorry to a crumpled heap out of which a face was raised, despite ceiling and roof, upon an open sky. The music ceased on a rhapsodic note and while its vibrations still endured the woman spoke for the first time:

"Go upstairs, Lorry. Put on my things—all the things I wore the last time. You can take my bag—there's some money in it—and anything else you want. Hurry."

Released by her words, Le May went to stand beside the front door, a troubled expression dawning in his face as he watched Lorry disappear swiftly through the dining room. Beale also was freed; he raised his head, but before it became quite erect, sound, captive itself, imprisoned him once more. Each of the men, according to his talent, could absorb what he heard with a knowing ear, but above and beyond the magic intricacies of harmony reigned the hovering spirit of the place, the hour and the woman. She dreamed and laid her dream upon them, holding them fast within that realm where "courtiers of escape" trade joys for other joys, and sorrows for other sorrows.

She stopped suddenly and faced squarely about; the men also turned their heads. A strange Lorry stood before them. She wore a becoming French hat, a simple black silk frock too short for the mode but otherwise retaining its air of distinction, and high-heeled shoes which so added to her stature as to increase the illusion of an unknown. She held a black traveling bag so that it hung across her knees, and was staring at her mother with timid adoration shot with questioning wonder.

"Don't look at me like that!" said Mrs. Steele sharply. But at the sudden eclipse of the light in Lorry's eyes she gripped the bench on each side of her and swayed forward. "Oh, yes, do. Look at me like that. Think of me like that. But go away, Lorry, and it doesn't matter in the least if you walk or ride. Don't hope too much—try not to hope—but if life is going to bend you on the rack, let it be on the wheel of the wide world and not across a woodpile sawhorse. Good-by, Lorry."

Le May was only vaguely aware of Beale's hand rising in half-hearted protest and falling again, lax at the wrist, or of Lorry, starting forward, then turning to come straight for the door. Scarcely conscious of movement, he opened it for her, followed her out and closed it behind him. He walked to the car in a trance. Forces were at work around and within him that he could not measure—intangible forces, tangled with Beale's conception of the phantom stranger. What were the motives behind Mrs. Steele and her amazing presence? Or behind her father, or stirring within Lorry? For that matter, what were the secret springs of his own action and how was he to control them?

How thoughtless he had been in promising so lightly to take Lorry to Torrington if he failed to move her grandfather! Here she was in the seat beside him, correctly dressed and provided with money, already busily engaged in transferring her most personal belongings from the immigrant's bundle into a very smart traveling case. Apparently this condition fulfilled all their joint wishes, but in reality it did nothing of the kind. She, indeed, was prepared, but not he; and yet, since he could not lay claim to having budged her grandfather, he found himself bound to fulfill his word.

The missing link in the chain was the time required to get in touch with his sister. If the old man had proved amenable everything would have been simple enough, since Lorry could have stayed on Yellow Mountain until a way had been prepared for her. He glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. She was folding the red-and-white-checked tablecloth and tucking it in neatly over everything. Somehow it reminded him of a child putting her doll to bed.

Then she closed the bag with a double snap, drew back into the far corner and sat very still, holding it across her knees. Dressed in her mother's clothes she seemed smaller, perhaps imprisoned, as if her hair and shoulders, all her free body, were confined within temporary limits. Looking away from her, he could still feel her presence acutely, but no longer as a hoyden of the woods, nor yet as a stranger. In some manner this personable human being, decked out in clothes whose good lines did not yield easily to the passing of a fashion, was more within the range of his comprehension than the bareheaded Lorry of his previous acquaintance.

One certainly could not hope for any franker responses from her than formerly, but, in return, was it not reasonable to expect that she might be influenced, perhaps subconsciously, by some of the cut-and-dried tenets of her borrowed sophistication? He wondered, but was not ready to reduce the hypothetical question to the plane of practice. Absorbed in his own problem, he drove down the lane at a slower and slower pace, finally coming to a dead stop.

"What's happened?" asked Lorry, rousing with a start.

"Nothing, but there's no sense in your holding that bag on your lap. Besides, I want to put up the top."

Without protest, she yielded the bag to be stowed in the back of the car, and following his instructions, helped him to raise the top and fasten it. All this had given him further time for thought, and upon resuming his place at the steering wheel he was relieved to find he had come to a decision. When he reached the bottom of the grade he crossed the turnpike and started up Becker Hill.

"Where are you going?" asked Lorry.

"Up to my house to get a few things and change my clothes."

She looked at him without curiosity and said nothing more until the car turned in at the gateway to the old Sloane place; then she asked, "Shall I stay in the car?"

"Yes, please," he said emphatically, his nervousness at the thought of the all-seeing eye of Mrs. Thorndyke coming to a head. "If we can help it, Lorry, I don't want you to be seen; that's why I put up the top. Will you be a good girl and sit back in your corner until I come out?"

"I'll keep still," she answered, "but I won't hide."

Upon entering the house he ascertained that Mrs. Thorndyke was in the kitchen. He closed the intervening doors, went to the telephone and after five minutes of waiting was fortunate enough to reach his sister at her home. Though he was in a hurry, he could not help stalling for time. He asked her how she was, ascertained she was on the point of going out, and talked of one or two other things; but still nothing turned up that seemed like a possible opening for the all-important subject. Abruptly, and without knowing quite how, he found he had made the plunge.

"Of course, Ken dear," she was saying, "but how amazing you should have escaped New York to fall for a country violet, or wild strawberry blossom, or whatever it is that still grows on those hills."

"Say, Edith, back away from that idea or I'll take the kid to Torrington, throw her on the train and forget about her. In spite of being nineteen, she isn't grown up; half of her is as wild as poison ivy and the other half is virgin genius. If she doesn't get the right start she's got nothing I would ever look at, but if she does she'll climb out of my reach like a rocket. All I'm asking of you is to look her over and take her in or find her a decent place to stay. If you do that I'm quite willing to promise to break away then and there. I won't even ask what happened to her."

(Continued on Page 80)

A baker taught me stay young with

"But, Janet, why don't you bring your crowd home tonight? This is the third time this week you've all gone to the Camerons."

My young daughter hesitated. "Well, Mother, you always do so much baking and fussing beforehand that you're always so awfully tired—it's really too much bother, for you."

"Well, it's probably a bother to Mrs. Cameron, too."

"But she never acts like it, Mother. She has awfully good things to eat but she never seems tired. She acts as though she enjoyed having us. And, besides, she's *asked* us to come tonight and she wants you to come over, too."

It was a lovely informal party. Girls in soft summer dresses, boys in white flannels. A round, copper autumn moon. The plink-plink of ukuleles and young voices humming some of the old songs *we* used to sing.

And the refreshments! Marvelous gold cake with cocoanut icing! Great wedges of it. Nut cookies, crisp and fresh from the oven. I began to relax. It *was* nice. And Jane Cameron's food tasted much better to me than the things I fret around about in my own kitchen.

"I don't see how you do all this baking and keep so fresh and unflurried. I'm afraid I'm getting old. I can't do it any more without getting all cross and upset." I'm sure my voice sounded envious.

Jane laughed. "You goose. You're no older than I. You don't for a minute think *I* baked these things, do you? I haven't baked a cake or cookie since I learned that the best bakers everywhere use Crisco. Why should I—I can't make *better* things."

"Why do you lay so much stress on their use of Crisco?" I asked. "I use Crisco, too, but —" "Because, my dear, any baker who uses Crisco uses other good things, too."

So I stopped into the store the next morning. And the nicest clerk cut me a slice of a white cake, fine textured and fluffy, with thick chocolate icing.

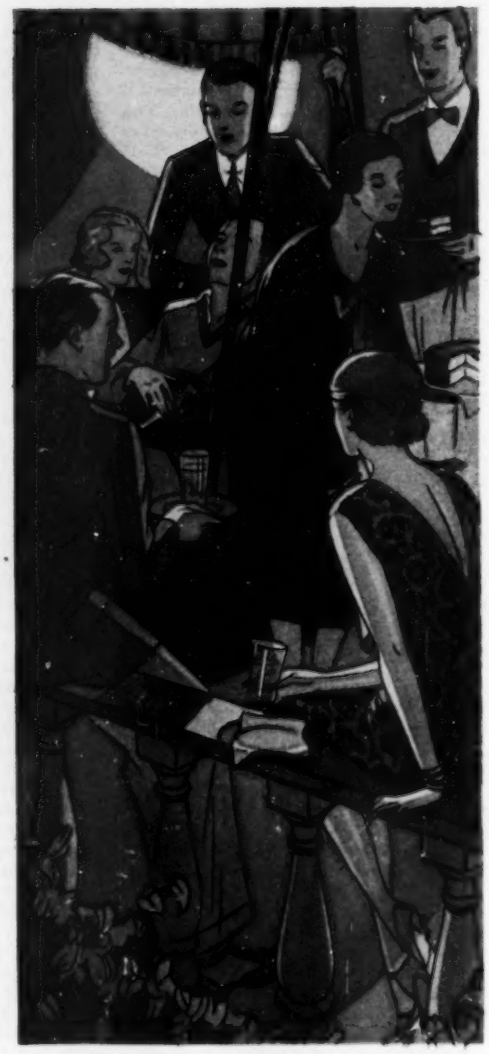
He explained that it really *was* a home-made cake—that old family recipes are being used for bakers' baking. And most bakers use the best shortening they can buy —Crisco and butter. They use the best fruits and nuts, the richest chocolate, the best flavorings, too.

They've captured a home-made flavor for baker's goods by using the very ingredients good home cooks use.

And now Janet can have the crowd at our house any time. For what that clerk cut for me wasn't just a slice of cake—it was really *a slice of spare time*. Time to be young with my children. To be happy myself and to make them happy.

May I suggest that a slice of cake from a baker's oven may turn out to be a slice of spare time for you, too?

HELEN ABBOTT



This week's suggestions

Good bakers make them just as you would yourself.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

Light, tender golden layers—held together with a creamy chocolate filling and iced all over with chocolate.

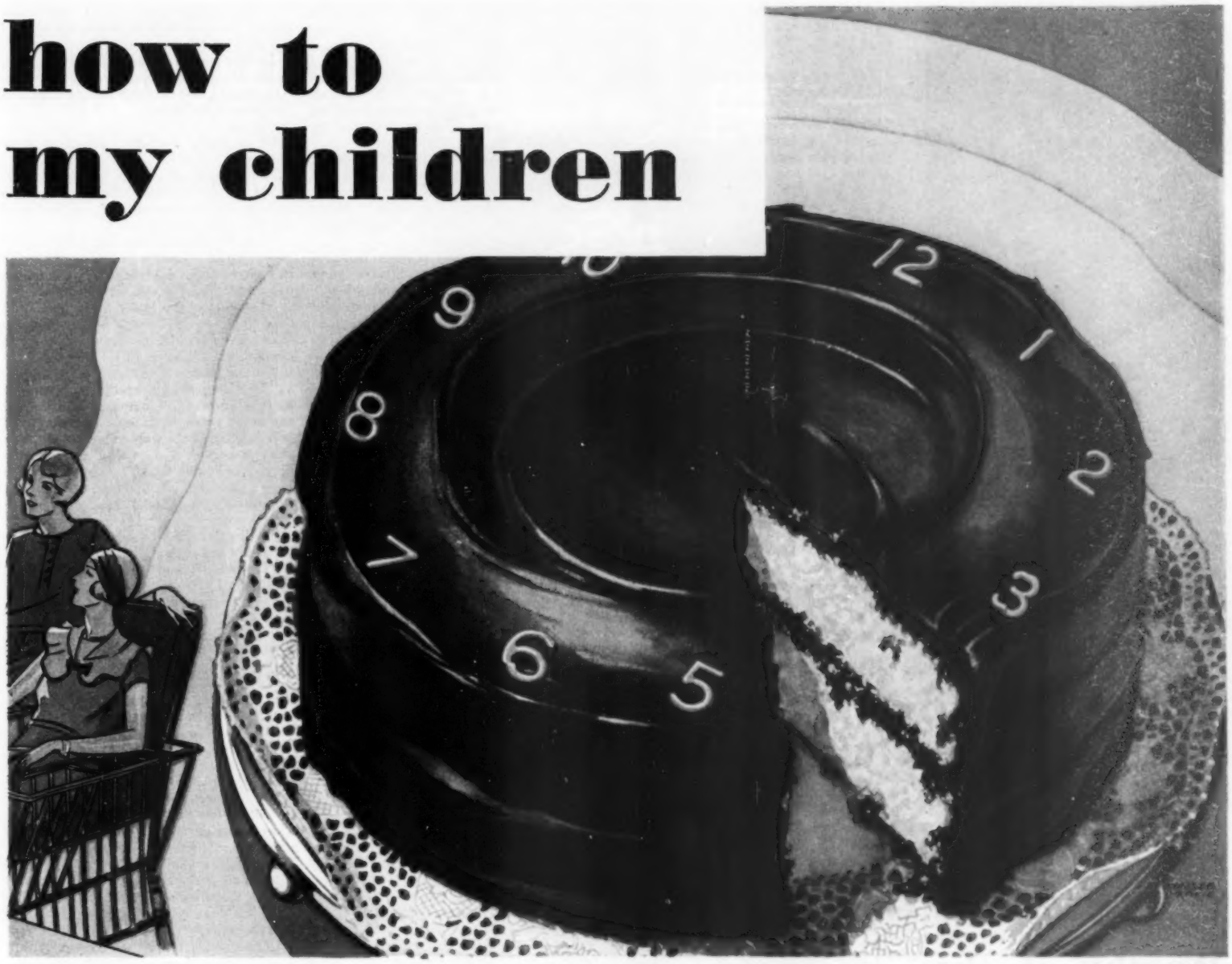
WHOLESOME COOKIES

There's both health and enjoyment for your children in the macaroon cookies, the hermits and the molasses jumbles that good bakers make. Keep a supply handy.

TEA-TIME COOKIES

There are sophisticated members of the cookie family, too—rich shortbreads, and thin wafers decorated with chocolate, or nut meats. They lend a suave touch to your bridge teas.

how to my children



Let the baker cut you "a slice of spare time" by doing your baking

Bakers help solve your menu problems with a wide variety of good things

Devil's Food Bars: Rich solid chocolate cake, covered with a creamy chocolate icing.

Eclairs and Cream Puffs: Have you tried either of these old favorites lately?

Danish Pastry: Flaky and not-too-sweet, for a simple dessert or with the breakfast coffee.

Doughnuts: Plain, for the breakfast table; iced and fancy, for the bridge table.

Marble Pound Cake: Serve with sliced peaches or with ice-cream—delicious!

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(Continued from Page 77)

"What did you say is her name?"

"Lora Steele, but they call her Lorry."

"I don't know any Steeles."

"Well, her grandfather is Clayton Beale."

"Not the painter?"

"Of course."

"Why on earth didn't you say so? But I thought he was dead! He must be!"

"Think so? He can still pick up an easel, standard and all, and throw it like Flanagan putting the shot."

"Really? It sounds more and more like trouble, Ken, so bring her along."

Le May hung up without saying good-by and hurried to open the door into the dining room. To his relief, he did not catch Mrs. Thorndyke eavesdropping; apparently she had not heard him come in. He slipped upstairs, changed quickly into presentable clothes, threw a few things into a bag and the next moment was out of the house. As he drove away, glancing up at the mirror, he saw the kitchen screen door fly open and Mrs. Thorndyke come out to peer after the car. Something in her pose convinced him that up to that moment she had not been aware of his presence in the house.

"Where are we going now?" asked Lorry submissively.

"To Torrington, to keep my promise, but we won't stop there. I'm driving you all the way through to New York." He waited for some sort of explosion, either of protest or satisfaction, but Lorry said nothing. He glanced at her curiously, and immediately his surprise at her silence evaporated, for she seemed smaller than ever. Only the calm in her eyes denied the assumption that she was frightened. "Why don't you say something?" he asked.

"What about?"

He laughed in spite of his exasperation. "Listen, Lorry. We've got three hours of hard driving before us. If you think you're going to sit there like a bump on a log from here to New York, you're wrong. I'll go crazy; I'll either drive into the ditch or stop and murder you some other way. Open your mouth and talk."

"You know I don't like to talk," she said in a small voice, as if it, too, had shrunk. "I guess I'm funny. If somebody tells me to sing or play or dance, I'm always wound up, but if they tell me to talk, somehow I'm always run down. There's just never anything to say."

"You think, don't you? While you're sitting there staring at me or at the road, you're thinking all the time. You're thinking my hair needs brushing, or about yourself, or of your mother or grandfather. Aren't you?"

"I suppose so, yes."

"Then think aloud. That's all I ask—just do your thinking aloud."

"I couldn't; even if I should try, I couldn't."

"Do you dislike me?"

"No."

"Are you still sore at me for what I said the other day?"

"No."

"Aren't you the least bit curious to know how I came to hear of Ben Stalker or what I heard?"

"No," she answered in so still a voice that he turned again to look at her and saw that her cheeks had gone pale.

"I had to bring it up," he explained hastily. "I've simply got to tell you I know nothing at all about you and Ben Stalker. All I ever heard was that your voice had done something to him."

"He's a big fool," murmured Lorry, her lip curling disdainfully, "with a wife and three children."

"Go ahead. Tell me about it."

"No."

He gripped her knee, by no means caressingly, and shook it. "You will," he insisted. "How am I ever going to know anything about you if you keep yourself locked up like a clam?"

"All right. I told you I hated the village, and that's why. I wanted to sing where people could hear me, so I went to church. I sang in the choir—only once." Color suddenly stained her cheeks. "Only once."

"Weren't they pleased?"

"I don't know. Some of them, perhaps. The men, of course. Ben Stalker hung around to drive me home; he made his wife and three children go with somebody else and drove me home. I didn't know about them then, and I wouldn't have seen anything so queer about his taking me home anyway, but everyone said he was crazy. The next Sunday everybody hated me—they've been hating me ever since. So I didn't sing again; I stopped when I saw their faces, and walked out of the church."

"That wasn't so bad."

"What is bad and what is good? How can you know?"

"That's not the way I meant it at all. I meant you can talk quite easily when you want to. It didn't hurt you, did it?"

"No, but that isn't talking. I just told you what happened."

"Then tell me some more."

"There wasn't any more."

"About other things, I mean."

She shook her head and sank farther into her corner. They drove for a long time in silence, but when they topped the long hill which plunged downward into Torrington, she leaned forward to look out.

"Is Torrington a city?" she asked.

"Well, hardly; I'd call it a town. Haven't you been here before?"

"Oh, yes."

"Have you been in New York?"

"We came through there twice, but I can't remember anything about it."

"You're going to see it now—from the inside out. Do you think you'll like it?"

"That's why I asked about Torrington. If this is only a town, I'm sure I won't like the city. But it doesn't matter."

"Tell me about your grandfather," said Le May when they were once more free of the traffic and out on the open road.

"What is there to tell about him? You know him."

"I don't know him at all. I don't know any of you any more than you know me."

"He's an old man," said Lorry.

Le May waited patiently for her to go on, but finally his lips broke into a slow smile. "I admit I know that much about him, but you know a lot more."

"What?"

"You know why he's afraid of your mother."

Her face closed as if an impalpable curtain had been drawn down over it. She half turned from him and gripped the top of the door with both hands.

"I won't talk to you about my mother," she said with a gasp in her voice. "I won't talk to you about anything. You can let me out anywhere; I'm not afraid to walk."

"That's foolish, Lorry. Sit back and take things easy; I won't bother you any more. Let me talk for a while. I'll tell you about my sister, shall I?"

"If you like."

"That's where we're headed, so you might as well know. Her name is Edith. She married a young chap named Darling, but he was killed in the war. She lives all alone in a tiny house that used to be a stable. She plays quite well for an amateur, so I'm hoping she'll get a thrill when she hears you sing. You will sing for her, won't you?"

"Of course."

"Will you let me choose the song?"

"If it's something I know."

"It would be that one about going away; it began, 'I'm going away.' I never heard it before; where did you dig it up?"

"I didn't."

"But you must have—somewhere." He turned quickly. "You're not going to tell me you got it out of your head?"

"No, no! You're silly." She paused and then explained reluctantly, "It's mother's song; she wrote it."

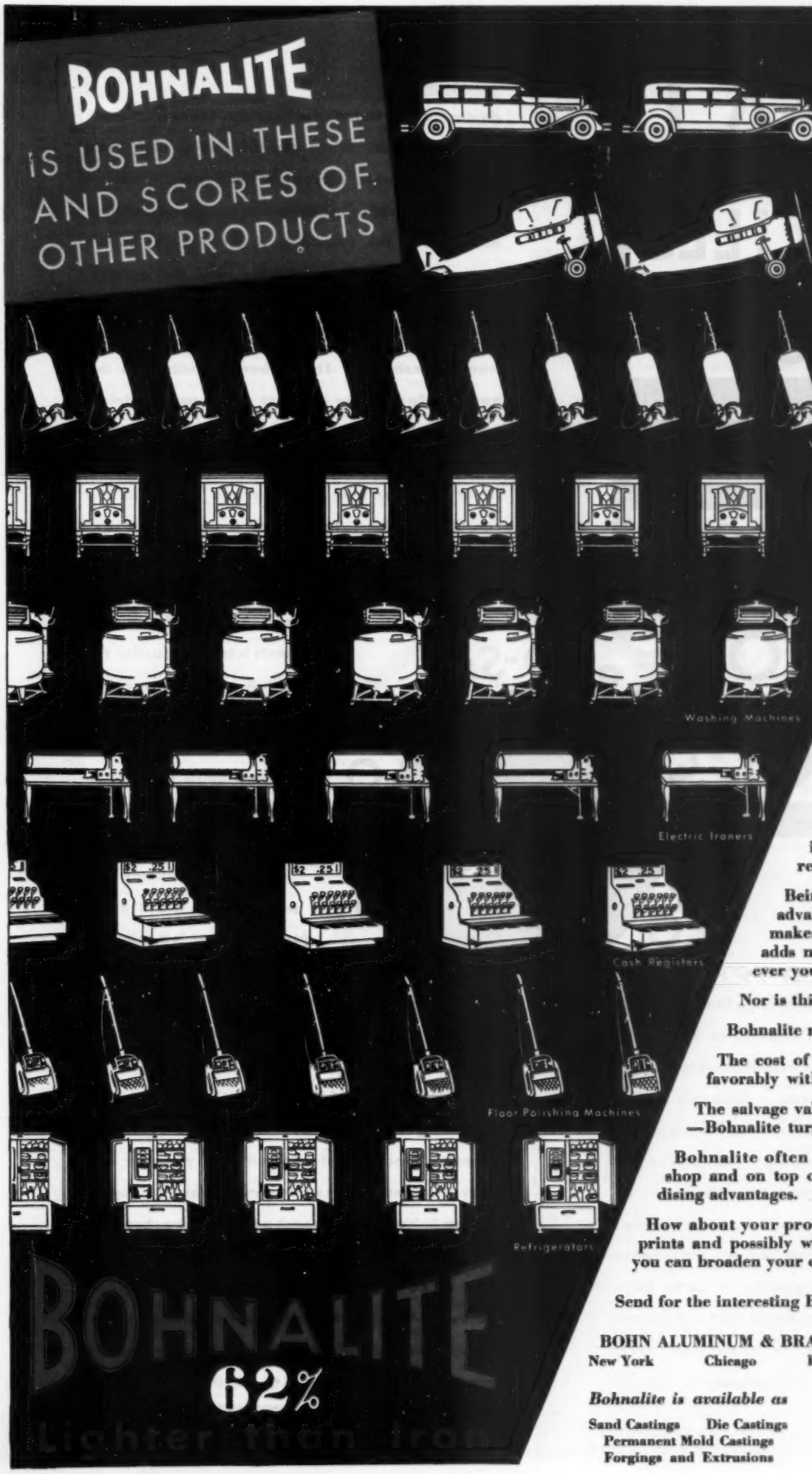
"Oh."

The rest of the ride was made up of long silences, broken from time to time by the most casual sort of remark. But the silences no longer weighed on Le May; in fact, if he felt them at all, it was only as warm pools of thought in which he could submerge. The farther he drew away from Yellow Mountain with its strange household, the clearer and more individualized became the silhouettes of its inmates. The three little girls—one demure, one outspoken and the last a lisping imitator of both the others, but all three linked within a single bond of mischief—the apparition of their mother, and Clayton Beale himself, all took on the distinctness of shadows outlined on a wall; their flesh and blood alone remained secret.

As they threaded half the length of the city, Lorry's face fell steadily by minute gradations. The discordant noises of the traffic, the unbroken dreariness of the upper East Side, and occasionally the overwhelming rat-a-tat of drills underground behind hoardings and of riveters in the air beat upon her with dusty, smothering wings; if she had seemed to shrink earlier in the day, now she almost cringed. But when the car drew up before a squat little building sandwiched between towers and blinking through gayly curtained windows, two tiny ones on the ground floor and a huge one upstairs, she broke suddenly into a laugh.

"Hello!" said Le May, startled by the abrupt transition. "You've come back!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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With more and more manufacturers adopting Bohnalite for various parts of their product, possibly you too should be investigating the advantages of this new light alloy.

Today Bohnalite is used in large volume in automobiles—aeroplanes—vacuum cleaners—radios—washing machines—electric ironers—cash registers—floor polishing machines—refrigerators and many other products.

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ROMANCE

(Continued from Page 7)

that conservative clan. He had been disturbed, and he desired greatly to be rid of the disturbance, so his instinct was for physical action and such cool air as the city afforded. He descended rapidly the incline and, almost before he realized it, was striding along before that architectural monstrosity known as the Victor Emmanuel Memorial. There he turned to his right rather aimlessly, and presently passed the darkened Hotel Russia and debouched upon that little piazza democratically named Of the People. He had no object and no destination; he was not even moved by a wish to see Rome by moonlight. Another twenty minutes and he found himself beside the Tiber, rolling sluggish and yellow, and then he moved among those ancient and squalid buildings which house dingy shops, hole-in-the-wall antique shops and the teeming dregs of urban population. Night and the moon and the stars painted the shabby structures with glamour which Tom perceived only subconsciously, but perceived. Antiquity and silence were soothing him and shepherding him back into that pasture of placidity which was his native heath.

A door flung open at his side and out of the blackness swirled, headlong, a black figure which Tom Jenner could not avoid. There was impact, frantic, silent struggle, and then he found himself holding in his arms the figure of a woman, suddenly quiet, limp, unresisting. The cheap, black shawl fell back from her hair, and the silver of the moon, reaching down into that murky alley, touched and lighted and made recognizable pallid, despairing, beautiful features which, an hour before, he had seen radiant and glorious.

"Nadja!" he exclaimed.

She stirred, opened eyes dark with terror and despair, but did not draw away from him or strive to release herself.

"Dead!" she said in a strange, dull voice. "Dead! He is dead, dead!"

"Who is dead?" he asked in French, the language in which she had spoken. "Why are you here, alone, at this hour? What has happened?"

She closed her eyes again, and presently he could sense resolution in the stiffening of her body. She placed her hands against his chest and pressed him from her.

"Who are you? Did you follow me? Are you of the police?" she asked.

"I am an American. I did not follow you. I am not of the police."

"Then let me go! Let me go! And go yourself, very quickly! Oh, go away from this dreadful place!"

There is a certain tenacity which is a legacy of the Jenners, and a preference for dealing with situations on the spot. In the history of the family these qualities have led to events. They did not dodge issues, or permit others to dodge them.

"Wait," he said, not peremptorily, but firmly. "Who is dead? What has happened? One doesn't just walk off and leave things like that. It's always best to—to look things in the face." He paused, still holding her so that she could not escape. "I think we must go and see."

"No! No! Let me go! And go yourself!"

He shook his head stubbornly. "Show me," he said, and moved toward the open door.

She hung back, then surrendered. "Fool! Idiot!" she said, not furiously but with a curious, measured quietness. "The stairs. It is light at the top."

Still imprisoning her arm, Tom climbed the dark steps into a dim glow of light emerging from a half-open door.

"In here?" he asked.

"There," she said.

He pushed open the door and saw an astonishing thing. Here was no squalid room, no tenement in which poverty huddled, but an apartment furnished with luxury and taste, a room embellished with articles of beauty and costliness. He hesitated, frowned. It was unnatural to find such a room, with its implications of luxury and secrecy. He stepped over the threshold and paused again, for there came within the range of his vision the body of a man, face upward—a man in evening clothes from whose shirt bosom projected the haft of a knife.

He turned to Nadja, who stood with closed eyes, and drew her within. Then softly he closed the door and walked across to the body. It was that of a handsome man in his early fifties, a man whose fine, thin, crafty face told its tale of generations of breeding. Even in death the face was strong, daring, even debonair, but somehow evil. Tom lifted a hand and let it fall.

"He is dead," he said. And then: "Who is he? I have seen his face?"

"It is Casotti," she said.

Casotti! The name struck Tom Jenner with the impact of a blow. Here was no hole-in-the-corner crime, but one with which Europe—all the world—would seethe and bubble. Casotti the brilliant! Casotti the statesman, politician! Casotti the inscrutable, named the Evil Genius of Italy! In every mysterious pie was the finger of this man who danced on sword blades, balancing between treasons and patriotisms, riding storms, destroying men and reputations, fomenting imbroglios at home and abroad, threatened always, escaping miraculously every peril! A man, this, who might have been anything, but who had chosen to use his magnificent abilities malignantly! Hated he was, and loved—too much loved. And feared—always feared and to be reckoned with. Now he lay here, in a low quarter of Rome, dead. To this had his plottings and intrigues and treacheries and vendettas brought him!

Tom's hand went to his forehead; it was clammy, damp with the cold sweat of sudden apprehension. What an emergency to entangle a Jenner! He, the son of his father and his grandfather and of Jenners out of mind, involved in a scandal which would sweep the world. His first instinct was to slam the door behind him and to put leagues of distance between himself and this mysterious, sumptuous apartment of death. He turned, and his eyes fell upon Nadja, still, slender, erect, tragically lovely, and he knew there was no escape for him. He was involved. He must see it through. Then, as a Jenner should when resolution was taken, he became preternaturally calm. He had seen the implications, faced them, accepted them, and now he must do his best.

"Sit down," he said to Nadja.

"Fool," she said softly. "Meddling fool."

He lifted his shoulders slightly and turned from her to scrutinize the room for evidence which might incriminate.

"Where are the servants?" he asked.

"Can there be privacy where there are servants?" she asked, and he nodded comprehendingly. He knew, as all men know, Casotti's fame for gallantry. But why—the question obtruded itself—why, having come here to meet this man alone, did she kill him?

First he wiped carefully the handle of the knife with his handkerchief; he stepped to the door and wiped its handle and the panels near where fingers would be likely to touch, for he had heard vaguely of European police methods and fingerprints, and the like. Then he went over the room carefully, seeking for minutiæ which might direct keen minds toward Nadja. There was nothing.

"I think," he said, "that is all we can do here. Come."

"Where?" she asked.

"We'll talk of that as we go. Who knew you were coming here?"

"Casotti."

"He only?"

She nodded. "Why did you wipe the knife?" she asked.

"To remove fingerprints."

"For example! And what are fingerprints to you?"

He did not reply to this, but held open the door for her and, when she stood outside, used his handkerchief again to remove all evidence of his touch. They descended the black abyss of the stairs in silence, but before passing the outer door, Tom peered into the street, lest chance passers become aware of their exit.

"Do you know this city?" he asked. "How may we best leave this place without being seen?"

"I will lead," she said, and then: "What is your name?"

"Jenner—Tom Jenner."

"Zhenner," she repeated after him. "M'sieu Zhenner. And now?"

"I think," he said, "you should be seen publicly at a distance from this place. Is there a cabaret—a suitable place—open at this hour?"

She nodded. "The Bon-bon," she said. "But I do not understand. I do not understand how you came to that place, or how you know my name. I do not understand why you make yourself to be interested."

"I came to that place by chance. I saw you in the theater tonight and recognized you under the moon. I make myself interested because I see no way to avoid it."

"No way to avoid! You have but to turn the next corner and make haste to leave me."

"That," he said shortly, "is impossible."

"But why?"

Why was it impossible? Tom did not know exactly, but he did know it was impossible. He wished acutely to do so—the logical part of him. But there was another part which forbade. Even as he walked now by her side, he was telling himself there could be no personal interest in this girl; that, beautiful as she was, alluring as she was, there could not be even acquaintance between her and himself. A girl who made midnight assignations with a notorious gallant in a mysterious *petite maison!* A girl with blood upon her hands! No. He was going through with it because ill fortune had enmeshed him in the unsavory affair, made him *particeps criminis*, an accessory destroying evidence and aiding the guilty to escape. It would be the same, he told himself, had Nadja been any other woman. Any woman! Because the Jenners did not find women in difficulties and calmly leave them to extricate themselves.

"But why?" she repeated.

"It is impossible because"—he hesitated—"because it is impossible."

"Ah," she said. And then: "Is it that it is chivalry? A word for a dead thing! There is no more chivalry. No. When a man does a service for a woman, it is for a price. Some price she must pay that he may have a good bargain. I think there never was any chivalry except in storybooks."

"I do not make myself a party to murder for a price," he said coldly.

"You saw me in the theater tonight. You found me desirable. You followed me. It happens so many times. You followed me to my hotel and then to that place. Then a thing happens of which you think to take advantage."

"No particle of that is true," he said, "except that I saw you and found you to be lovely and disturbing."

"Disturbing?"

"Yes," he said, and offered no explanation.

She looked up at his grim, vexed face to read in its leanness, its distinct, clean-cut features and troubled eyes that he spoke the truth. And she touched his arm.

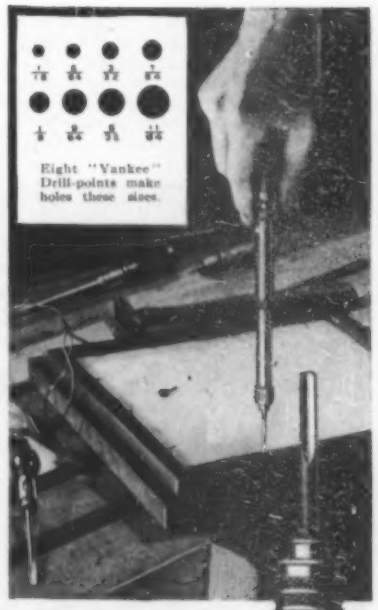
"Then it is chivalry," she said softly. "By chance I meet one man of all the world who does not serve for pay." To this he did not reply, and presently she spoke again: "You are thinking why I went to visit Casotti in that place?"

"Yes."

"You are thinking also that I killed him."

"Possibly he deserved to die."

(Continued on Page 85)



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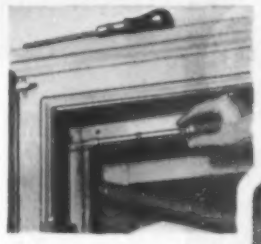

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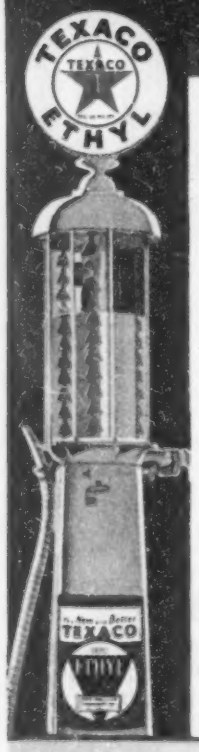

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(Continued from Page 83)

"And yet, knowing I am only a light woman of the theater, *déclassée*, and knowing I have killed a man with a knife, you risk much that I may escape! If you loved me I might understand."

They walked rapidly now, in silence, going by darkened and devious ways until they had put between themselves and Casotti a distance which seemed to mean safety.

Then they dared a broader street, and presently found a sleeping taxicab that carried them to the night resort known as the Bon-bon.

"We must be seen. We must dance," said Tom Jenner.

So they took a table and for an hour they danced, and while she was in his arms, warm, slender, music itself as she gave herself to the music, he forgot—forgot that hidden apartment and what it contained. And when they sat again and he looked into the lustrous, fearless, brown beauty of her eyes, and the piquant, elfin vividness of her face, he could not believe. He spoke an inconsequential thought which emerged from the chaos of his mind.

"Your face, mademoiselle, is not Russian."

"I was born," she said dreamily, "in Girgenti. Girgenti the beautiful, of the sea and the mountains and the temples. Have you seen Girgenti? If you have not seen it you have not lived."

"A Sicilian," he said, and frowned. Not Russian, but of the fabulous isle whose air was freighted with the odors of luscious fruits, whose Golden Shell was an Eden, whose hills were crowned with temples such as only the countrymen of Phidias could conceive. Of Sicily, jewel of the sea, glamorous in the glow of its past and miraculous in its beauty of the present! But Jenner frowned.

"Casotti was Sicilian," he said.

"Was he so?" asked Nadja.

"And you," he asked, "how come you, an Italian, a Sicilian, in a company of Russian actors from Petrograd?"

"My mother," she said, "was of Moscow."

Tom could not keep his eyes from her face, nor was this because she had cast upon him a siren spell, but because he could not reconcile her face, her eyes, her expression, with what he knew to be the truth. There was nothing evil there, but—or so he told himself—only youth and a dimmed joyousness and an exquisite sweetness. And, what, perhaps, was most astounding of all, there was no outward sign of remorse or of fear. Shaken she had been, terrified she was as she fled into his arms from that black house, but that had passed, to be replaced by a curious calm; not so much by a perceivable fortitude as by a lack of fear.

He started. "I know where I saw him before," he said.

"Saw whom?"

"Him," he said with meaning. "He was in the theater tonight—in a box across from me."

"He was there," she said.

"Will others know why he was there? To see you? Perhaps to communicate with you?"

"Perhaps," she said. And then: "Oh, M'sieu Zhenner, I am weary."

"Then come," he said, rising. "I will take you to your hotel. I think we have done all we can."

In the cab she was silent and he had no heart for words, and at the hotel she gave him her hand as if he had been an escort upon an ordinary evening of pleasure.

"Goo' night, M'sieu Zhenner," she said in quaint English; the first she had spoken to him. "I am plize zat I fin' all chivalry does not make itself to die."

"Have you," he asked practically and abruptly, "enough money, in case it is necessary to—to go away?"

"I have enough, but I shall not go away," she said, again speaking in French.

"I—Mademoiselle Nadja, is there nothing I can do? I would not leave you so."

"You must go now, M'sieu Zhenner."

"But I shall come again tomorrow. I shall be on hand, to do what I can."

"Yes," she said, "you shall come tomorrow. But in the morning, no. I shall sleep."

He drove to his room, confident there could be no sleep for him, but he did sleep. He was young, and so, in spite of himself, he slept. In the morning he was rather ashamed that it should have been so. He felt a wakeful night to be demanded of him by the emergency, and accused himself of incorrect deportment. Youth is a stickler for such matters; it must conduct with time-honored embellishments which it feels to be essential to tragedy or to romance.

His humor was not for concentration upon his work, and he was glad when Miss Janet drove up in her car to command him to luncheon.

"Have you heard?" she demanded, almost breathlessly, eliminating ordinary amenities and eager to be the first bearer of news. "Casotti was assassinated last night. At last! Imagine it! When everyone has been expecting it for years! Casotti! Fancy Rome without Casotti to manufacture gossip."

"Political?" he asked in his best Boston manner.

"There could be a million reasons," she said. "Everybody hated him and everybody was afraid of him."

"The assassin?" he asked.

"Not a clew," she snorted in a ladylike way. "There never will be, unless they choose to railroad a taxi driver, or a communist, or somebody, to satisfy public clamor. No. When a man like Casotti is killed, the truth must be covered. No telling where it will lead. You remember the Duca da Ponte?"

"No."

"Another case. Found in the shrubbery of the Borghese Gardens one morning. And there was an end of it. Almost upset the government. Nasty mess. Everybody knew Casotti did it or had it done. But what would you? In 1920, that was. The excitement subsided after a while; just as it will do now. And Da Ponte was highly regarded too. If he had lived he might have destroyed Casotti. I knew the duke—high-minded." Again she snorted. "They do things differently over here. Yes, indeed. But one admits they are effective. We'll lunch at the Ulpia. I know you were to meet young What's-His-Name from the Embassy. What of it? I could name fifty men who breathe easier this morning, and at least a dozen who will be drinking toasts to the assassin."

They found the young diplomat awaiting them in the archway of ancient Roman bricks which is the entrance to that half-excavated antiquity which houses the famous restaurant, and he, too, was all excitement.

"Anything official?" asked Miss Janet.

"Nothing. The latest bulletin is that Casotti had some assignation last night. The police are looking for the woman. Not that she had anything to do with it, but because her evidence ——"

"Might be dangerous," snapped Miss Janet. "I wouldn't be in her shoes."

"He sat across from us last night," said the young diplomat. He squinted importantly, as a very sapient person about to divulge a tremendous thought. "If I wanted to catch the murderer," he said, "I'd cast my eye over the Da Ponte connections; and I don't understand how they let water run under the bridge for nine years. Um. The government will have to set some sort of back fire, or there'll be a political crisis."

"The Duchesse da Ponte died of shock."

"So they say."

"And there was no son."

Tom sat with an odd sensation of detachment, almost with humorous appreciation of the situation. What if these newsmongers, these people who lived to hear and to bear gossip, could guess that he was all but an eyewitness! That he was, indeed, an accessory! That his handkerchief had wiped the haft of the knife and the handle of the door! That he had danced with the assassin and taken her home in a taxi! He ceased to listen and became introspective, which also is a custom of the young. He had danced with the assassin, held her in his arms and thrilled to the warmth and life and grace of her. It astounded him now, that he had not been repelled, that he had not found himself unable to touch her! Again he was astounded and not a little apprehensive that he looked forward eagerly to seeing her again. He was compelled to admit it. He could scarcely behave with decorum and courtesy, so uneasy was he and so eager to keep his appointment with Nadja. It was absurd, and worse than absurd. He, a Jenner, chafing to be up and away to a meeting with a common dancer who made assignations with notorious gallants. That, of course, was worse than assassination. And yet it was true, and the more he pondered it the more impatient he was to be on his way.

Presently he was on his way, after excuses which tended to abruptness and after declining an invitation to dine. Until that invitation was proffered, Tom had made no plans for the evening, but as soon as he heard it, he knew where he would have to be, and that was in a seat in the Salone Margherita. It was Tuesday. That afternoon he spent with Nadja was sufficient to have her spell fasten itself upon him more tenaciously. Again he saw her dance and heard her sing in the evening. After that he quite lost his equilibrium and Nadja became the occupation of his life. It was curious. He fought against it, but with futility. She had done something to him, had aroused something in him which was not to be eliminated or quelled. It was a sort of madness—a glad madness, which he recognized as insanity, but over which he had no control. Nor did his obsession pass without notice or comment.

After he had avoided Miss Janet and declined her invitations for the better part of a week, she, both from resentment and from a Bostonese sense of doing her duty by the son of a friend, determined that something must be done about it.

"You are sure," she asked the young diplomat, "that he is in the theater every night?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"I myself have seen him with her of afternoons. The boy is mad. A Russian dancer! Everybody knows what that means! Who is she?"

"I'm sure I have no idea."

"Find out. Isn't it the business of an embassy to guard its nationals? Well, then? A request, semiofficial, for information about this woman will get results. At least we'll know whom we have to deal with. Young man, when a boy of Tom Jenner's antecedents goes mad, he does it with both hands." She snorted. "What would his mother say to me?"

So—Miss Janet, being a person of power and influence, and not without usefulness to the accredited representatives of her country—a request was made in the proper quarters for the *dossier* of Nadja, the dancer. The next step, as Miss Janet saw it—knowing the intricacies of European politics and the workings of chancelleries—would be an unofficial but influential request to have the woman expelled quietly from Italy. Such things, Miss Janet told herself, are managed far better in Europe than at home.

Miss Janet was meddlesome, but wise. She did not remonstrate with Tom Jenner or point out what happens to young men who become entangled with sirens. Nor did she need to do so, for the logical portion of Tom Jenner was pointing out this peril to itself. But what was he to do? He was entangled in spite of himself, would be entangled had this siren cast no spell upon him. Events had done that; events had seen fit to tie him hand and foot, and he could perceive no way to cut himself free and maintain self-respect. Besides, he knew rather more about Nadja than did Miss Janet. He knew himself to be mad about this young woman, who was not only immoral or unmoral, as Miss Janet suspected, but who stood in constant danger of arrest for the most sensational murder of the decade.

She had not denied it. She had denied nothing, explained nothing. So he knew her to be guilty. But somehow, guilt or innocence had little to do with it. When he was with her he forgot, or when he remembered, it was to disbelieve in face of the facts. When he saw her, spoke with her, sensed what he believed to be the graciousness of her nature and the limpid fineness of her mind, he faced the facts and threw the lie in their teeth. That she could be otherwise than as his infatuation painted her was incredible. When he was absent from her, the facts emerged blackly to torment him and to accuse her, but he could not remain away from her presence. Over and above all else, be she what she might, he could not desert her in her peril. After all, there was something rather fine in his idiocy.

Miss Janet did not expostulate, but she intrigued. "Young man," she said, "this young woman has deprived us of your society. Not to be tolerated. Bring her to us. I've seen her only over the footlights."

"But, Miss Janet ——"

"Tomorrow evening," Miss Janet said in her ruthless way, "after the theater."

Hers was the splendid old idea that the way to cure a young man of infatuation for an inferior person was to show him that person amid the graces and perfections of his own caste. She had the assurance of literature that it was effective.

Tom, as in duty bound, repeated the invitation to Nadja, and without comment.

"Why not, M'sieu Tom?" She called him M'sieu Tom now.

"But, Nadja ——" He said this just as he had said, "But, Miss Janet ——" when the invitation had been proffered.

"You fear," she said, "that the little dancer will not know how to behave in this fine company."

"No, no. Not that."

"It is other things, then?"

He was silent, and she regarded him gravely. "You are thinking that I went to the apartment of Signor Casotti."

"I am thinking of that, Nadja."

"And you are thinking that he was dead, and how you wiped clean the handle of the knife—to save me, was it not?"

"I am thinking of that too."

"Yet you come to me each day."

"I cannot stay away, Nadja," he said, and his voice quivered.

"Is it that you love me, M'sieu Tom?"

He nodded, but would not put it into words.

"And you are ashamed and aghast that you love me? Is it so?"

"I am not happy," he said simply.

"M'sieu Tom," she said gently, "you see me each day. You are with me alone. We talk much. We know each other, is it not? Do I ever say a thing to make you ashamed? Do I act so that you are ashamed? Is there in my eyes or upon my face what makes you to be ashamed?"

"No, never. That is the damnable part of it. When I see you, Nadja; when I am with you and talk with you"—he spread his hands despairingly—"I refuse to believe."

"But, nevertheless, you know. Is it not so?"

"I know," he said.

"But you come again and again and again, and in spite of knowing, you love me. Is that so, M'sieu Tom?"

"It is true, Nadja."

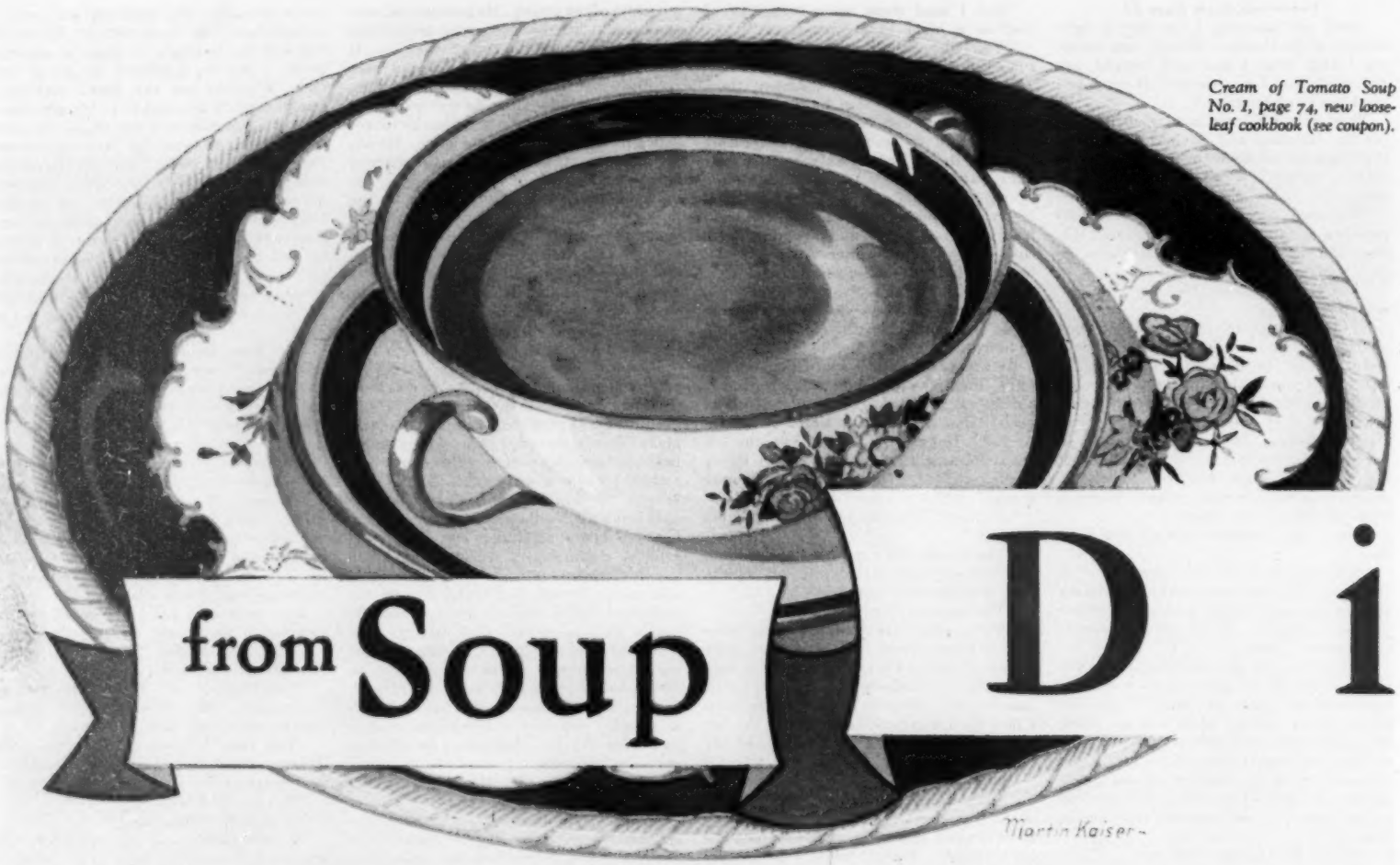
"I would not harm you," she said gravely. "No, M'sieu Tom, if you should come to harm through me, my heart would break. I think it is best you go away now and forget that you ever have seen me, except in a dream."

"No."

"Why?"

"Because, Nadja, I love you. I did not know that love was so strong, or that it could do such things. I did not think it could do what it has done to me. For me there is nothing in the world but you. I am ready to throw everything away for you. And"—he bit his lips and clenched his hands and turned away his eyes—"I do not care what you have done or what you are."

(Continued on Page 88)



Cream of Tomato Soup No. 1, page 74, new loose-leaf cookbook (see coupon).

CREAM soup with extraordinary fineness of texture and flavor—vegetables creamed with white sauce of rich consistency, baked fowl with dressing and cream gravy—salad, with a dressing that's different—a dessert, pie that will melt in your mouth, or ice cream or pudding or a whipped confection—and all so wholesome that even the children may eat as much as they will. That *is* a dinner!

Anyone Can Do It

There's milk in every dish. But ordinary milk won't do. It takes Pet Milk to give the taste and texture—the wholesome food substance. Pet Milk used where you'd use cream—in the ice cream, for example—is as rich as cream in food substance, but it has *better* richness than that of cream. Cream is rich only in fat. Pet Milk is rich in all the milk-food substances that make milk—*not* cream—the most nearly perfect of all foods.

And When You Use Milk

Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk it enables you to put more milk solids in many cooked dishes. In your creamed vegetables, for example, you use Pet Milk undiluted except for the cooking water off the vegetables. That puts more milk in your white sauce, makes it creamier than ordinary milk can make it, and saves the fine vegetable flavor as well as the valuable mineral substance of the vegetables that cook out in the water.

At What Cost?

Your dinner costs less because Pet Milk costs less than ordinary milk—not because it's less good, but because it's better. Concentrated, made more than twice as rich, sterilized in sealed cans, shipped by freight and sold by your grocer, Pet Milk is distributed for less cost than is the bottle of milk left on your doorstep.

Won't You Try These Recipes?

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP (No. 2)

1 Can Campbell's tomato soup
Pet Milk to fill can
½ teaspoon salt

To the contents of a can of tomato soup, add an equal quantity of Pet Milk. Heat, *but do not* boil, stirring constantly. Add salt and serve immediately. Serves 4.

SWEET POTATO PIE

1¼ cups sweet potatoes, mashed
½ to ¾ cup sugar, (depending on potatoes)
2 eggs, beaten
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Pet Milk
3 tablespoons melted butter

Boil 3 medium-sized sweet potatoes in jackets until tender. Remove skins and force through a ricer. Beat until smooth. This should make about 1¼ cups. Add sugar, eggs, spices and salt. Stir to blend thoroughly, then add milk and melted butter. Pour into pie tin lined with plain pastry. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 minutes, after which reduce to slow oven (300° F.). About 50 minutes are required for baking. Makes 1 9-inch pie.

Let Us Send You Our New Books—Free

Pet Milk will do for every dish where milk can be used, just what it does for the soup and pie. Our new loose-leaf recipe book will tell you many ways in which Pet Milk will give you better food at less cost with greater convenience.

Make This Comparison

The tall can of Pet Milk is equal in food value to *more* than a quart of the milk you ordinarily buy. It can be bought generally for ten cents—never more than eleven. Compare this with the price you are now paying for milk. Then compare it with the cost of cream. Used in place of cream Pet Milk costs less than one-third as much as cream. And it makes better food than cream can make.

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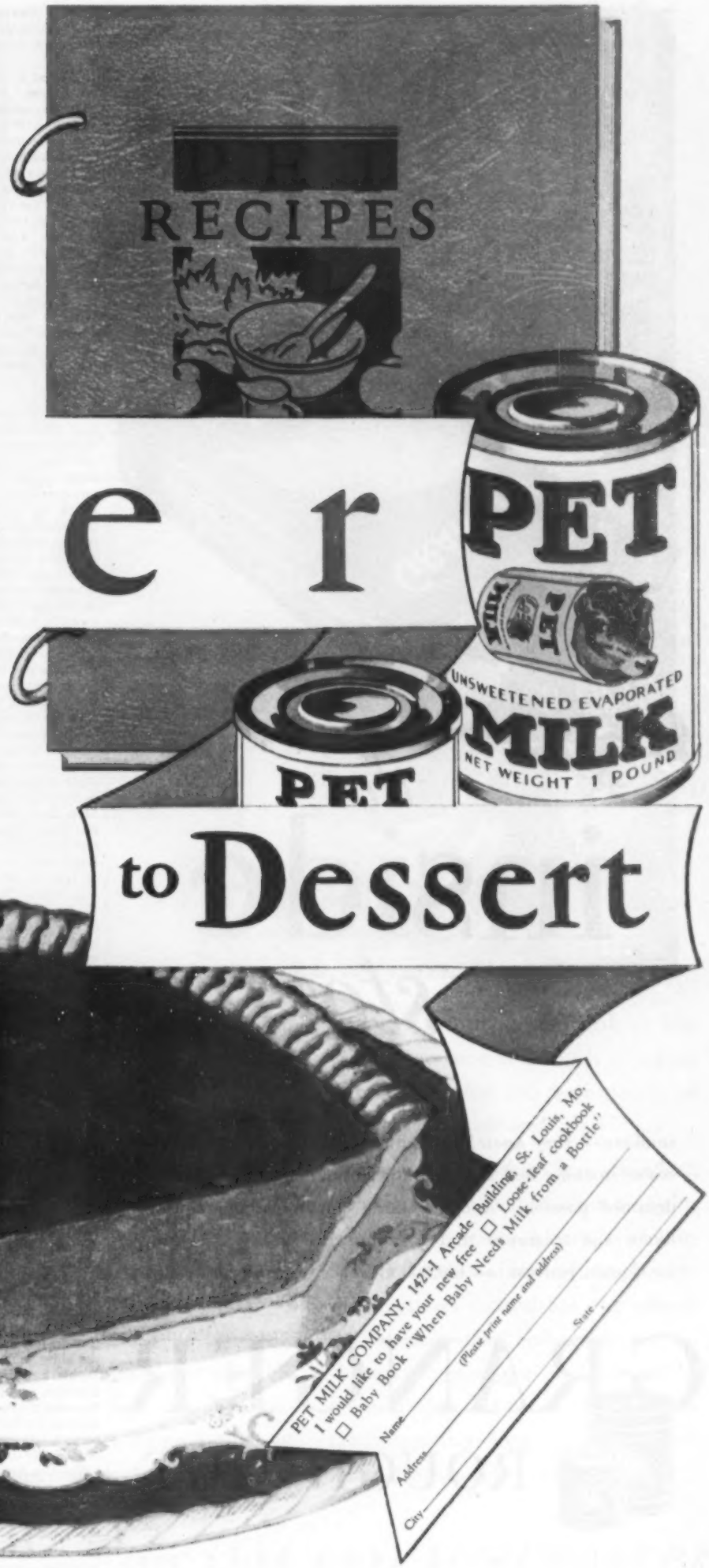
Every baby must have cow's milk—surely at weaning time, sometimes sooner—and leading specialists have discovered that no other form of milk equals Pet Milk for babies. Let us send you—free of charge—our new book "When Baby Needs Milk From A Bottle." It will tell you why Pet Milk is the best of milk for babies.



Recipe for Pumpkin Pie, page 61, new loose-leaf cookbook (see coupon).

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel
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ROUGH CUT
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GRANGER ROUGH CUT
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the inside story

Ask old-time Granger smokers — they *know!* Straight from headquarters, here's *cooler* smoking and *drier* pipe performance than you ever dreamed possible. And the finest, mellowest old Burley flavor and fragrance that ever browned a briar. Again, we repeat, just *ask* — 400,000 Grangerites *can't* be wrong!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

(Continued from Page 85)

"Sometimes," she asked, "does not the heart tell truth more accurately than the mind?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, still with that quaint, gracious, adorable gravity, "that you are very fine, M'sieu Tom. I have seen many men and none were of your measure. None. You have honor, and in your own country you have a great name. Is that not so? And you have wealth? And you have, perhaps, genius? Yet you find me, a little dancer and singer, in terrible trouble. You do not desert me. You stand at my side, always ready. You do not fear to throw away all these great things which are yours, because I am in danger and you will not desert me. So, M'sieu Tom, I will tell you a little. It is only a little I tell you, but it is very true. It is this, most dear of all, that with my whole soul I love you; and of that you need not be ashamed, for it is a good love in spite of all."

"Nadja!"

"No. You must not touch me. You see, that would make it all otherwise than as it is. You love me with a good love and I love you with a good love. So we must only know it and think it—do you see?—and not speak of it any more." She smiled and shook her head, and then, suddenly, she laid aside that gravity which had seemed to him so entrancing: "I go with you to this Miss Janet, so that she may see me and watch me. And I think you will not be ashamed for me."

"Nadja! Nadja! Why don't you go away? Now. Before they suspect you. Before some clew leads them to you. I will take you. I will go with you anywhere. I will hide you so they can never find you."

"It would be so sweet to hide with you, but I cannot hide. I must stay. I must stay to the end."

With some misgivings, for Tom Jenner was not without suspicions of Miss Janet's good faith, he escorted Nadja to the apartment of his imperative compatriot when the performance ended next evening. Only Miss Janet was present when they arrived, and she received the dancer with a graciousness which did not dispel Tom's misgivings. But it was not Miss Janet's cordiality, real or feigned, which surprised him most; it was Nadja. Nor was "surprise" precisely the word to describe his emotion. He would not have admitted it to be surprise. Perhaps it was Miss Janet who experienced an unwelcome astonishment.

Undoubtedly, she had hoped to find a girl who, in a social atmosphere, would be made to appear crude, common, even vulgar. But Nadja was not ill at ease. She carried herself gravely and with the charm which can come only from culture and custom.

She was charming—not as she was charming upon the stage, but as a beautiful young woman with twenty generations of blood at her back might conduct. She impressed. There was something intangible that Tom had not encountered before—a touch of formality, a color of that curious, indescribable quality which must be seen to be appreciated, and to describe which Americans have invented the word "class."

During that first five minutes Miss Janet might have been seen to eye Nadja with increasing alarm and with augmenting appreciation. Here, she perceived, was no ordinary mercenary woman of the stage who used the charms of her person to further her fortunes. And, it must be confessed, the older woman's eyes even softened, for she had no armor proof against that natural, dignified, compelling sweetness of Nadja. Her wise old eyes told her it was no manner adopted for the hour, no pretense, no make-believe, but innate, natural, a rightful possession. So then, she told herself, here was a situation not so simple to deal with as she had hoped.

Other guests arrived, and presently, with a face of concern, the young diplomat from the Embassy. He entered in some haste, and it would have been evident to sharp eyes that something untoward had occurred. Almost neglecting the necessary salutations, he walked directly to Miss Janet, who sat beside Nadja.

"Miss Janet," he said, "I must speak with you at once."

"Tut! Tut! What can be the need of brusqueness? First let me present you to our guest of honor—whom, I believe, you have seen at the Salone Margherita."

"Mademoiselle!" said the young man, bending over Nadja's hand. And then, to Miss Janet: "I beg you to excuse yourself for a moment. It is imperative."

Miss Adams elevated her brows, but arose, nevertheless, and accompanied the young man across the room.

"Miss Janet," he said, "you must get her away from here. You ——" He shook his head with impatient anxiety. "I wish I had kept my finger out of this pie."

"What is it, young man? What has happened?"

"You asked me to have inquiries set on foot. A confidential report arrived in the Embassy half an hour ago, through the chief of police. I don't care who she is or what she is, but I'm no man hunter. And it will be pretty tough on Jenner. The government evidently regarded our request as some sort of hint, for they worked with expedition. They have identified that lovely girl and tonight she is to be arrested for murder."

"Murder!" Miss Janet was aghast.

"The murder," said the young diplomat, "of Casotti."

"Heavens above!"

"She is," said the young man, "the daughter of the Duca da Ponte."

"Eh? What are you saying?"

"It is true."

Miss Janet's reaction was not as he had expected it to be. "Hum!" she said. "So she has a right to her manners."

"Yes, yes. But what are you to do? You do not want her arrested in your home."

"Nor anywhere else," snapped Miss Janet. "Oh, I've stuck my foot in it. Casotti murdered her father! Sicilian! Of course! Russian mother. Clear as daylight. Vendetta! And serves him well right, young man."

He found himself alone. Miss Janet was striding across the room to Tom Jenner, to seize and shake his arm. "Stir yourself," she said sharply. "Oh, I'm an old, meddling fool. You can tell me about that later. But the police are on their way. Your little lady killed Casotti!"

Tom felt as if a planet had fallen upon him. It had come! The dreadful possibility was certainty.

"Her father," said Miss Janet, "was the Duca da Ponte. It's all my fault. Do something! Oh, the beautiful dear! Who would have thought it! Do something, young man—do something!"

In Tom's mind was space for two thoughts: First, the peril to Nadja; second, a lightning perception of the meaning of her identity. It meant her going to that secret apartment had been no common assignation. She was cleared of that. She was not that sort of woman, and a great wave of happiness engulfed him. At least murder—if it were murder—was clean.

"I know," he said. "I know about Casotti. I was there. I found his body. I destroyed the evidence. So I am in that as well as she. It was not an assignation! Oh, my dear! My dear!"

Miss Janet dared not look at the tragedy in his eyes, but she followed him as he strode to Nadja's side and bent over her.

"It has come, sweet," he said. "They are coming for you."

She sighed and closed her eyes. "Now it is over," she said softly. And then, "Has it been very hard, my dear?"

"Come," he said. "We must go. They shan't take you. Come quickly."

"No," she said, "but it is sweet to know you would not desert me."

"Nadja," he said harshly, "don't be a fool. There is time. Somehow—somehow we'll get clear of them."

"No! No! It is impossible." She looked up at him piteously. "I cannot even speak.

(Continued on Page 90)

41

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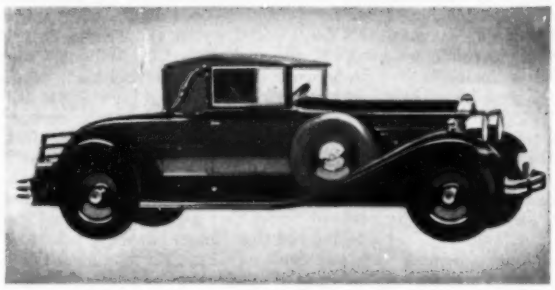

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(Continued from Page 88)

I must see you suffer. I must see that look in your dear eyes. Only a little while! Only a little while more."

His hand clutched her shoulder. It was as if he would drag her from her seat and carry her away in spite of herself, and she, reading frantic resolution in his eyes, felt a surge of happiness as great as that which Tom had known a moment before. And then ——

A servant stood in the doorway and pronounced a name—a name which was beloved throughout Italy—a name which had come down through vicissitudes from an older régime.

It caused the faces of the company to straighten, their eyes to open wide, and brought them to their feet with involuntary respect:

"The Marquis of Asolo."

Tall, spare, with a face of rare dignity and sweetness and firmness, this great minister whose courage and honor and knowledge and ability made him indispensable to Italy, no matter what other changes came or storms blew. He advanced until he stood a dozen paces from Nadja, and bowed from the waist.

"*Duchessa*," he said gravely, "you have done well. Your country thanks you."

Nadja stood pale, trembling, scarce able to hold herself erect. "Uncle! Uncle! It is over then?"

"I bring your release, my child, and all is well. You have served your country, and through you has been preserved a life she can ill spare."

He turned his fine old eyes upon the guests, faced Tom Jenner, and a kindly, humorous, if somewhat sardonic, twinkle appeared. He shook his white head.

"Young fool," he said, as one would speak to a child.

"Sir! Sir! What does this mean?"

The marquis made no immediate reply, but fixed his gaze upon Miss Janet. "Meddler," he said. "Almost you discomposed my plans."

But Miss Janet was to be stared down by no personage; her eyes snapped. "I act as I see fit," she said shortly.

"Only one person in Italy may do that," he said, and lifted his shoulders as though dismissing the matter. "To you others," he said with an accent of command, "silence! What passes here must not be spoken elsewhere. Through me the state has thanked my niece, the Duchesa da Ponte. You have heard. The state had need of her. It found her in her Russian exile. She responded. There was a father to avenge." With a gesture of splendid graciousness, he lifted Nadja's hand to his lips.

"The state has enemies. They plot. They even dare to aim at the life of one in an exalted place. Chief of these enemies was the man Casotti. His plot carried even into Russia. And so his ears came to be filled with tales of the beauty of the dancer Nadja. There was counterplot. The Duchesa da Ponte became the crux of the conspiracy; trusted by Casotti, who loved beautiful dancers. That night she visited his apartment to obtain the final lists, the date, the final machinery of the plot. But his own party feared him. He who had been traitor to all might turn traitor to them, and in their terror they struck him down." He smiled icily. "That tool we took secretly and hold secretly. But we did not know all, for Casotti was dead. Da Ponte was avenged, but still his daughter served the state. Tonight the last plotter is in his cell and the labor is ended."

Tom took a step forward—a halting, uncertain, bewildered step. His hands lifted, stretched toward Nadja. She smiled, turned to her uncle with an exquisite gesture of pleading.

"My child," said the marquis, "I give him to you. Italy gives him to you. He is a young fool, but he has heart and courage and honor."

With that, with a courtly bow to the company, he turned and withdrew from the room.

"Well!" gasped Miss Janet. "A meddler! Well!"

"I think," said the young diplomat, working in that instant at his well-learned trade—"I think there are too many of us present."

But neither Tom Jenner nor Nadja was aware of that. They were not aware when they were left alone, for they had been alone for minutes, with all the world abolished save themselves.

"THIS WAY, PLEASE"

(Continued from Page 27)

she took naturally to petting as a duck takes to water, cried when her feelings were hurt, and was so happy and affectionate that she was everybody's darling, from Mr. McLaughlin on down. She was their baby, and such a pretty one! Even when Mr. McLaughlin was haranguing them all at the staff meetings, his words passed, winged, over Ruth, for he could not have scolded her if she had been his own. Once Jobe hurt her feelings by not letting her into the projection room when she wanted to watch him—Mr. McLaughlin was very strict about the fire rules—and Ruth had gone downstairs and cried, and Bill Finney, the janitor, told Jobe that he had made Ruth cry, and Jobe apologized. Mr. McLaughlin came and heard all about it, and gave Ruth his big clean handkerchief—for her own was ruined—and she blew her nose on it so daintily that the three men were quite overcome.

She told all her affairs to everyone. Miss Pitcain, who sold tickets, heard all about each date that Ruth had, and what the salesman for the picture corporations said to her; and Virginia knew all about Ruth and her new dresses, and discussed with her in detail the vital question of removing the bow from her brown hat. And Jobe had once punched a stranger in the nose for waiting after the show and bothering Ruth.

Everyone's pet, just as she wanted to be. But now she was disconcerted by their interest, which she had so thoughtlessly and instinctively cultivated. For not one of the staff of the Llamarada wanted her to go with Emory Gibson. He had been waiting for her after the show every night for a week before they all realized it, and in that week Ruth had danced more, laughed more, had more fun than she had had since she was a senior in high school with nothing else to do. But Mr. McLaughlin told Ruth, when she came in the early afternoon to transfer the theater's financial records from his scrawled pencil notes to the permanent books in her neat handwriting, and then to make up the deposit slips and go to the bank, as she always did, that he didn't like the Gibson boy.

"He's a no-account boy," he told her. "I've known him since he used to take money out of his mother's pocketbook and bring ten or twelve boys to the show. He's not the man for you."

Ruth was light-hearted about it. "He's reformed," she told Mr. McLaughlin. "And, anyhow, he's so much fun. I just go with him for the fun of it, Mr. McLaughlin."

"Of course, it's your own business, what you do out of the theater," said Mr. McLaughlin, hurt by her attitude, "but I wouldn't go with Emory Gibson if I were a girl."

Ruth giggled. "Mercy, Mr. McLaughlin; I can't imagine you ever being a girl"—which was the end of that.

Virginia, who also had two hours of work to do every afternoon, told Ruth that Richard said Ruth ought not to go with Emory; that it didn't do a girl any good, in Hilltown, to go with a boy that had a bad name, and Ruth answered with spirit:

"He's perfectly respectful to me. I never went with a boy that treated me nicer. He hasn't said one word out of the way, and he isn't always wanting to pet, like most fellows. If he ever does or says anything I think isn't right, that'll be a different matter. I don't think it's fair to condemn a fellow without giving him a chance."

"All the same, Ruth, you know he's talked about."

"More trouble for the talkers, then," answered Ruth. "And there's others that aren't perfect. Emory says he never in his life heard of such a thing as girls' working in a theater as ushers, and then going during the day to do office work as well."

"But we don't have daily matinées," said Virginia, scandalized at any criticism of Mr. McLaughlin, who was so good to them. "And we only work four hours at night. My land, Ruth, it doesn't hurt us to come here every afternoon and do these little things for Mr. McLaughlin. I keep his scrapbook up to date and look after the advertisements for him, and you bring the books up and go to the bank. Anyhow, this isn't any other theater; it's our own Llamarada, and it has its rules. You ought to be ashamed!"

Ruth flushed and tears filled her eyes.

"I am," she said quickly, sincerely. "I don't know what made me say that. I told Emory I liked to come in the afternoon, when Richard is practicing and Jobe is here and Mr. McLaughlin is making plans, and do things. It's kind of fun. I don't mind, really. I just said that because I think it's unfair for everyone to be down on Emory just because he did a couple of things he shouldn't have done when he was a boy. Lots of wild youngsters turn out to be fine men."

But none of them was as determined as Jobe to break up the friendship. Jobe was serious about it. He meant it. He came in the office one afternoon and talked to Ruth a long time. They were worse than a family, Ruth complained. At home, whenever the phone rang, everyone had to know who it was, and what he wanted; but even so, her mother and father had confidence in her and trusted her. But not the staff of the theater. They seemed to think she was determined to get into trouble. After all, she had to live her own life.

"You stay away from Emory Gibson, to live it," Jobe persisted. "I saw you walking with him last night again. He's no good, and I don't mean maybe."

"Since when did I have to ask you who I could go with?" said Ruth, with spirit. "I don't criticize your girl friends, do I?"

"If you mean Marjorie Wilkins," said Jobe, getting red and getting mad, "she's not my girl friend, and you know it." Marjorie was a local flapper who pursued Jobe early and late, to his great discomfort.

"Oh, no!" said Ruth. "Just ask her!"

"You're only trying to change the subject," said Jobe. "A fellow knows other fellows better than a girl ever can, and I'm telling you that Emory Gibson is out. And if you don't quit him, I'll tell him so!"

"You'll mind your own affairs," said Ruth. "I'll go with any boy I want to go with, and if you dare say one word more, I'll go with him that much more!"

She was surprised at her own intensity. Perhaps, if they had let her alone, she would not have set her heart so strongly. But advice is never easy to take, and going with Emory became a mark of spirit.

"I'll go with him if I want to," she said again, and Jobe glowered at her.

"All right, if that's the kind of a man you like! Only, I'm surprised at you, Ruth. I thought better of you."

"As if it matters what you think," said Ruth, but she could not keep her lips from quivering. She didn't like to have anyone cross with her.

"There's no boy around here that you can have as much fun with as you can with

(Continued on Page 92)

709

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Yet gliding feet of dancers cannot dim its gay beauty. That's one reason Eugene Schoen, Architect, chose Armstrong's Linoleum. Pictured is a second reason—originality of design. Working with plain colors of Armstrong's Linoleum, Mr. Schoen fashioned a floor that carried out the musical motif of this sparkling night club of the sea.

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The complete wear, care, and cost story of these modern floors for modern business will be sent you if you write for "*Public Floors of Enduring Beauty.*" This new book shows all types of business homes that have standardized on Armstrong's Linoleum Floors. No charge. Address Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Division, 335 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa. (Makers of cork products since 1860.)

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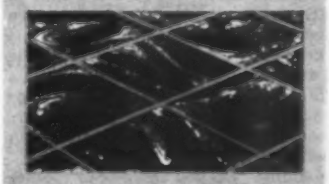

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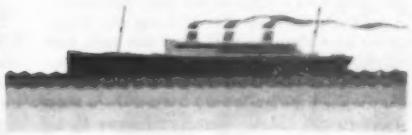

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(Continued from Page 90)

Emory," she said, when she and Jobe had made it up again. "He's sweet. I like him."

There was no use denying Emory's charm. He had the lazy, easy ways of a boy who has always been adored. He had a wide, knowing grin, and he had some sense of humor. That virtue, which is supposed to be possessed only by superior persons, was rich in him. He said things no one else had the nerve to say. He said, too, what he thought, which was often startling and amusing, and he could make one wise crack after another, to Ruth's delight. She loved to laugh, and it was an easy thing to do when she was with Emory. His mother was lovely to Ruth; glad, it seemed, that Emory had such a nice girl; and as Ruth's mother and his mother were old friends, Ruth was permitted to see more of him than she might have under other circumstances.

The hours at the theater became increasingly tedious as she waited, impatiently, for the second show to be half over, so she could run to the locker room and change. Her days were crowded with bright thoughts, with memories that made her smile, with anticipation of pleasure.

There came a richer curve to her smile as the weeks passed and summer swung around. She had long ago forgotten everyone's advice and had fallen completely under the boy's charm, as she had said she would not do. He was richly endowed. He was tall and robust, and amazingly quick and deft—a gifted young man. He might have been a great athlete if he had had just a little more self-control, a little more heart. But in athletics, as in everything else, he fell short of the last effort required for excellence. No other boy was as big and clean and easy of manners, as self-assured, as ready. He was "sweet" too, as she said; borrowing a car to take her home on a rainy night, worrying about how hard she worked, calling her little endearing names which he made up.

He came into the theater one night early in summer and sat down in the back and waited for her until she was free. Ruth always felt pretty when Emory was there. She might have taken no prizes in a beauty contest, but she had the essence of beauty—youth and health and happiness. And, as always of late, her heart beat more quickly, plunging first, and then racing in her breast, when Emory came in. She felt, this night, as though she moved in a sea, which made her body light and strange, drifting. Her low, pleasant, "This way, please," was embellished with trills and runs. She was conscientious about her work, and she smiled so dazzlingly at her regular customers that they felt a reflection from her own excitement.

"You are a good little angel," Emory chided her, when they had left the theater at last. "What do you really care about all those people? Mr. McLaughlin can't pay you for what you give them—so much kindness. I've been in lots of shows, and it's just a matter of seating people. But you might be a bride at her own reception."

"That's the way Mr. McLaughlin wants us to be—Virginia and me," she told him happily. "And then, I have my own people, who never go to Virginia's aisle, just as she has her regulars. I know where they want to sit. Mrs. Bonniewell likes to be down front, but not among the little boys; and, of course, the dates want the back row, if they can get it; and Mr. Welch likes to sit on the aisle; and Mary Ellen doesn't want to be near a ventilator; and the girls who come with other girls like to sit right in the middle of the theater—I don't know why. And I never put a fat person on the side, because the seats are narrower than they are in the center section. If I can manage it, I seat those who are friends near each other. The young married couples like that especially. It makes it kind of like a party for them. I know all the different little cliques in town, and I know those that are on the outs. Some of them are funny, Emory. They won't let you usher them, but go where you don't want them to go, although the usher really knows best how to seat them."

"I would never dream it could be so complicated," he teased her. "And what does Mr. McLaughlin pay you for this thoughtfulness?"

"You know what he pays me. He pays me eighteen dollars a week. I give eight to my mother, and I save five and spend five. Mr. McLaughlin supplies our uniforms. And aren't they pretty?"

"Yes," said Emory, suddenly discontented, "they're pretty. I think you look like a page from some old court, in yours. You look like a young boy in a Boutet de Monvel panel. I'm glad you don't wave your hair. I have waved hair; yours is so sleek and soft."

"And who was Boutet de Monvel?" She was impressed, as she always was, by his education, by his knowledge of things she knew nothing of.

"He was a Frenchman," he answered indifferently, and as she waited eagerly for more, he added, "He was an artist. He illustrated a songbook for children and made a panel of the life of Joan of Arc. Nobody's stuff is like his. I liked it better than anything else when we had Art III at the U." He was silent a moment, and added unhappily, "I could have painted if I'd had a chance."

"You're blue tonight, aren't you, Emory?"

"Who wouldn't be blue?" He spoke with a savageness she had not seen in him before. "I haven't a real friend here except you and my mother. Everyone's against me, and it sure pains me to think you really have more money than I have. My uncle is supposed to pay me twenty-five a week for the work I do for him, but he takes ten out of my pay for himself, and ten out of it for my mother, and gives me five dollars a week! Can you tie that? I don't care about what he gives mother. I'd give it all to her if she wanted it. But I don't like to be treated so. I'd like to get you some nice presents and get a car and really show you a good time. Just fooling around this old town is no fun."

"Emory, why didn't you stay in college?"

"Has someone been talking to you?" he asked, and then he said swiftly, "I'll tell you why I didn't stay in college. One reason was, I couldn't afford to stay. I hadn't any money. And the other reason was that I was made the goat. Some fellows got into trouble and blamed me for it. I hadn't had a thing to do with it, but I got the boot. I didn't tell on the others. I just took it."

"I'm glad you didn't tell, Emory. I admire you for it."

"You're the only one who does."

"And besides, it's so nice to have you here. I didn't know I was lonesome until you came home. And now—why, it makes me feel all trembly to think you might go away."

He kissed her. It was not the first time, but it was somehow different. Ruth felt that everything was different tonight. She trembled in his arms.

"I'll never leave you," he promised her. "I'll always stay with you, and if ever I go, I'll take you. If I can get out of debt, I'll marry you the next day, Ruth."

She sighed exquisitely, "I don't want to be married, especially. But it's nice to be engaged. Don't you think so?"

"I do. But we mustn't tell anyone," he cautioned her. "My uncle would have a fit. He says I still owe him about two hundred dollars, and he thinks he owns my very soul. I have to get all cleared with him before anyone knows our plans."

"Of course. Do you think your mother will care?"

"I don't know," he said honestly. "You know, of course, how my mother is about me. And she's jealous. She liked you at first, but she mightn't like you if she knew I really cared. But the main thing is, I'm likely to get in trouble if I break with my uncle. He's hard."

Ruth asked Emory why it was that he owed his uncle so much money, and he said glibly, sulkily:

"Oh, it was just some more of my bad luck. It isn't even anything to tell a nice girl like you. I went with a girl in Stone City, and she victimized me, that's all. My uncle paid her off, and he says I'll have to pay every cent back or he'll put me in jail." He laughed harshly. "That's his big-heartedness. He did it for my mother, he says, and now I've got to pay every cent of it back."

They had come to the great tree on the corner near Ruth's home. She felt weighed down by a vague unhappiness. Emory picked her up off the ground and crushed her in his arms and kissed her with passion.

"Don't tell anyone, Ruth. Promise me you won't tell anyone what we've said tonight. I'll tell you, when the time comes, to announce it."

"Whatever you want, Emory. I'll do whatever you ask me to do."

"You're good!" But he was unhappy again. He shrugged his shoulders moodily. "You're the only one who understands me, Ruth. I wish we could get married tomorrow. I wish there wasn't anybody else but you and me. Everybody faults me, everybody nags at me, but you."

"It'll all come straight in time," she said. But he did not believe it.

"I don't know. I'll have bad luck again. You'll see!"

And, indeed, his prediction seemed more than true, for it was only a week or so later that Emory and his uncle had such a bitter quarrel that it ended in Emory's leaving his uncle's mill. Ruth was not at all shaken in her faith in him. She believed his half story implicitly. Going with Emory, "just for the fun of it," was now a thing of the past, and the young girl was deeply in love. It was necessary now for her to believe in him.

They had been going to Stone City to dance, on Monday evenings, all summer, for that was Ruth's free night. The second week after his uncle let him out, he told her they couldn't go, that he hadn't any money. He wouldn't ask his mother for money, he said, after all she had done for him. Ruth at once offered to loan him the ten dollars she usually had left from her own pay after she had paid her board to her mother, and he borrowed it with a great show of reluctance. After that first time, he kept Ruth stripped of money. He was not working. There seemed nothing in Hilltown for him to do, and he would go away, he said, but he couldn't bear to leave Ruth. He would surely get a good break, sometime soon now.

Jobe said to Ruth, "What did I tell you about that guy?" but Ruth became so indignant, she trembled with such rage, that Jobe was daunted.

"No one gives Emory a chance!" she stormed. "Every hand is against him! Just because he's had bad luck ——"

"Bad luck, my eye," muttered Jobe. "Who got him into trouble with that girl at Stone City that his uncle had to buy off?"

"I know all about that," said Ruth, whose heart was almost breaking. "I know everything about it; it's not a word true."

"You know what he told you," said Jobe stubbornly, and Ruth became so pale that Jobe was sorry, but he would not give in. He thought too much of Ruth.

"I tell you, Ruth, he's worthless. Why don't you listen to your friends? Why can't you see what everyone else sees? We only wish you well."

"Then you must wish him well," she answered firmly.

She was embarrassed because she could not tell about her engagement. It put her in a cruel position when she defended Emory against them all and still could not say that he was hers. She had never had a secret before in all her innocent young life. She had always told everything she knew, and the necessity to keep this great fact to herself altered all her mental habits. And she could not tell anyone that Emory borrowed money from her. It was her own affair. "It's my money," she told herself defiantly. "I work hard enough for it." When they were married, Emory would look after her; he would show them all then.

It seemed that loving Emory required that she turn against everyone else. Emory laughed at her for liking Mr. McLaughlin as she did. "Can't you see he's only getting rich off the rest of you?" he asked her. But Ruth's loyalty to her employer was too deep for Emory to disturb, though it made her unhappy to listen to him. Mr. McLaughlin, with his great, bald, pink head, with its fringe of silky white hair, with his keen, kind, blue eyes and booming voice, had been good to her, and she knew it. He was good to them all. He was just and upright and fair in all his dealings. And he was interested in them as human beings. Ruth knew that he was worried about her. His eyes rested with anxiety on her face, a little paler and thinner than it had been in the spring. Ruth sometimes came out of the theater and felt a great need to turn into the office and sit down in the chair beside his desk and tell him all about Emory—about her engagement, and Emory's troubles, and the money she lent to him, and the way she always felt like crying now. He was the one person in all the world, she felt, who would listen to the end, without a word, and would understand and know what to do. Only the thought of Emory's displeasure stayed her.

One Saturday when Mr. McLaughlin gave her her pay envelope, he said to her, "You aren't happy, are you, Ruth?"

She smiled. She didn't know. If she were not happy, she didn't even know why.

"I'm all right," she assured him, but her lips trembled.

"Sometimes," he said, "we are defeated. We can't always do for other people what we would like to do."

She looked up at him, her brown eyes puzzled and forlorn. She tried to understand what he meant.

"When Mrs. McLaughlin died," he told her, "I would have done anything—anything—to hold her. But I couldn't. That's what I mean—about being defeated. We can't pull off everything, though we have the right to try. It's a matter of growing up—of accepting things as they are. That's philosophy and courage."

"I don't know much about philosophy," said Ruth. She almost told him then that it hurt her to feel that people in Hilltown did not respect Emory. Hilltown was a place of its own, a little apart from the world. It was an old-fashioned community where a young man or woman must be concerned with the name that is attached to him or her. Ruth had always been respected. She had been nicely brought up, and came of a good family, and she found that it was one thing to say she didn't care, and another thing really to feel indifferent. People might come to look upon her as they did upon Emory, if she were with him always. Emory wanted her to walk with him, late, after the show. He did not want to go to her home. He said her father didn't like him, though her mother might. When they were alone, under the stars, under the great trees, talking about "some day," the world forgotten, Ruth was happy and full of confidence in him and the future. But when she was alone, it was different. Everything then seemed dark and threatening to her happiness.

She said to him one night, "I'm going to tell my mother we're engaged. I think I should, Emory. She doesn't like my having dates so late. She thinks the world of your mother, but she worries about me."

He was sulky. "Can't you wait a few weeks? I've got something planned for September. Wait until then."

"But you won't have your uncle paid by then."

"I don't care. I don't care if I never pay him. I didn't ask him for the money."

Ruth's heart failed at this. "Not pay your debts?" She had never heard of such a proceeding. Debts were paid, no matter what else waited.

"No," he said, and then: "Ruth, I must manage things for myself. Be my good girl now, and just leave it to me."

She had no defense against his coaxing, against his good looks, his pleasant voice, his plausible manners, and especially against

(Continued on Page 96)

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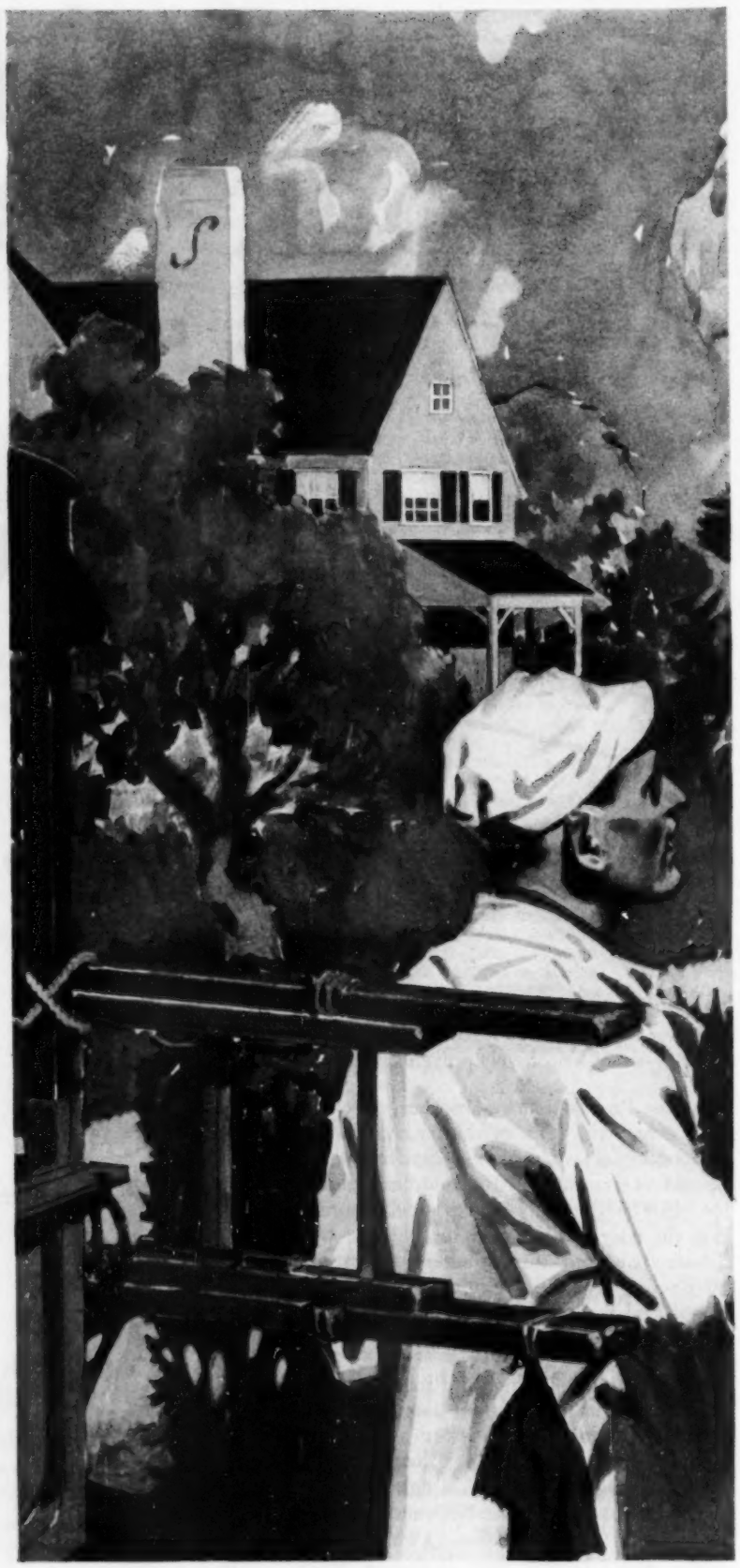

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his own unhappiness. He was so nearly a gentleman. At times he almost seemed what she thought him—her boy—the boy for her to love and marry.

But as September drew near, he began to talk to her about something she could do for him, if she would, and when she asked him what it was, he put her off.

"I'll tell you. But you won't do it. I know you won't."

"But of course I will, Emory. You know I'd do anything for you."

"Not this," he answered. "You won't do this."

"But of course I will. If it's nothing wrong, and I know you wouldn't ask me to do anything wrong."

"We won't talk about it any more."

"But please tell me."

"Not now. Later, perhaps, if you still want to know."

And then, their next date, it would be the same thing again.

"Well, I don't know whether it's wrong or not," he said. "After all, everything's wrong to a certain extent. The way I figure it out, it's the lesser of two evils. It's the only way I can see out of the hole I'm in. After all, Ruth, it's what a person can get away with."

"No," said Ruth. "Because you are unlucky, Emory. You don't get away with things. And then, it's foolish to talk so. We all know what's right and what's wrong."

"Do we?" he said. "All right then. You don't care what happens to me. We'll just drop it."

He made her feel that he was disappointed in her. That night, in the theater, Ruth was cross with everyone. She didn't want to bother with Mrs. Bonniewell, who came back and asked to be seated in a different place. She felt like boxing Johnny Miller's ears, and was quite stern with a young man who kept turning around and putting his feet in the aisle. While the picture was running she stood at her place, her flash light in her hand, thinking how nice it would be when she and Emory were away from here and were together for always. And then she felt that they would never go away, and the thought brought a species of terror to her.

On Labor Day there was a special matinée, and after three shows on Saturday and Sunday, Ruth was very tired by Monday night. Emory was waiting for her when she left the theater after ten. He fretted over her weariness.

"If you'd only do what I want you to do, we could be so happy," he told her. He talked to her, as they turned toward home, about how he loved her and wanted to take care of her. He bound her, round and round, with his own assertions of love.

"You really care for me?" he asked her.

"Of course I do. You know that."

"Then you'd do something for me tomorrow? Something you wouldn't do for anyone else?"

"Of course I would."

"Would you go away with me? Run away and get married?"

"Yes."

"Honest?"

"Yes."

"But there's something else we'd have to do first, and you won't do that."

"Yes, I will."

"Promise?"

"Yes."

He called her on the telephone at noon and asked her to meet him at Miller's before she went to the theater. He was there, waiting for her, and he was dressed in his good suit.

He was clean-shaven, big and handsome, and deeply excited. Ruth felt faint and unhappy when she met him. She knew, at once, that he was going away—perhaps without her.

"Well, Ruth," he said, when their sodas were before them and they were alone, "are you going with me?"

"Where?"

"That's my secret. I've got it all worked out. You know what you said last night. You promised to do something for me."

"What is it?"

"It's just one thing—and it will make a little trouble, but not for you. Mr. McLaughlin wouldn't make trouble for you. And it will give us our start, and I'll never ask you to do a thing like it again. We'll be married and away from here, and we'll have a good break at last."

She was cold as ice. "What is it, Emory?"

"I've borrowed Mort Wilson's car. I told him I'd leave it at Stone City for him. We'll get the train there. You're going to the theater now, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And you're going to take the money to the bank, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"That's for Saturday and Sunday and Monday—nine shows. How much money will that be, Ruth?"

"It will be more than a thousand dollars."

"Well, don't you see?"

"No. I don't see."

"Don't you catch on?"

"No, no! No! I don't know what you mean! What has it to do with us?"

"Everything. It will be our stake."

"You mean"—her mouth was dry, her voice only a whisper; her great dark eyes were upon him imploringly, asking him to laugh, to say he was joking. She was white; even her lips were white—"you mean I am to bring it to you—Mr. McLaughlin's bank deposit—from the theater—Mr. McLaughlin's money—and we'll run away with that and be married?"

"Don't look like that about it. We've got to grab our chance. It's not the first ride I've hooked. That's all it is—a ride. There won't be any trouble."

She rose. Her knees were knocking together. She looked at him, and her colorless lips curled with scorn.

"You needn't wait for me," she said. "Go on alone. I'll not be with you."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought you'd be a quitter when the time came," he said, and turned his face away from her. Ruth laughed and went out of the ice-cream parlor, and turned toward the theater without knowing where she was going.

There was no one at the theater when she got there, except Bill Finney, tacking up some posters. She went into the empty playhouse and sat down in the corner. She could not cry. She was dying, she thought. Her heart beat jerkily. There was such a pain in her breast that she was almost delirious with it. And then the storm broke and her heart cried out after Emory. She leaned her head on her arm against the back of the seat before her, and the slow, terrible tears ran down her cheeks in silence. It seemed as though Emory were there, near her, a man in a dream, yet terribly real. He was shabby and unkempt. She could see him, as in a vision, the cloud pressed down over his eyes, his clothing disheveled, a cut on his head, a bruise, dark blue and swollen, on one cheek. He was all alone—all alone in a place where she could not reach him or help him.

And then there came to her a wild fear for herself. What kind of a girl was she that she could love a thief? What was the matter with her that her desire was for a man whom all other men despised? Was she herself dishonorable, or were her instincts faulty? Wasn't her own integrity great enough to have protected her from this danger? What would happen to her if she had no guide within herself to show her the way?

It had not, even for a moment, occurred to her to obey him, to follow him blindly, as women have followed rogues before. She was a business girl. She knew what money was, and how hard it was to earn it. She had been disciplined by responsibilities, by regular habits, regular work. No such course would be possible to her, no matter what pain she had to bear.

Richard came in and went down by her and did not see her. He turned on the light over the organ and spread out his music. She could hear the soft whine of the electric motor, which fell at once into silence, and he began to play. Someone else came in and went upstairs, and she could hear Jobe tinkering above. Lights came on the screen and went out again.

Jobe and Richard, Virginia and Miss Pitcain, Mr. McLaughlin and Bill—all of them had warned her, all of them loved her. This was what Mr. McLaughlin knew waited for her. "Sometimes we have to accept defeat." When his wife had died he had known this feeling—that there was nothing he could do.

Now she heard Mr. McLaughlin's voice. The theater was coming slowly to life in the early afternoon. There was work to be done. Bill Finney appeared with his vacuum cleaner and called up to Jobe to turn on the lights. Ruth wiped her eyes and got tremblingly to her feet. She could not go in to face Virginia and Mr. McLaughlin in the office, she felt. It was too hard. But Mr. McLaughlin would be expecting her to prepare the deposit and go to the bank. She steadied herself against the seat before her, breathed deeply and counted, called upon herself for courage. She scrubbed her face angrily with her handkerchief and went into the lobby.

Mr. McLaughlin called from the office door, "I've got the bank book ready for you, Ruth."

Virginia looked up. "What's the matter, Ruth?" she asked at once.

"I've got a headache," said Ruth. Virginia said something sympathetic and went to answer the telephone. It was for Mr. McLaughlin.

Ruth took the bank book and the two small canvas bags that held the many silver coins and the bills which were the theater's earnings, and went out. She walked along the street where the bright fall sunshine made everything look the same—harsh and bright. She lifted her feet, one and then the other, like a person in a dream who walks and walks and gets nowhere. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the red front of the cash-and-carry was behind her, the pool room, and the stone meat market, and Simon's grocery, and there, before the bank, stood Mort Wilson's car, with the engine running, and beside the car, with the door open and his hand on the door, was Emory, his felt hat pulled down to shade his eyes from the sun, his gaze on her.

A dart of terror went through her. Suddenly she stiffened, held the money up close in her arms—she who had walked so fearlessly, so safely on Main Street all these months with Mr. McLaughlin's money. She acted entirely instinctively. She wheeled about; strength poured through her. Her heart beat a quick, strong tattoo, and she ran.

For a moment she had a feeling that she was pursued and her feet were winged. She fled back along the way she had come, turned the corner and dashed into the theater. Mr. McLaughlin was in the lobby. He turned to her in astonishment, and she threw herself on him.

"I got—sunstruck!" she sobbed. "I—I—you take the money to the bank, Mr. McLaughlin." She thrust the canvas bags, the bank book with the rubber band around it, into his arms. "Take Bill Finney with you."

Mr. McLaughlin stood looking at her. Ruth tried to laugh. She caught her breath; her lungs were pumping too fast; her heart beat like a stroke hammer.

"I—it's all right now! Everything's all right now!"

Mr. McLaughlin put the money down on the ornate armchair in the lobby and caught Ruth's arms between his big, hard, old hands.

"Ruth, what's the matter? Quick, Virginia—Jobe—Bill! Ruth's fainted! Come quickly!"

He lifted her and carried her into his office, and Virginia helped him to place her in the chair, and Jobe came running with water, while Bill Finney rushed out for Doctor Lockerbie. When she opened her eyes, she found them all in a circle around her, with Doctor Lockerbie holding her wrist.

"It's just shock," he said.

She pushed them away. "I'm all right."

"What happened? Someone frightened you!" said Mr. McLaughlin.

She looked up at him and her lips quivered. She said, "I can't ever tell you! Don't ask me, please!"

It was true. She could never tell anyone—not anyone in the world. This was what made older people look so dry-eyed and steady-lipped. It was secrets—things that happened that they could never tell.

Emory was gone by now. She would never see him again. The nights in the theater would be empty of anticipation. People would come in and watch the love affairs of shadows on the screen and speak to her, and she would smile and go on with her job. She rose.

"I'm going home now," she said. "And I'll be back this evening." She had one wild pang of longing—to go after Emory, to try to bring him back, to redeem him with her love. But the moment passed. She had loved him with all her heart, and loving him had not changed him. There was nothing she could do for him. But it was hard—hard. He had been so full of promise, so gay and young, so easy to love.

There was a second running of a ten-reel film that night—a sound picture with a popular star. Gradually Ruth had come back from the places of nightmare and self-doubt to some semblance of reason. But it was not until she stood at the head of her own aisle in her brief scarlet satin skirt and gold-brocaded jacket, with her flash light in her hand and her little round hat on her sleek head; with Virginia at the other aisle, with Richard at the organ, and Miss Pitcain at the ticket window; it was not until she heard the machines whirring under Jobe's competent hands and the recorded voices speaking from the screen behind her—that she felt safe. Mr. McLaughlin was there in his office, a barrier against harm. The show was open, the crowd coming in—everything going on as usual. She felt the promise of the renewed rhythm of life, felt the security of work and habit. She would give herself a little while to get over this, and then she would be all right again.

The affection and tenderness of the staff would sustain her. They loved her simply and kindly, in the wine-sweet affection among men and women who work together, the loyalty of an organization to its least member, which is a new thing in the world, and stands in its own place between family love and romance. She straightened her shoulders. She would show Mr. McLaughlin what service was! He'd see an usher that could usher! Her flash light played on the deep pile of the aisle carpet.

She smiled and said, in her quick, friendly voice, "This way, please."

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AMSTERDAM	CANTON	FORT EDWARD	HAMBURG	LANCASTER	N. TONAWANDA	ST. JOHNSVILLE	UTICA
ANTWERP	CARTHAGE	FORT PLAIN	HERKIMER	LEROY	NORWOOD	SALAMANCA	WATERFORD
BALDWINSVILLE	COBLESKILL	FRANKFORT	HOMER	LITTLE FALLS	OGDENSBURG	SARATOGA SPRINGS	WATERTOWN
BALLSTON	CORTLAND	FREDONIA	HUDSON	LOWVILLE	OLEAN	SCHENECTADY	WATERVLIET
BATAVIA	COHOES	GENESEO	HUDSON FALLS	LYONS	ONEIDA	SCOTIA	WELLSVILLE
BOONVILLE	DEPEW	GLENS FALLS	ILION	MALONE	OSWEGO	SKANEATELES	WESTFIELD
BROCKPORT	DOLGEVILLE	GLOVERSVILLE	JAMESTOWN	MASSENA	POTSDAM	SOLVAY	WHITEHALL
BUFFALO	DUNKIRK	GOUVERNEUR	JOHNSTOWN	MEDINA	PULASKI	SYRACUSE	WHITESBORO
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THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 43)

pending the indemnity, just outside the northern ramparts. Savage fighting was persistent around Neuilly, a little more than a mile beyond the walls, manned this time against fellow Frenchmen. As Aristide walked with Angèle along the Champs-Élysées, its trees misty with young green on that April Sunday evening, the Arc de Triomphe was silhouetted against a horizon reverberating to the ceaseless rolling thunder of artillery, punctuated with the heavier detonations from Mont Valérien, stupidly abandoned to the Versaillais, from Forts Vanves and Issy, seized in time by the communards. The sidewalks were lined with sightseers watching battalion after battalion of National Guards marching noisily to the fratricidal combat, watching revolutionary generals smothered in gold braid caracoling their horses, exhibiting their new splendor to the sarcasms of this ever skeptically ironic population.

Aristide was happy. Angèle hung on his proprietorial arm, adorably pretty in the new dress of tight corsage and bustled skirt, the dainty little bonnet she had somehow procured for herself, since the fifteen francs a day allowed to officials of the Commune permitted no such extravagances.

These last three weeks had been an idyl such as his love-starved soul had never known. Surrendering himself to that felicity, he refused to consider how precarious was this revolutionary régime to which he owed it.

On March twenty-sixth the Commune had been elected by the barely sufficient votes of a Paris whence the wealthier classes had fled, while the middle class had sullenly abstained. He had been one of the successful candidates, had been confirmed in his office at the Ministry of Finance. There, whatever the others might do, he could conscientiously serve his ideals. Watching jealously over those precious funds of the Commune, he could ignore the saturnalia at the Hôtel de Ville, where the leaders legiferated and argued, quarreled, intrigued and arrested one another, amid a crapulous orgy such as that historic building had never known in its most revolutionary times. His task was principally to refuse the incessant demands for money presented by swaggering gold-bedizened comrades with pasts tabulated in the *dossiers* of the Prefecture of Police. If, hideously, all that was most criminal in Paris had rallied to the Commune, his own faith never wavered. This was merely a temporary ebullition of rascality to be expected in a period of warfare. Very soon the victorious Commune—germ of the universal republic—would purge itself of these unworthy elements, would reveal itself in its dazzling splendor of pure virtue.

They strolled past one of the expensive semi-open-air restaurants of the Champs-Élysées, filled with customers very unlike their old-time aristocratic clientele.

A voice hailed them: "Angèle! Angèle! Aristide! Aristide!" It was Lucien, uniformed as a general—he had made the most of his opportunities—shouting to them from a merry party at a table.

"Lucien!" cried Angèle, in joyful recognition. "We come! We come!" She tugged Aristide toward the restaurant. "*Viens, Aristide!*"

He held back, rigid in his principles. "No, Angèle; it is impossible. Remember, we have but fifteen francs a day. Such places are not for us!"

"Just this once!" she pleaded, irresistible in her vivacious charm. "*Sois bon, Aristide!* I have not seen Lucien for days, and just this once I want to feel what it is like to be one of the *chic monde*."

He could refuse nothing to this adorable creature who bewitched him. Tomorrow he would economize on his own necessities.

"This once only, then," he said severely.

They entered, were greeted noisily from the table. Lucien sat with the already notorious young Raoul Rigault, reigning now over the Prefecture of Police, and a handsome swashbuckling young general unknown to Aristide, and three very evident courtesans. With a grand air, Angèle turned to a visibly disdainful waiter.

"Set two more chairs, and be quick about it, *canaille!* Remember, we are the masters now!"

Raoul Rigault, dissipatedly dandified, vain of his precociously luxuriant beard, rose with an exaggerated bow to Angèle. "*Enchanté, citoyenne!* Permit that I introduce the *Citoyen Général* Henri Meurice, the *Citoyenne Prostituée* Loulou, the *Citoyenne Prostituée* Thérèse, the *Citoyenne Prostituée* Mimi." It was his cynical affectation so to introduce the ladies who were his habitual companions, scandalizing any respectable *bourgeois* who happened to be in the vicinity.

"Shut up, Rigault!" said the Citizeness Loulou, flamboyant in a big hat. "You talk too much. One doesn't need introductions these days. We're all comrades together."

"For me," laughed little blond Citizeness Thérèse, "I hope the Commune lasts forever! I have never amused myself so much. À *bas les bourgeois! Vive la Commune!*"

"*Bien sûr!*" agreed Citizeness Mimi, solemnly very drunk. "The Commune—it is us, *enfin!*"

Aristide with difficulty restrained his indignation. It was on his tongue to tell her that the Commune represented all that was noblest in humanity, even though scoundrels temporarily dishonored it. This brazenly vicious company was intolerably repugnant to him, this lavishly luxurious repast brought by contemptuously obsequious waiters a betrayal of all his principles. But Angèle was quite at her ease, laughing and talking vivaciously with Rigault and Meurice, in no way disconcerted by the presence of the citizenesses.

Lucien shouted for a better wine, the best in the restaurant.

"It won't last long," he remarked to Aristide. "Let us make the most of it while we can!" He went on to relate that several of the chief comrades, alarmed by the Versaillese success yesterday, had prudently disappeared with all the funds they could lay hands on. "Bah!" he finished, to the table at large. "For myself, I'm going to see it out! We'll give those scoundrels of Versailles something to do! If the barricades fail, we'll set light to the whole box of tricks. The War Ministry is mining the sewers already; we'll all blow up together!"

The *Procureur* of the Commune laughed. "I'll see to it that the hostages are shot first!" During the week, the Archbishop of Paris and a score or so others, mostly ecclesiastics, had been imprisoned as hostages and menaced with death if the Versaillais executed any of the communards.

The table glasses shook with an intensification of the cannonade.

"*Ça chauffe!*" laughed Lucien. "That's the counterattack Cluseret told me about. He has ordered Dombrowski to try and recapture the Neuilly bridge. Did you hear that he has arrested that fool Bergeret? There's been a tremendous row. Bergeret objected to being no longer general in chief and denounced Cluseret as sold to Versailles. So Cluseret locked him up in Mazas." He laughed again, cynically. "If it goes on like this, the Versaillais will find all their birds neatly caged for them when they break in. Bah! It is stupid to take this business seriously. The essential is to have a good time while it lasts!" He shouted, drunkenly, for more wine.

Their banquet became more and more noisily boisterous. At the stage of coffee and liqueurs, Citizeness Loulou obliged with a demonstration of the *cancan*, with a high kick knocked off Lucien's *képi*. All save Aristide rolled on their seats with laughter. Several times he had tried to get Angèle away, reminding her that he had much to do at the ministry in the morning, but she refused to come, saying that he could go if he wished, but that she was a free citizeness and would do what she liked. What she liked, too obviously, was to flirt with young Meurice. He watched her, an anguish of jealousy in his heart, as she laughed and joked with the handsome young revolutionary. He dared not leave her in this company.

She teased him on his glum melancholy, prettily mischievous, Meurice's arm half around her:

"*Rigole donc, gros bête!* What is the use of a revolution if we don't amuse ourselves? I'm enjoying myself, at least!"

How could she be so heartless? Did she not know he loved her? Why could she not be content with that modest little apartment he had rented for their idyl together? But he forgave her. She was obviously such a mere light-hearted child, avid of the joys that her youth of laborious poverty had withheld from her. It was the fault of that iniquitous capitalist system they must everywhere overthrow if she had grown up ignorant of ideals, careless of morals. He would educate her gradually to comprehend the sublimity of virtue, of austere republican simplicity in a world made to a new pattern.

He managed to smile at her, heroically, hiding his jealousy.

"Enjoy yourself then, *ma petite!* It pleases me that you are happy."

His ordeal came to an end at last. The gas lights in the clustered opal globes were turned down. The waiters began to pile chairs upon the tables. Raoul Rigault had told the maître-d'hôtel to put everything on his bill. That formidable account was now presented. Rigault took it, scanned it, tore it into little pieces.

"Present your complaint to the Prefecture of Police, my friend," he said, with a laugh. "You will find me there tomorrow morning!"

The head waiter expostulated.

"Quiet, *canaille!*" said Rigault. "Think yourself lucky if I don't close your *boîte* for flaunting an extravagant luxury which insults the poverty of the sovereign people!"

It was a good joke. He laughed at it sardonically, himself. Insolent bandit though was this chief of police to the Commune, Aristide consoled himself with the thought that there was a revolutionary justice in his act. It was well that these corrupters of morals should be taught a lesson.

He hurried out after Angèle, saw her in the shadow of the trees whispering a good-by to young Meurice. Before he could reach them, Meurice had disappeared.

The company dispersed, he walked homeward with Angèle. The thunder of the cannonade was terrible. The sky behind the Arc de Triomphe was lit with flickeringly lurid flashes. Angèle pressed his arm, shuddered.

"*Dis donc, chéri,*" she said. "Do you think the Commune can be defeated? It is terrible to think of them fighting out there, killing one another ——" She broke off, with a thought she did not utter.

He reaffirmed his stoical confidence in their eventual success.

"The Commune will survive, *ma petite*, for the Commune is immortal. Though all of us now perish, yet the cause will go on, and one day the republic will triumph—the universal republic of universal virtue."

Plainly she paid no heed to him, cocked her pretty little head to listen to that thunder.

"Comrade Meurice says there will be no quarter if the Versaillais break in. Everyone will be shot."

He set his face hard. "The Versaillais will find only the ruins of Paris!"

On that brilliant Sunday afternoon, the twenty-first of May—the 2d Prairial, Year 79, according to the revolutionary calendar recently reintroduced—it was difficult to believe that Paris was still besieged. The hitherto ceaseless cannonade had lulled into a complete silence. Aristide and Angèle, happily arm in arm together, descended from Montmartre to the center of the city through streets populous with promenading family groups, with respectable tradesmen and their wives enjoying the Sabbath leisure, with National Guards saunteringly off duty. Many of the original barricades of March had long been removed, and once more cabs and omnibuses circulated, avoiding only the main fortresses, such as the immense circular earthwork around the Arc de Triomphe, the batteries on the Trocadéro, the intrenched and bastioned Place de la Concorde, the regularly fortified Place Vendôme, the formidable obstacle at the junction of the Rue Royale and the Boulevard, and similar strategic points on the left bank. No longer did groups gather excitedly to stare at the red flags flying on all the public buildings. It was nine weeks since the ultra-revolutionaries had seized the capital, and it seemed as though Paris had adjusted itself to a state of things become normal, destined indefinitely to endure.

That normality was fallacious. All business had long ago been paralyzed, and the great majority of workmen subsisted only on the thirty sous a day they received for serving the National Guard. Save perhaps a score thousand out of the half million souls in Paris, the entire population was irreconcilably hostile to its fantastic masters at the Hôtel de Ville, in a hatred not lessened by the conscription which forced all young men between seventeen and thirty-five into the fighting battalions of the National Guard, by the alarmingly continual arrest of hostages, by the recent malignant destruction of the Napoleon Column in the Place Vendôme. Impotent to revolt against those in control of their destinies, the Parisians watched the slow approach of deliverance with an increasingly feverish expectancy, an increasing hope. Gradually, point by point, the government troops had forced the communards from all their positions outside the walls, for days had been battering the ramparts themselves. But no one could yet guess when the end would come.

Aristide glanced at the time, quickened his pace toward the Hôtel de Ville, where all the members of the Commune were to assemble in special session. General Cluseret, the War Minister of April, under open arrest since Fort Issy had fallen on May eighth, was to appear before the *Commission d'Enquête*, which would decide whether he was a traitor or merely incompetent. The affair was characteristic of that chaotic government of ambitious intriguers, failed lawyers, fanatic visionaries and common criminals, obsessed by mutual and more or less legitimate suspicions of treachery, perpetually denouncing and imprisoning its chief functionaries. In the elections of March, the representatives of the Internationale had been swamped by Jacobins of the tradition of 1793, and from the start the Commune had been divided into two violently antagonistic factions, each with their own theory of how a revolution should be conducted. The confusion was made worse by the continued separate existence of the Central Committee and the constitution of a Committee of Public Safety on the model of the great revolution. While steadily the army of Versailles fought its way nearer to the walls, they had given themselves up to an orgy of legislation, often contradictory and rarely enforced, where every revolutionary catchword was successively elevated to the dignity of a decree.

Scrupulously diligent at the Ministry of Finance, Aristide had taken no part in those virulently acrimonious debates at the Hôtel de Ville. He had a sacred trust to fulfill, and he dedicated himself to it incorruptibly; not through him should fail this menaced

(Continued on Page 105)

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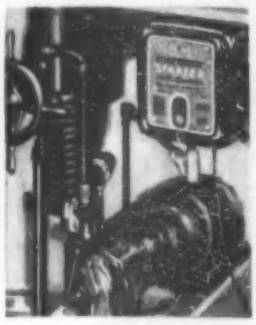

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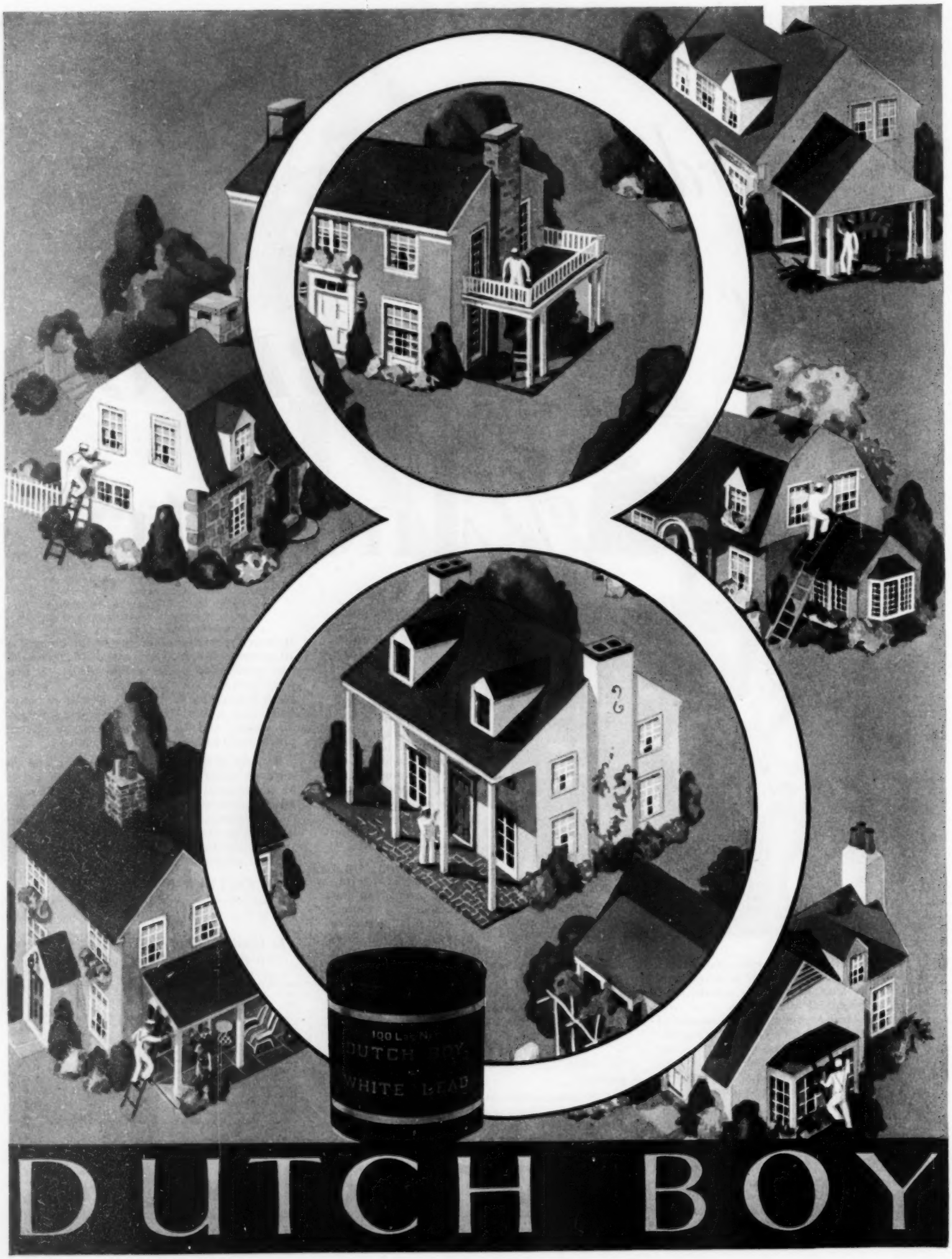

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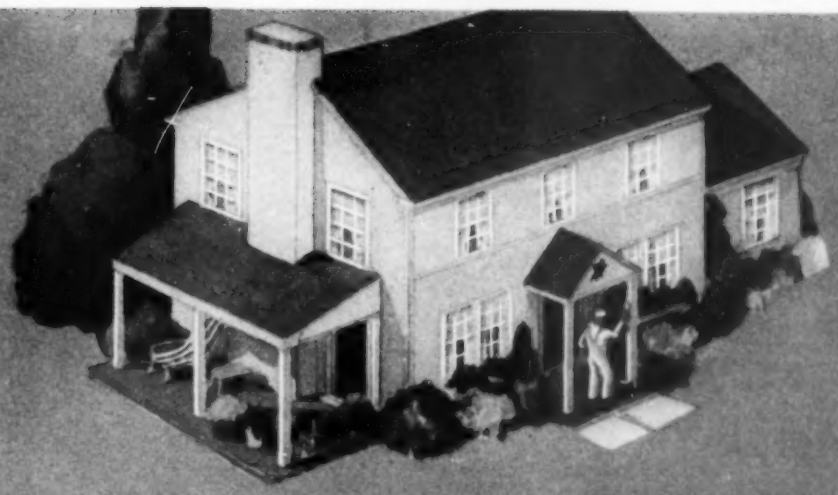

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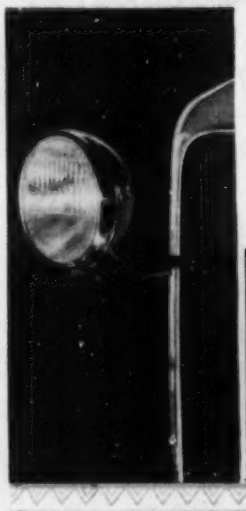

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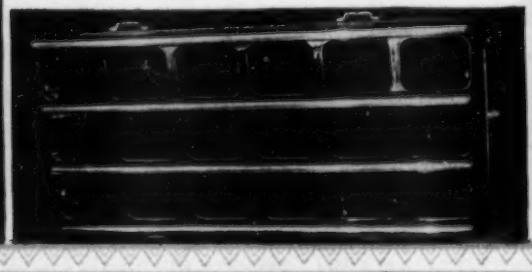

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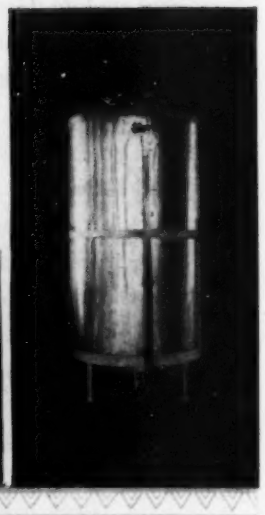

ALLEGHENY METAL

Allegheny METAL Allegheny METAL

(Continued from Page 100)

Commune which, in spite of bitter disillusionment, was yet to him the germ of the universal republic one day to be victorious over the entire earth. The day's work over, with punctual regularity at the same hour he returned to the little apartment high on Montmartre, where his adorable Angèle awaited him.

Their idyl continued without a flaw. Not again had he had occasion for jealousy. His absences she spent with a woman friend, Madame Bullier, in the same quarter. Almost he had forgotten the handsome young Citizen General Meurice. Resigned to their honest poverty, never even had Angèle asked to be taken to the gilded restaurants where some of the comrades still caroused, despite the virtuous decree which closed such establishments and swept hundreds of unfortunate citizenesses off the streets to the prison of St.-Lazare.

Daily more radiant, it seemed, with their mutual love, she was affectionately content to spend the evenings in the apartment, standing, arms about each other, on the balcony which loftily overlooked all Paris spread at their feet, listening docilely to his eloquent panegyrics of revolutionary virtue, his prophecies of the republic which was to come. Lately, indeed, she often accompanied him to the ministry, sat in his room naïvely interested while he paid out bundles of notes, bags of coin, against meticulously scrutinized requisitions, or rigidly refused some hectoring ruffian in uniform whose demand was suspect. The subordinate employes all knew this pretty *citoyenne*, with a charming word and smile for everyone, who was the *femme révolutionnaire* of the vice delegate, entitled to pass in and out as she pleased.

She laughed merrily as she hung on his arm, dainty in the light dress appropriate to this summer day which, cleverly, she had made in the afternoons she spent with Madame Bullier.

"How terribly you frown! You haven't said a word for the past ten minutes, *sais-tu, mon chou?*"

"*Hein?*" He jerked out of his heavy thoughts. "I was wondering what is going to happen. Those imbeciles at the Hôtel de Ville think only of fighting one another, instead of defending the Commune. At any moment the Versaillais may assault. I heard this morning that the ramparts between the Point-du-Jour and Auteuil are almost abandoned. The Guards on duty there blew out the brains of an officer who tried to make them return to their posts. And these fools have nothing better to do than to argue whether Cluseret is a scoundrel or merely an idiot. Ah, this poor Commune is badly served!"

She glanced at him, suddenly serious. "Is the Commune really coming to an end then, Aristide?"

"It can only be a matter of days. That's certain."

"Ah!" she said, and walked along silently, lost in her own thoughts. He wondered whether her heart was heavy at this imminent end to their idyllic romance, as his was heavy. For all that, like most of the leaders, he had prudently provided himself with false identity papers, there would be little chance of escape when the crash came.

They arrived at the Rue de Rivoli, heard the stirring beat and blare of a military band playing the Marseillaise. Some battalions of the National Guard were approaching, marching westward to take their turn of duty on the fighting front. A mounted general, magnificent in gold braid, led them. Angèle changed color, uttered a little involuntary cry. It was Meurice. He glanced round, put his gloved hand to his *képi* in salute, smiled at her familiarly as he passed. Frigidly Aristide hoped the insolent young scoundrel would be killed. Such as he disgraced the virtuously pure revolution.

Both now thoughtful and silent, they continued on their way, arrived at the Hôtel de Ville.

Most of the members of the Commune were present in the great hall, passionately interested in this factional fight where Cluseret was but the pretext. As was usual in the debates, the general public was admitted. Aristide conducted Angèle to one of the seats reserved for the privileged, went to his own. The debate began, violent, factious, delegates shrieking one another down, waving their fists at one another, making insulting remarks that had nothing to do with the matter under discussion.

At last, Citizen Delegate Miot, a handsome old veteran of 1848, read a long incoherent accusation against the Citizen General Cluseret. Five other members rose successively in support of it. Cluseret, ex-officer of the Crimea, ex-Garibaldian in the Italian campaign of 1860, ex-officer of the American Civil War, where he had been one of McClellan's staff, the most competent general of the Commune, was called upon to exculpate himself. He did so, disdainfully, negligently, sarcastically, joked about the offer of a million said to have been made to him by Versailles, maintained that the cause of their disasters was the total lack of discipline in the revolutionary army.

It was seven P.M. when he retired for the members of the court to come to a decision. The vitriolic young journalist Vermorel began a discourse: "The ease with which we arrest a military chief is one of the symptoms of our strength ——"

His phrases were interrupted by a disturbance in the hall. The squalidly ugly Citizen Delegate Billioray, ex-organ-grinder, appeared suddenly, a paper in his hand.

"Conclude! Conclude!" he cried gaspingly. "I demand the secret sitting!"

What was amiss? In startled alarm, the president ordered the hall to be cleared. The public was hustled outside. Only the members of the Commune remained. What had gone wrong?

"Comrades!" stammered Billioray, looking as though he were about to faint. "The Versaillais are in Paris! They entered this afternoon. Already their columns are advancing!"

When at last Aristide joined Angèle outside, she clung to him anxiously.

"What has happened, Aristide? What has happened?"

He replied like a man who has received his sentence of death.

"It is all over. The Versaillais are in Paris." He laughed bitterly. "Most of the comrades are already bolting."

He expected her to plead with him to escape also. But she looked at him from a face strangely white.

"The cowards! But you are not like that scum! You are a real revolutionary; you'll stay at your post to the last! I know you will! I could not love you else! And I will stay with you, at the ministry, wherever you are!"

He heard her with an immense, an overwhelming joy. He had not misplaced his love, had not wasted his teaching! Angèle was his worthy mate, a genuine revolutionary to the core! Of course he would not abandon his post. To the end he would do his duty to the Commune already decided to dispute Paris step by step. He took her in his arms, kissed her fiercely.

"*Ma bien-aimée!* That is how I would have you be. We will remain together, faithful to the cause, until the end!"

It was two days later, Tuesday, the twenty-third of May. A remnant of the Commune still continued to function, organizing a desperate resistance, barricade by barricade, to the government troops advancing on each bank of the Seine, like the claws of a gigantic pincer about central Paris. Into Aristide's room at the Ministry of Finance in the Rue de Rivoli, overlooking the Tuileries Gardens, came the incessant detonations of the fighting halfway along the Champs-Élysées, the shriek and crash of the shells hurled by the government batteries at the Trocadéro and the Étoile, the opposing communard batteries on Montmartre. Angèle, strained and white, sat with him as she had sat most of yesterday, going out every now and then to get news, returning with tidings that were ever more disastrous. The government troops were making a wide circle that already menaced the revolutionary stronghold of Montmartre.

He had refused to hand out any more money to the smoke-begrimed, haggard, alcohol-saturated communards clamoring incessantly for cash he suspected was to aid their flight.

"You need no more money now, comrades!" he repeated inexorably, imperturbable under their menaces. "All that remains is to die!"

Finally he had locked the door to secure himself from further interruptions. Now he opened the safe, counted out the few hundred thousand francs left to the Commune, piled them in packets of notes. The leaders at the Hôtel de Ville had ordered the balance to be brought to them if the ministry had to be evacuated. Angèle helped at the highly confidential task, with a trembling hand wrote down the values of the packets he brought from the safe. It was his pride that in this final crisis his accounts should be found exact.

Suddenly the door from the adjoining room opened. Jourde thrust out his red beard, his white face.

"Foliguet! Foliguet! Quickly!"

He dropped the packet of notes, ran into Jourde's room. A revolutionary staff captain stood in evidently feverish impatience. Jourde handed Foliguet the official order brought by the officer:

MINISTÈRE DE LA GUERRE,
CABINET DU MINISTRE.

Au Citoyen Lucas. Faites de suite flamber Finances. TH. FERRÉ.

The delegate was a picture of tragedy. "We have come to the end, comrade. The committee has issued a general order to set Paris on fire. We at least have done our duty. Our consciences are clear. Accompany me to the Hôtel de Ville with all you have of funds."

He hurried back into his room, calling, "Angèle! Angèle!"

There was no answer. The room was empty. The door to the corridor was unlocked, open. In an agony, incredulous of what he saw, he looked to the table. It was bare of all the piles of notes there a moment previously.

He rushed to the door, out into the corridor. "Angèle! Angèle!" His voice was a scream. National Guards were sprinkling petroleum along the passage, in rooms whose doors were open. He clutched at one of them. "Have you seen a *citoyenne*—a young woman?" The man laughed. "Yes, down the staircase there; running as if her husband was after her."

He raced to the staircase, descended it, pushed his way through the National Guards spreading combustibles everywhere. The doorkeeper was packing up in his lodge. "Have you seen the Citizeness Angèle?" The doorkeeper turned to him. "Yes, citizen, she left just now with the Citizen General Meurice. He sat waiting for her here all the morning."

It was nearly midnight when at last he approached the Hôtel de Ville. For hours, like a madman, in an inferno of rifle fire, of rattling *mitrailleuses*, of deafening cannonade, of ubiquitously exploding shells, he had hurried from barricade to barricade, asking every communard he met whether he had seen the Citizen General Meurice. Night had come on—a night luridly as bright as day with immense conflagrations. Still he had continued that desperate search, in an atrocious anguish, obsessed with a maniac idea that miraculously he might come upon this bandit who at a stroke had robbed him of his love and of his revolutionary honor. At the Hôtel de Ville, the comrades must have decided that he had decamped with his trust. The thought was a torture. If only he could present himself to them with the treasure recovered, with that scoundrel under arrest.

The last hope of that miracle had finally vanished. Meurice and Angèle had utterly disappeared in this Paris which seemed to be finishing its existence in a horror of flame and ferocious massacre. His mind worked lucidly now, piecing together the clews. Assuredly Angèle had deceived him ever since she had met Meurice in that restaurant on the Champs-Élysées. She had been with her lover when he had thought her with Madame Bullier. She had continued to live with him, Aristide, only because together with Meurice she had plotted to rob him at the moment when the Commune should collapse, when all things should become possible in the chaos. That was why lately she had so often visited him at the ministry, accustoming him to her presence there in preparation for the opportunity. *Ah, la gredine!* He hated the whole world, this entire universe which in everything so monstrously had deceived him. Nevertheless, he would honorably present himself to the comrades, tell them exactly what had happened. They should at least know that he was not a thief.

He found the Hôtel de Ville almost deserted. In the great hall, for the past two months so crowded with clamorous revolutionaries, only half a dozen members of the Commune sat in anxious council. Jourde was among them, white-faced, worrying at his red beard. Foliguet went up to him, in a voice unlike his own told him what had happened. He formally denounced Meurice to the justice of the Commune, should he yet improbably be in the revolutionary ranks. Jourde shrugged his shoulders.

"Only another bandit in our horde of bandits," he said bitterly. "If he had not stolen it, another would. What does it matter? We are all done for!"

A comrade put his head in at a door, laughed satanically.

"Come up to the roof, *citoyens!* The spectacle is magnificent!"

They all trooped up, Foliguet with them. The spectacle was indeed magnificent. From the Madeleine to far on the other bank of the Seine, an immense curtain of flame roared across Paris. In the center the Tuileries—stuffed with combustibles and gunpowder before the torch was applied—was like a colossal fireworks display. The Seine was a river of blood and molten gold. The little group of implacables gazed at the spectacle with a ferocious delight, pointed out to one another the chief edifices furiously ablaze amid the hundreds of private buildings—the Louvre, the Ministry of Finance, the Palais Royal, on the right bank; the Palace of the Legion of Honor, the Foreign Office, the Archives of the Court of Accounts, on the left.

Foliguet approved that immense destruction in a fiercely vindictive hatred for this city which was being wrested from them. If the Commune must perish, let Paris perish with it! Such had been their watchword from the beginning. He thought of Angèle. Yes. Let everything perish in a disaster commensurate with the catastrophe of all his dreams!

It was the evening of the next day, Wednesday, the twenty-fourth. He was, incredibly, still alive. Soon after dawn that last stubborn handful commanding the Commune had abandoned the menaced Hôtel de Ville, set fire to it. They sat now, haggard with lack of sleep, with cumulative disaster, in the Mairie on the Place Voltaire, in the working-class district just below the cemetery of Père Lachaise. The news was terrible. Everywhere the government troops were advancing, methodically capturing barricade after barricade, searching every house, pitilessly shooting every communard caught with arms, everyone whose hands were black with powder or whose shoulder was red from a rifle butt, arresting mere suspects by thousands, marching them in long, dreadful columns to Versailles. Reprisal against reprisal. Last night, Raoul Rigault, after setting fire to the Palais de Justice and his Prefecture de Police, had personally seen to the shooting of some of the hostages. There was a rumor that he had been killed this morning at a barricade near the Luxembourg. The

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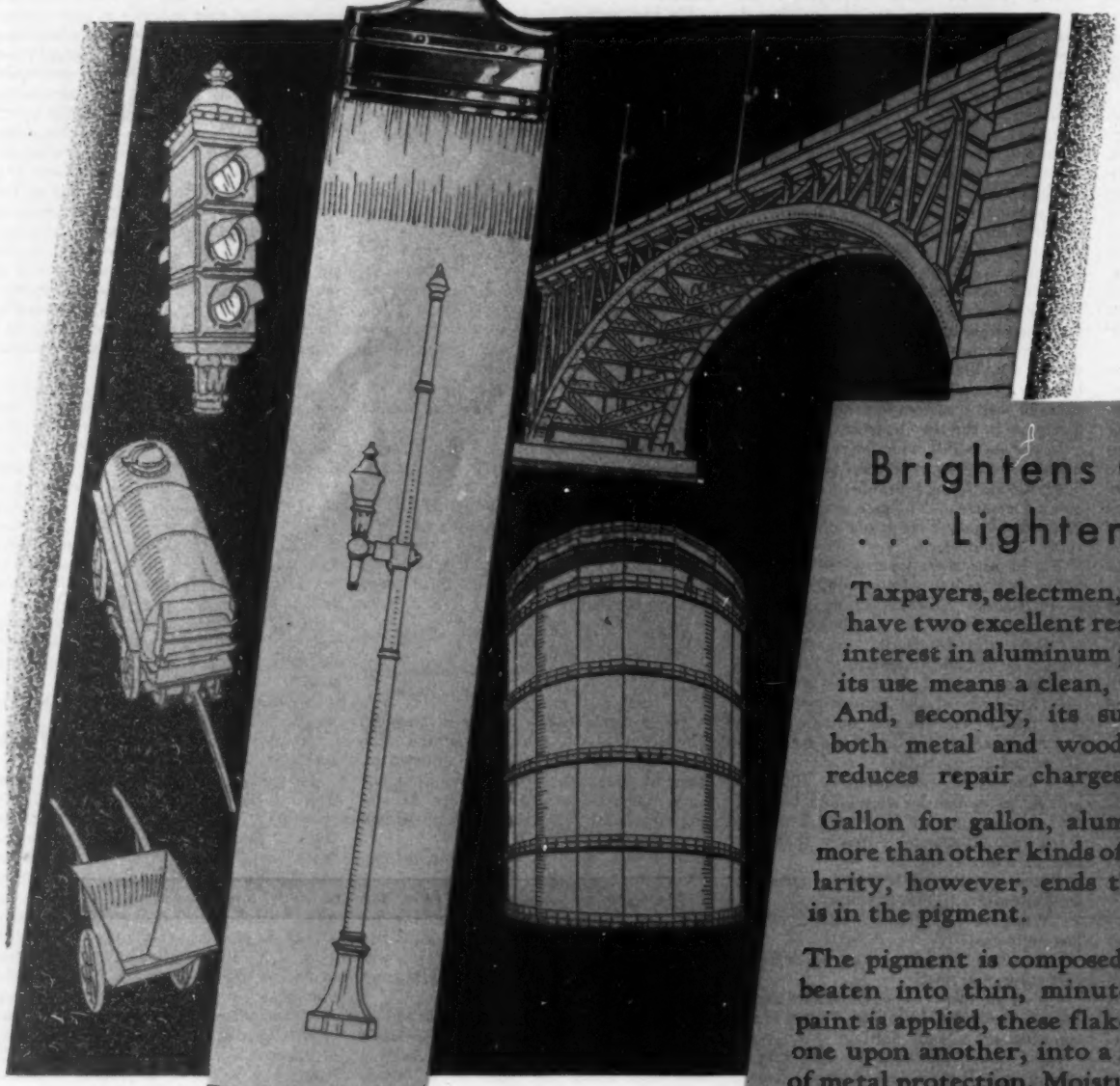
PAINTING WITH ALUMINUM PAINT



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The best aluminum paint is made with Alcoa Albron Powder. Aluminum Company of America does not sell paint. But aluminum paint made with satisfactory vehicles and Alcoa Albron Powder can be purchased from most reputable paint manufacturers, jobbers and dealers. Be sure the pigment portion is Alcoa Albron and is so designated. The booklet, "Aluminum Paint, the Coat of Metal Protection", describes the many protective uses. May we send you a copy? Address your request ALUMINUM COMPANY of AMERICA; 2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

ALCOA

ALUMINUM

ALCOA ALBRON
POWDER FOR
ALUMINUM PAINT
THE COAT OF METAL PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 105)

fanatic Théophile Ferré, his intimate friend, had assumed direction of this last implacable resistance. As Foliguet hurried off on a mission to one of the barricades, he left Ferré calmly writing an order for the immediate execution of the Archbishop of Paris and other hostages transferred to the neighboring prison of La Roquette for the purpose.

It was nearly eight P.M. The dusk was a sinister half light clouded with smoke, lit with still continuing conflagrations. He hurried along empty streets where every house was shuttered. Ahead of him, rifle fire ripped in crashing volleys, loud amid the never-ceasing violence of bursting shells, of fusillades on all sides. He perceived a barricade whelmed in white smoke—the barricade to which he carried orders. As he hastened along the bullet-swept street, humped here and there with a corpse, he craved that one of these missiles might strike him, who for the past twenty-four hours had vainly sought death.

He arrived at the barricade of paving stones and sandbags. It was one of those defended chiefly by revolutionary women. Ragged, disheveled, their faces contorted with a diabolic rage and hatred, mænads more dreadful than their few male comrades maddened with drink and despair, they crouched and fired, shrieking curses with each bullet they sped, in furious conflict with the infantry shooting at them from the windows of the houses, volleying from farther down the street. He made himself heard above the din, shouted for the commander of the barricade.

"The orders are to retreat on the Place de la Bastille!" he yelled. "Quickly! The Versaillais are encircling you!"

One of the women, hideous in her dementia, turned round to him with a foul-mouthed oath: "——! We don't retreat! We stay here to die, as our men have died!"

He stared at her, incredulous. It was Angèle—no longer the dainty little Angèle of yesterday, but a revolutionary fury, weapon in hand.

"Aristide!" It was as if she saw an avenging ghost.

He found his voice, "Where—where is he?"

She laughed horribly. "Dead!"

Rifles detonated rapidly at the barricade. The Versaillese bullets whistled past in vicious menace. He was oblivious to that conflict suddenly more fierce.

"And the money?"

"Here it is! You can have the trash!" She groped under her skirts, drew out the bundles of notes, threw them at him fiercely. "We were to have escaped together to Switzerland with it. You may as well know. Nothing matters now."

He snatched up the bundles, stuffed them into his pockets, with a sense of miracle. At least, he would be able to save his honor with the comrades. But he could not leave her like this. Desperately, idiotically, he found he still loved her.

"Angèle! Come! Quickly!" The soldiers were, indeed, appallingly close. Volley answered volley, amid unhuman shrieks and yells. The street was lit with a lurid glare. If he could only get her to a place of safety, race with his precious treasure to headquarters!

She shook her head. "No! Lucien is dead. Henri is dead. I'd rather die too."

He caught her hand, pleaded in an anguish through those detonations.

"Angèle! Did you never love me?"

She looked at him strangely, spoke yet more strangely amid the horror of that moment.

"Perhaps, Aristide—perhaps—if there had been no revolution—if we had been just quiet working folk—but this Commune—it has all been a madness."

She was interrupted. From the doorways on this side of the barricade burst red-trousered soldiers. They had broken through the interior walls from house to house, had taken the barricade in reverse. There was a brief wild scuffle. The soldiers grappled with women struggling like furies, pushed them against the houses, shot them point-blank. A little lieutenant, with the dainty mustaches of a recent cadet of St.-Cyr, was in command. "*Au mur! Au mur!*" He flourished his revolver.

Instantly, also, the inhabitants had surged out of those houses, clamoring vengeance against the revolutionaries. "Shoot them! Shoot them!"

Aristide felt himself seized, pushed brutally against the wall. He was bewildered at that violence of hatred he had helped to unchain. As a couple of soldiers leveled their rifles at him, Angèle flung herself between him and them, stood with outstretched arms.

"No! No!" she shrieked. "Don't shoot him! Don't shoot him! He has never done anyone any harm! He is the best of men! He has never fought! Look at his hands! Spare him! Spare him!"

"That's the woman who shot the sergeant!" cried a soldier. "To the wall! To the wall!"

They dragged her away with curses. He saw her pushed to the wall, while his own executioners paused to watch.

"Aristide!" she shrieked. "Aristide! I love you! I always loved you!"

She sank under a triple detonation. The officer came to him excitedly, out of himself in this ceaseless carnage.

"Who are you? Show your hands!"

He scorned that chance of safety in his hands clean of burnt powder.

"I am Aristide Foliguet! Member of the Commune!" He remembered, despairingly, that he would not be able to hand over the money to the comrades. No matter. The Commune was finished. "*Vive la Commune!*"

The rifles spurted at him.

They searched his corpse, as they searched all the corpses, found the bundles of notes.

"Another one of these brigands trying to decamp with the cash!" sneered the little lieutenant. "These brutes have no ideals—not even honor among thieves!"

At three o'clock of the morning of Whitsunday, May twenty-eighth, the last little group of communards was exterminated among the tombs of the cemetery of Père Lachaise.

Their premature attempt at the millennium cost the lives of between twenty and thirty thousand Parisians, shot on the spot by an army exasperated to a merciless vengeance. At the least, fully half of those victims were entirely innocent. Fifty thousand others were arrested and marched to Versailles, of whom nineteen thousand were subsequently released after the first investigation. Eleven thousand of the remainder were tried, among them seventy-four hundred previously convicted criminals. Some four thousand were transported to the penal settlement of New Caledonia. These were in vast majority the rank and file, the little people who always pay. Most of the leaders had escaped to Switzerland or England. They had taken their precautions in advance. Politics being politics, after the successive amnesties of later years a goodly proportion of them returned to France and became more or less respectable members of the Chamber of Deputies.

Nevertheless, the horror was not entirely in vain. Between 1789 and 1871, Paris rose in approximately a score of more or less sanguinary insurrections. The bloody week of the suppression of the Commune extirpated the revolutionary germ for at least two generations.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

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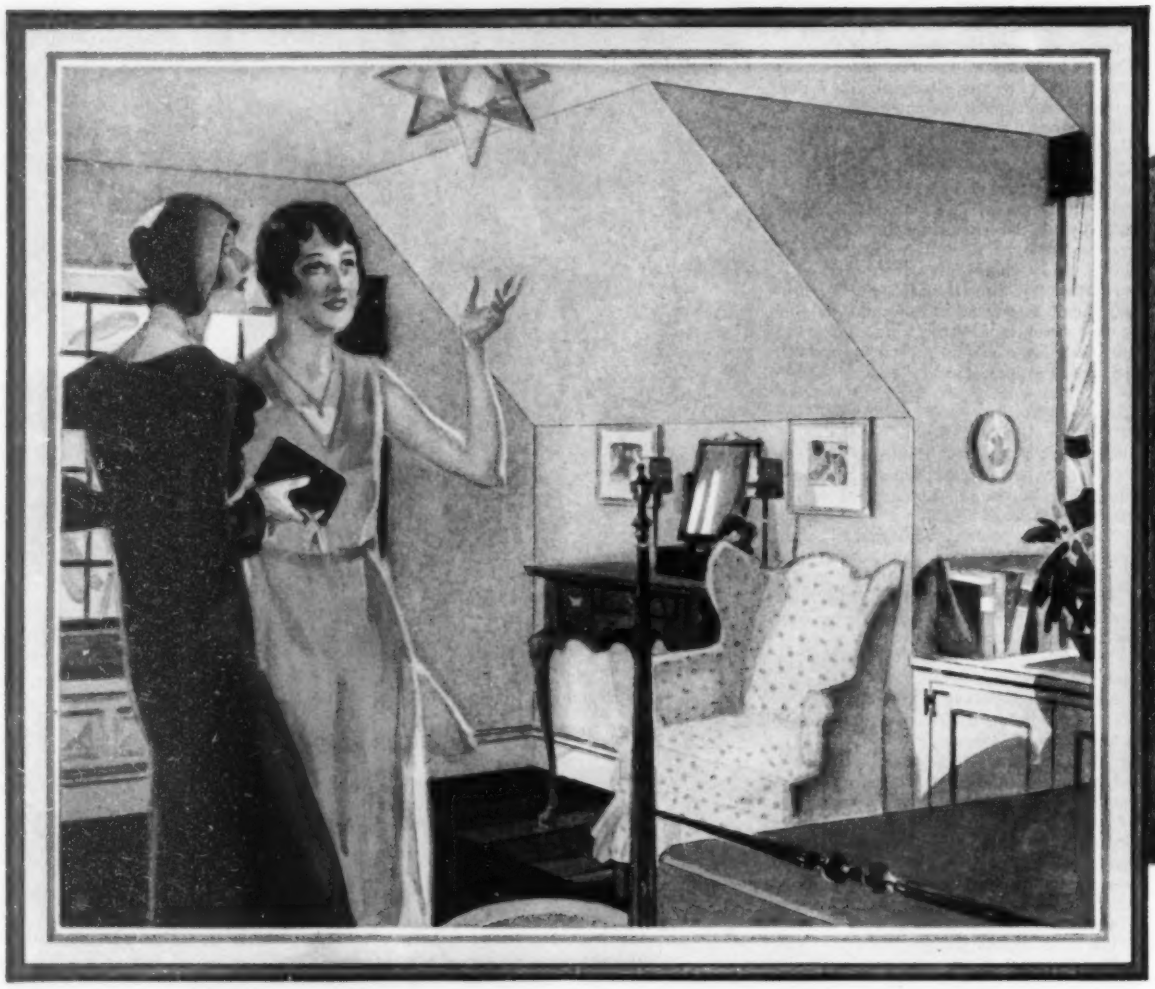

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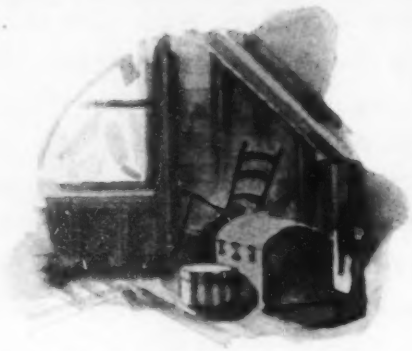

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THIS MONTH'S BILLS

(Continued from Page 23)

They walked down a path in a woods that was almost forest.

"Of course there's no building going on. That must affect you pretty badly," she said.

Quite simply she had presented the whole problem that continually beset him—his particular problem, the one which ran in his mind all the time. He did not realize how readily he began to talk business, or how pleasant it was to be able to do it. They made a slow way down the path toward the lake and sat upon the rocks. Instead of mentioning the fading rose color of the sky or the first shy stars, they took those lovely things for granted and talked about the struggle for employment and the difficulties of capital and industry and the chances of improvement. It was not for long. In less than half an hour they went back to the house, and shortly there was a delicious dinner. Mark felt rested and relaxed when it was over. He looked at Daphne, who had a damp, curly head after her swim and looked like a gypsy again, and suddenly he wanted to kiss her. He went over to put his hand on her shoulder just for the satisfaction of knowing she was his.

"Having a good time?" he asked softly.

"Imagine owning a place like this," said Daphne. "That girl has everything in the world, hasn't she?"

Her answer put him off a little. He lost the impulse for the kiss. And since the radio was playing, he hunted up Peppy and had a dance. When they tired of their own excellent rhythms they went out on the porch and were comfortably silent.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Nothing very interesting."

"Shall I guess?"

"I hope you don't guess the truth."

"I shall. You were thinking about your business or your bills."

"Both. You're very clever."

"I'm not at all. It was that sort of silence. There wasn't any excitement in it, so it wasn't romantic, and you weren't relaxed enough to be philosophic."

"And what were you thinking about?"

"I'm as bad as you are. I was wondering whether I ought to keep this place or sell it."

"Why sell it?"

"I've had an offer. Someone wants to make a summer resort of it. I ought to jump at the chance. The overhead is terrible."

"You're the first girl I ever met who knew there was such a thing as overhead."

She laughed. "It's part of feminine charm not to know what it costs to support it. But I haven't any man to turn to trustingly. I might just as well know."

When they were home again Daphne waited a full half hour before she asked Mark what he and Peppy had been talking about on the porch.

"A lot of things," he said. "Investments, money, overhead charges."

"How funny. Did you like Peppy?"

"She's a wonder," said Mark. "She's got a great head on her, that girl has. No end of business sense."

"She ought to have with her millions. No wonder she has."

"It doesn't follow," he answered, and added quickly: "Good night, dear."

Daphne reminded him again in the morning not to forget to put some money in the bank for her. That was why it was especially disconcerting to have Fred Driscoll, who was putting up the Nineteenth Avenue Building, come in with a hard-luck story instead of a payment for the millwork. It wasn't Fred's fault. He was one of the best fellows in the world, according to Mark's reckoning, and he certainly deserved sympathy for this bad break he was getting. He had the building all financed a month ago and everything would have been all right if the shop which was to occupy the first two floors had not gone bankrupt and left the occupancy of that space temporarily dubious. The banks were being a little cold to Fred in consequence.

"But I'm going to run down to Chicago today," said Fred. "I know of a chain store that wants a location here and I'm coming back with a lease in my pocket. Then I can take care of you, Mark. I hate like the devil to hold you up."

"I'm pretty hard up, all right," Mark told him.

"Of course it's only a matter of two or three days."

"Well, put it over. Good luck," said Mark.

It was impossible to explain that he had promised four hundred of that thousand to his wife and that it was very difficult to keep her waiting. He made a personal effort to collect a couple of other outstanding accounts and came away with promises and apologies. There were a number of small jobs on hand, enough to take care of the running expenses of the office and mill. If he got the contract for the millwork in the new hotel, he was going to be all right. But he couldn't be sure of that contract yet. And in the meantime his desk was piling up with obligations. He looked them over. There was that big life-insurance premium due on the ninth. He'd let that ride for a month already and the policy would lapse if he didn't find that two hundred and thirty-two dollars pretty soon. There were notices of quarterly club dues at two clubs, dated some time before. He was probably posted at both of them. That last payment on the car ought to have been taken care of before this, and there were garage repair bills as usual. A plumber's bill that he had forgotten cropped up. It had a red hand stamped on it and reminded him of Daphne's comments on the coal bill. There were other accounts, but he put them aside. There wasn't any use in going over them now.

At a quarter before twelve he went over to his bank. He didn't want to. It took a particular kind of courage to face the interview he was bound to have with J. B. Watts, who looked like Santa Claus and talked like Shylock.

"What do you want the money for, Mark?"

"Running expenses," said Mark. "I can get my hands on money next week. Besides, I've got this hotel job, I hope."

"We can't lend money on hopes. That job might go to someone out of town."

"Well, Fred Driscoll owes me money on the Nineteenth Avenue Building."

Mr. Watts looked sad. "Driscoll himself is badly pressed," he remarked. "Well," he said at length, "come in on Monday and we'll see what we can do. Bring your last financial statement."

Mark went out of the bank and back to his office, feeling strained and embarrassed. It was quiet and empty. The stenographer had gone and would not be back, because it was Saturday afternoon. There was nothing to do except wait until Monday now. It seemed a large, uncomfortable pause.

The telephone rang and he answered it.

"Hello," said Daphne, "is this you, Mark?"

He admitted it rather reluctantly.

"Did you remember about that deposit for me?"

"I'm sorry. I haven't been able to get around to it this morning. I'll fix it up Monday. The bank's closed by now."

"But, Mark," she exclaimed sharply, "you promised. What am I going to do? I've told you I have to pay Regina and Pedro!"

"Of course you do. Please don't make a fuss, darling. I'll give you some money tonight. Enough to tide you over."

"But, Mark, it isn't a question of being tided over ——"

He did a thing unexpected to himself, an almost instinctive thing. He quietly put the telephone down and cut off the connection. Then before she could call him again he left the office. Suddenly Daphne was no longer the wife he loved. She was a boss, a tyrant, an overseer, worse than old Watts in the bank, exposing his difficulties in the same way. He felt the weight of his obligations as intolerable. It was all absurd. A lifetime of bills ahead, of cooks and gardeners to be paid, of money to raise from people who were trying to raise it themselves, of struggling along and being pushed, of trying to take care of people who didn't know what a job it was. He felt as if he wanted to run and never come back.

But that was not the way he looked. He appeared a handsome, well-known young business man on the way from his office to his club, which was where he went. He might not have gone if he had anticipated the bridge game. But when three men who had all often lost money to him asked him to make a fourth, there was nothing to do but sit in.

The stakes were high. In four hours he successively won three hundred dollars, lost four hundred dollars and reduced his losses to sixty-five. He felt quite triumphant as he wrote a check for so much less than it might have been, and rather sick as he realized that it left him less than two hundred dollars in his account. He'd have to give Daphne practically all of that tonight, and this was no time to overdraw, when he wanted to increase his loans at the bank.

He did not want to go home, but there seemed nothing else to do with his time. So he was walking slowly in that direction, for Daphne had the car, when Peppy Slocum picked him up. She was driving a very handsome open car and she looked freckled and not in the least pretty and very distinguished.

"Where can I take you?" she asked.

"Where are you going?"

"Get in and we'll decide."

He got in and they decided on the road by the river. There was again that feeling of relaxation and peace with her.

"You look as if you'd had a good day," said Peppy. "You look very much keyed up. Or was it possibly a very bad one?"

"An incredibly bad one," he said, and told her all about it, leaving out only the incident over the telephone. He was frank about the bridge game.

"And what do you do now?" she asked at length.

"Oh, I hang around until Monday and take another trimming then, I suppose."

She said slowly, "Men are really brave."

He looked at her. He wasn't in love with her and he knew that he wasn't going to be, no matter how much he liked her. He saw that it couldn't happen. But he knew that she was giving him as rare an understanding and sympathy as he would ever get, as delicate a one as a man could find. Somehow, he wanted to give it back to her. The road was deserted and he put his arm about her and kissed her. She did not draw away.

"That's nice of you," said Peppy, "especially nice because you love your wife so much. Shall I drop you at your house now? Perhaps I'd better."

He was not sure what she was thinking. But he had seen the clear blush rise under her freckles and he knew from the way she had felt in his embrace that she had not been often kissed.

They stopped in front of his house. She took him to the very doorstep in the center of the curving drive.

"This is a very pretty house," remarked Peppy as Mark got out and closed the car door.

"It's a burden," he scowled at it.

"Well, what if it is? It's a home," she answered, and her voice had a wish in it. "Daphne," she added, "is probably looking at us from some window. She won't like this, so I won't see you much more. But since tomorrow's Sunday and you won't get any mail, I may as well tell you that you're going to get the contract for the work in the new summer hotel."

"What makes you think so?" he asked excitedly.

"I just happen to know. I'm one of the stockholders, you see, and this morning I was talking to the rest of them about it. It won't slip up. It's going to be all right. No doubt you'd have had the contract anyway." She paused. "But I'm glad I spoke to them about it before I was so sure I could fall in love with you. Good-by. Good luck."

Her car swung out of the drive in the silent way of expensive motors. Mark looked after it as long as there was any use and then went into the house. He hadn't admitted his own worry, hadn't known how troubled he had been, until this moment of intense relief. He was jubilant. For the contract was going to mean several thousand dollars in clear profit. It was going to make all the difference in the world. She was a wonder, that Peppy. She had the whole works. His mind staggered a little over the thought that she was almost, or possibly quite, in love with him.

Then he saw Daphne. She was slowly coming down the stairs. She'd been crying. He could tell. She looked slightly tousled and pathetic, determined to be proud and defiant, and as if she were on the verge of more tears. But there was nothing of the shrew about her now.

"I saw that girl bring you home," she said. "I suppose it's great fun to be with her."

"She just picked me up as I was walking home," he began.

"No, don't tell me about it. You don't have to. If you want to be with her, it's none of my business. There's nothing I can do about it. There's nothing I want to do."

"Daphne, dear ——"

"I can see why you like her. She's rich. She doesn't have to fuss over money or nag you about bills. But I don't do it because I like to, you know! I certainly won't do it any more. All this"—she glanced about her at the pretty little vistas of the house—"isn't any good if that's the way you feel. If you're in love with Peppy Slocum."

It occurred to Mark at that moment that personal relations were not at all simple. They were even more difficult than business ones. Daphne's voice and her eyes were more bruised and hurt than her words. He was ashamed and full of pity that it should be so. He wanted to take her in his arms and care for her and protect her from pain. But there was something else he never wanted to forget, a little separate loyalty to put away and keep.

"Darling, I'm not in love with Peppy," he said. "She's just been helping me to land the contract for the millwork in the new hotel. She's one of the big stockholders and she put it over for me, though she pretends I might have got it anyway. She's a fine business woman and a good friend, but she's not the woman I'm in love with. You must know that."

Slowly the pain and grief began to clear from Daphne's face. It was pleasant to watch them go.

"Really, Mark? Is that why you've been with her?"

"She's just been helping me to get on top of the bills," he said, "and showing me why I should."

Daphne's arm slipped about his neck, where he most liked it to be.

"You were horrid to me on the telephone."

"I was beastly," he agreed.

"I love you such a lot. I just want to make you happy and comfortable. You know I do the best I can, don't you, Mark?"

"You're wonderful."

That was the response. He knew. But there was a great deal of tenderness in it this time.

"And you will put that money in for me on Monday?" she asked.

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THE ALGUACIL'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

upon row of corrals, all opening into one another by a system of doors opened and closed by ropes worked from above; runways and alleys, narrow, so that a man can get through, but a bull cannot; galleries overhead, shuttered like those of a harem, so that the curious can look down on the bulls in the corrals, but the bulls cannot see the curious, which, since they have been raised in a state of utmost savagery, would so upset and fret them that they would be ruined for the work expected of them in the arena. In these corrals the wild bulls wait, peacefully chewing their cuds, drinking a little from time to time, until the day of the fight.

Arcadio climbed the narrow stairway to the galleries above the corrals. All was cement here, and stone, and narrow tiny windows—everything to secure safety if a bull should get loose. Above was a large room, with ropes coiled about like so many snakes, their far ends disappearing through holes in the floor. Here, also, were two rows of trap doors, about six feet apart. The chutes, or *chigueros*, in which the bulls are put the noon of the fight, and kept until the moment of their appearance in the ring, were below this room. The ropes controlled the doors and the traps permitted examination of the bull in the chute from above.

The corrals were empty now, except for a half-dozen two-year-olds that were to be fought in a *novillada* the following Sunday. Above these, peering through the latticework, was a *vaquero*, or herdsman, cutting slices from an end of sausage, expertly spearing them to small bits of bread with his knife and carrying the whole to his mouth.

"Good day," said Arcadio, pausing to look down on the yearlings below.

"Good day," replied the *vaquero*. He extended his bread and sausage to Arcadio in accordance with the peasant custom that allows no one to take food in public without inviting everyone in sight to partake.

"Honor me by accepting some of this food," said he.

"Eat with a good appetite; I have just dined," replied Arcadio. "Well, a good day for the fight. What was the opinion at the *apartado* regarding the bulls?"

"You were not here?" asked the *vaquero* in some surprise.

"No. I was—I was detained elsewhere." Arcadio's hand strayed to his painful bruise. "I had business more pressing than to see calves put in the chute. In the old days I never missed it, but in these ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "I can tell you the story of this fight and of every fight in Spain today. 'One *corrida* more and six bulls less.'"

"True enough," agreed the *vaquero*. "We are a long way from the days of Guerrita."

"Guerrita!" cried Arcadio. "I remember him as a child! El Gallo, Machaquito, Bombita, Vicente Pastor, Antonio Fuentes—I have seen them all. The first day I donned the uniform of *alguacil*, I led Fuentes into the arena. I have seen a hundred women faint after one of his *pases de pecho!*"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed! And in these days, in order to get a crowd, they have to have an American fight! What does he mean, this American? Shall we have *toreros* manufactured in series now, by the thousand? Shall we have a plaza at every crossroads now, with places at ten centimes the head and a mechanical piano for a band?"

The *vaquero* laughed. "Don't worry about the American," said he. "His salad is already dressed!"

"Eh?" demanded Arcadio.

"I heard," grinned the *vaquero*, "great thumping in the *chiquero*. Doors banged. '*Abrae!*' '*Cierra!*' There was a great deal of laughter. There will be more later."

"But what are they going to do?"

"Who knows?" said the *vaquero*. "Let the Americans mind their machines and leave us to our bulls."

They spoke further about the decay of the *corrida*, that the breeders and fighters themselves were hurrying into ruin faster than all the societies of friends of animals in the world could by their united efforts.

"Come," said the *vaquero* suddenly. "An old fan like you will appreciate this."

He led the way to the room above the chutes and jerked open a trap door. "How's that for a bull?" he chuckled.

Arcadio peered down. "Is that for the American?" he gasped. "Mother of me! It's a *becerro*. The thing is no bigger than a cat! But he was to fight a three-year-old!"

"Why, so he was," grinned the *vaquero*, and slammed shut the trap door.

Arcadio returned to his little room off the infirmary, his feet echoing in the empty passages, his brows wrinkled in thought. When the door of the chute opened for the American's bull, and instead of the expected three-year-old, a tiny, staggering calf came out, the public would shriek with laughter. The American was to fight a *becerro*, like a ten-year-old boy! There was your American for you, a great machinist, but a little cautious in the selection of his bulls. Yes, yes, the posters had said a selected bull of Perez-Tabernero. Well, it would be selected! Undoubtedly they had had a three-year-old bull in the chute, but after the veterinaries and the crowd had gone, they had removed him and substituted the calf. Well, it would amuse the public. After all, anything was permitted at a *beneficencia*.

Arcadio entered his room, and, turning on the light, again admired the beautiful new uniform. It did not, somehow, seem so brilliant now. He, that had brought Fuentes into the ring and sent Magellanes out of it, was not the man to open a *becerrada!* A butchery of milch calves! In the first place, it was wrong to have a student bullfighter take part in a formal fight, be it for charity or any other reason. Secondly, assuming that this crime had been committed in charity's name, if he was allowed to fight, he must fight a three-year-old bull and not a calf. Arcadio again idly rubbed his swollen scalp. He had suffered for that uniform!

"Our Lord has had His cross," he sighed, "and who am I that I should not have a wife?" Then he lay down on some sacks in the corner, to sleep until the hour of the fight.

Arcadio was awakened by the stamp of horses and the cries of men. Overhead, feet thumped on the ceiling as early comers climbed to their seats about the arena. *Mozos* were mounting up and clattering off into the town in search of *picadors*, who dress in their hotels and ride proudly through the streets to the bull ring, to the admiration of all small boys and chambermaids along the way.

The *tren de arrastre*, three magnificent mules harnessed abreast, their trappings decorated with flags and balls of colored wool, came stamping into the courtyard, followed by half a dozen *mozos* in brilliant white; and having stamped and pranced to everyone's satisfaction, made way for a second trio of mules with the same caparison, accompanied by the same number of *mozos* carrying a huge whiffletree. The first of these teams drags out the dead bulls, and the second the dead horses.

The courtyard became more and more animated. *Picadors* arrived, their buckskin breeches fresh from the cleaners', their tinsel-embroidered jackets flashing. Police, *guardia civils*, friends of the bullfighters, newspapermen, then, finally, in a roar of powerful motors, Morisco II, Juan Tormesito, Andanada Chico, and the American, Baxter. These four descended from the automobile as might so many kings from their chariots. Blue, scarlet, purple, rose, so heavy with gold embroidery that it was painful to look at them, each with a peacock cape so fine with silk and silver and gold that it was worth a king's ransom. These four young gods from the machine strutted about the yard, bowing to this one, giving a condescending shake of the hand to that one, carefully arranging their capes on their left shoulders so that just the right boss of gold or mass of riotous silk would show to best advantage.

Into this scene walked Arcadio, resplendent in his new uniform of black velvet, with its cape and boots of the style of the first Francis.

"Good day, friend. *Que tal?* I hardly knew you!" Arcadio turned. The peacock in the rose-colored suit had spoken to him. Why, it was the American!

"*Caballero!*" cried Arcadio. "May the Virgin watch over you this day!"

"Many thanks," grinned the other. "See the shirt your wife made? It looks fine. She's a very fine seamstress. She make that uniform you've got on? Handsome!"

"No," said Arcadio slowly, "she did not. I—er—bought it. Being at the time momentarily embarrassed financially, I asked for credit. I am known here, since I am *alguacil*. My wife"—he coughed—"did not approve either of the uniform or the credit. We were discussing it when you appeared at the store."

"But had she seen you in it? Surely no woman could be angry at you now! Why, she should be willing to pay for it. It is not everyone can be an *alguacil's* wife."

"So I have often told her!" cried Arcadio. "My very words! Now, if you should tell her—when you buy another shirt, perhaps—eh? Would you?"

"Most certainly," smiled Baxter, biting his lips to keep from laughing outright.

"Young man," said Arcadio suddenly, "I am the *alguacil*, and responsible for the proper conduct of the fight today. Look away and laugh! They have changed your bull. They have given you a calf, not even old enough to be a *utrero*. When he comes into the ring, remain behind the barrier. Let not a man open his cape. Leave the rest to me and the president."

"*Gracias!*" said Baxter simply. His lips laughed, but his eyes were sober. It would be an evil thing to be laughed out of the ring, and possibly out of the profession. Now, thanks to a few simple compliments, Arcadio had warned him and he would have half the fight to think this matter over. Leave the rest to Arcadio and the president, indeed. The president of a benefit bullfight was very liable to be someone known more for his charity than for his knowledge of the rules of the *corrida*. Some dear old gentleman who had made his money in soap or in selling the canned remains of horned cattle to the belligerents during the late war. Such a one would not be likely to dare face a *bronca*, a howling storm of thirty thousand voices demanding the expulsion from the ring of a foreigner, an Americano, a *maquinista* masquerading in a *torero's* costume.

There was a wave of handclapping, a roll of drums; the president had entered. Arcadio and his brother *alguacil*, mounting their horses, galloped into the ring, the crowd cheered, the band played frantically. The *corrida* had begun, and all was joy except in Baxter's heart. As the parade of the bullfighters marched across the arena, he was sadly tempted to seize Morisco by the neck and crack his skull against Andanada's, on the other side. Whoever had thought up this calf stunt, they were probably both in on it. Suppose, at a big-league game, a lot of people had paid admission to see a Spaniard pitch, and when he went to the box, a child stepped up to the plate and faced him. The crowd would think the joke in poor taste. The pop bottles would fly. The Spaniard's day as a pitcher would be done.

The parade reached the barrier beneath the president's box, the *toreros* bowed, then scattered to their posts of combat. The fight was on.

Baxter, since he was a *novillero*, retired from the ring with his *cuadrilla*, or assistants, and prepared to watch events from

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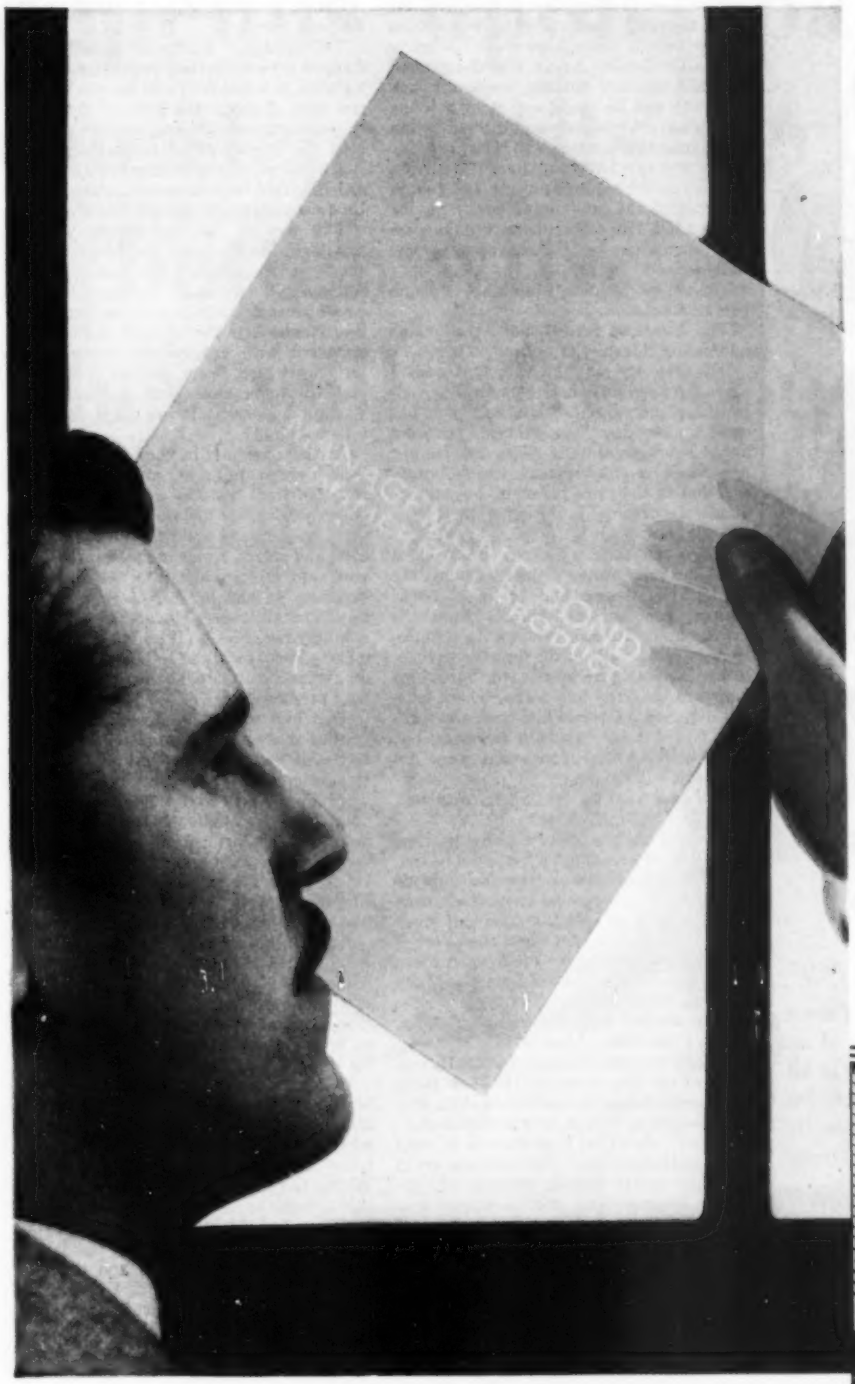

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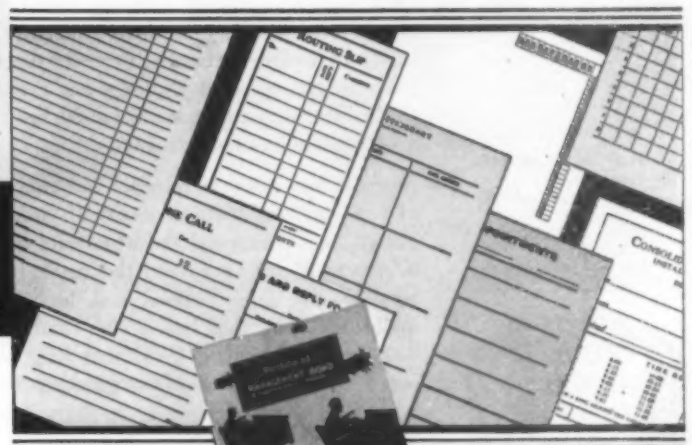

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(Continued from Page 112)

behind the barrier in that choice place to the left of the president's box, where the *mozos* keep their masters' swords and the stone jug of water and the baskets of folded capes and spare *muletas*. There is always one of the *alguacils* here, handy to the telephone, as well as the local police chief and the trumpeter of the *Guardia Civil*.

At the call of the trumpets the first bull emerged, amidst a roar of admiration from the crowd. Morisco II, whose bull it was, did not seem to share their enthusiasm. He was, thought Baxter, a pork-and-bean fighter, too old now to hope ever to be better than a third-rater, a man who slaughtered his bulls like any butcher, because it was his trade and he could not make a living otherwise. Morisco allowed his bull to run so long, and his assistants to make so many passes and so many jumps over the barrier, that the crowd began to protest, and finally, the edge of the bull's impetuosity having been dulled, Morisco went out to make a few half-hearted passes, that earned him some well-merited "boos."

"A fine lot of bulls," remarked Arcadio behind Baxter.

The American turned, but Arcadio was addressing the chief of police.

"If they are all like this first one, I agree," replied the chief, removing his gold-laced cap and mopping his brow. "I do not care, in these days," he went on, "to see a lot of courageous bulls. They inspire our present-day *toreros* with fear. Result, butchery, and at the price for seats, one cannot blame the crowd for rioting. More work for us! Now, there!"

There had been a hideous crash, as of horse and rider hurled violently against the barrier, the thump and rattle of horns against iron stirrups, shrieks from the crowd, and Morisco running by, white-faced, cursing his *cuadrilla* for wooden men. It was the young Andanada who spread his cape and took the bull away, where, at a safe distance, he passed him back and forth with half a dozen beautiful *veronicas*, but ended with a brutal *recorte* that made Arcadio spit with disgust.

"He does what he can to help Morisco," smiled the chief of police.

"To this has the great national pastime come!" cried Arcadio. "What could be better than these bulls of the Marquis de Valsequillo? I remember them when they were first crossed with the Mexican breed of Piedras Negras, which had the effect of making them sluggish for a few generations. They resemble now those of Veragua! Much might be done, but ——"

"Lemonade! Cold lemonade! *Señores, cerveza y limonada. Limonada!*"

Arcadio stopped, swallowed violently and regarded the ring intently. He knew those shrill female tones. It was Concepcion. But if he thought to escape, he was mistaken.

"*Oiga!*" she called from the row of seats above and behind him. "Sot that you are in your fine velvet! Behold the man who enjoys, in his lace collar, and the woman who pays, with her basket on her arm! Worm! If it were worth the fine ——" She took a bottle of lemonade from the basket and seemed to balance it tentatively, but she did not throw it. One does not hurl things at an *alguacil* during a *corrida*, even if one is his wife! She passed on, down the aisle.

"Fresh cold lemonade, gentlemen; beer, lemonade—lemonade here." The thrifty Concepcion sold refreshments during *corridas* for two reasons; because it brought in revenue, and the other, that she might see the fight for nothing, and from that part of the arena where the seats are far too expensive for her class ordinarily to buy.

"Yes," said the chief politely, continuing the conversation and making no reference to Concepcion's remarks, "in the old days a bull like that was the opportunity for a fighter to shine. Now it only means butchery. We have forbidden the *banderillas de fuego*. The next law should be to forbid *toros bravos!* Let us have no more courageous bulls!"

The first three bulls were disposed of, and then, with a slight increase of pulse, Baxter realized that it was his turn. He had closely watched the other three fighters, and had decided that if any of them were mixed up in the affair of the calf, it was Morisco II. Possibly also Tormesito. The young Andanada was too good a fighter. He had tried to please with his bull, had placed the *banderillas* himself, and had done what he could to give a passable exhibition with the *muleta*. Regardless of his lack of brilliancy, he and not his bull had been boss, which was more than could be said of the other two.

Drums rolled, trumpets blared; it was Baxter's turn.

"Remember," whispered Arcadio, and stepped toward the telephone. Baxter, with a glance, saw that his *cuadrilla* was in place, one man opposite the door of the chute, the other across the ring, and the rest behind the *burladeros*, or advanced refuges. When the calf appeared, these two had their orders to fold their capes and retire, leaving Baxter to appeal to the president alone.

The door of the *toril* swung wide. A *mozo* agitated his cape. Nothing. Another thumped the surface of the open door. The calf showed reluctance to appear. Those *mozos* must be able to see the size of the beast that was in there! Then, suddenly, all scattered with exaggerated speed! Baxter's heart bled. Were they all in league to make his name a mock throughout Spain? The bull appeared. It was not a calf, but a full-sized bull!

At the threshold of the *toril* he paused, head high, magnificent, coal black, the sun reflected from his coat as from finest silk. What animal that had been for hours in the dark, and coming suddenly into a glare of light and colors, a roar of voices, would not turn and cringe back into the sheltering darkness he had left? Not so a fighting bull! This all arouses him and spurs him on. A kingly rage makes all his muscles quiver, a hasty look about and he launches himself, an avalanche of hate, at the first adversary that presents himself.

This bull paused a second, his muzzle testing the wind, his small eyes roaming here and there. He saw no foe. Baxter's two *peones* had already gone over the fence. They knew no *novillero* would be allowed to fight a full-sized bull. Meanwhile let every man look out for his own hide. Then suddenly, with a grunt and a flash of sand, that black projectile of death shot forward, thundering straight down the ring. Baxter had stepped forward and opened his cape.

Arcadio, his jaw hanging, watched dumfounded the rapid progression of events. Someone, by accident or design, had pulled the wrong rope and, opening the wrong chute, had allowed this tremendous bull to enter the arena. And Baxter, by opening his cape, had accepted the combat.

The purpose of the *peon* on the left side of the ring is to attract the bull in that direction and then disappear, so that the succeeding course of the bull's rush must follow the curve of the ring. But this *peon* having fled and Baxter having opened his cape across the ring, the bull came straight for him, and likewise the fence, against which he might break his neck, but Baxter ducked behind a *burladero*, and the bull, turning, went off to the left. Enough. He had his flank to the barrier now, and Baxter, jumping out again, called him back.

"*Toro!*" he shouted. "Eh, *mogon!*"

No need to call twice. Back came the bull, grunting, hurling himself into the air after the lifted cape, swinging about and returning to the attack, making the sand fly in showers. The crowd howled, women shrieked, some implored the president, others encouraged Baxter. Morisco II and Tormesito, haggard at the awful result of their scheme, watched from behind the barrier, but Andanada, ordering his *cuadrilla* into the ring, offered to have his *peones* take away the bull, albeit Andanada was not the senior fighter, and had no right to interfere.

"*Fuera!*" shouted Baxter. "Outside!" He would show them! He would fight this bull without a *cuadrilla!*

It became at once apparent that Baxter was no *torero de cartel*. Courage he had, and

(Continued on Page 117)

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Ford

(Continued from Page 114)

a knowledge of the art, but no finesse, no *temple*, no lithe swaying like a sapling, as that black tempest shot by. He was awkward, his work was terrible, he was clumsy, but he passed the bull each time and lost no ground. The crowd that had shrieked its apprehension at first, now watched silently. The bull's rushes finally began to slow down, and at the first sign of this, Baxter, completing a pass, hung his cape on his arm and walked away. The crowd roared with laughter.

Let him go on. But it was against the rules for a *novillero* to fight a full-grown bull. Never mind. It was a *beneficencia*, the crowd had paid to see a fight, and here were the first signs of one. The president bowed to the will of the majority, ordered Andanada's *cuadrilla* to replace Baxter's, for though Baxter might fight, his *cuadrilla* could not, and signaled for the *picadors*.

"The kid is good!" grinned the chief of police.

"He likes it!" replied Arcadio. "He has *aficion* and he has courage, but that isn't the art of bull fighting!"

The full flavor of the phrase, "*Eso no es torear!*" cannot be even remotely conveyed in translation, except to those familiar with the smell of blood and of sand and of reeking horseflesh.

The chief rolled up a placid eye to the cables that protect the first row of seats. Concepcion stood there, her basket on her arm. Whatever her husband thought of Baxter's work, it was plain that Concepcion admired it. Her eyes were fixed on the American, her hands clenched the cables, she cried encouragement to him, she applauded his awkward passes frantically.

The fight went on, the crowd getting their money's worth to the utmost extent of their lungs; Baxter, awkward, artless, dancing, shifting his feet but not his ground, cradling himself in the horns, missing death by an inch five or six times a minute; Andanada directing, placing the *cuadrilla* to best advantage, taking *quites* himself, and laughing to himself at the sullen Morisco, who, hoping to ruin this American, had given him a chance to fight a *toro de lidia* and make all Spain ring with his name.

Baxter himself, after the first moment of excitement, found that fighting a big bull was little different, after all. His horns were bigger and he looked a little more dangerous, but passed just as easily. So it came down finally to the *tercio de muerte*, and Baxter, spitting out the traditional mouthful of water, wiped his hands on the traditional towel and tested his sword against the barrier with the traditional gesture. As he looked up, his eye encountered that of Concepcion, looking down at him from the *barrera*.

"*Señora*," he smiled, "pray for me."

Then to the president, to whom he bowed, and then he went out to the third act of the tragedy.

Baxter's *faena*, or preparation for killing the bull, did not lack excitement, but his passes were terrible. His naturals looked as if they had been practiced before a mirror, a *pase de pecho* was worse, and a *telon* was done so slowly that the bull saw the man in the midst of it and nearly transfixed him.

"If ever a fool protected of God stood in a bull ring, it's that American!" cried Arcadio.

"You will note that he is improving his bull, though!" said the chief of police. "The head is in the proper position now; before, the bull carried it too high. The boy will go far. He has no fear."

"He has no knowledge, either."

"The two go together, perhaps," remarked the chief.

Baxter, watching the bull carefully, saw that the head, gently lowered by a succession of *pases por bajo*, was in the most favorable position for his sword to pass between them. He placed himself before the bull in profile, aimed his sword to thrust and his *muleta* to pass the bull, and hurled his body forward. But he was nervous, in too great a hurry, and the sword, striking a bone, only pricked the bull. Another sword, a few more passes, another try.

Baxter was calmer now. Behind him, from the corner of his eye, he could see Andanada waiting, alert, ready to rush out and spread a protecting cape if Baxter should slip, or catch his *muleta* on the horns and so be tossed and gored.

Again the profile, again the thrust, a mighty roar of applause. The bull, after a short rush, turned stupidly about, and Baxter could just see the hilt of the sword among the *banderillas*. That would be the end of that bull.

Baxter turned about to salute the thundering crowd as a man faces a tempest, *muleta* and right hand held high. The roar of the crowd swung sharply upward into a shriek. Baxter knew instantly the cause.

The bull, instead of fixing himself as a bull does that has received a mortal thrust, was charging him.

He looked at Andanada, a pace or two away. That young man's dilated eyes were on the bull, but as long as his cape was on his arm there could be no danger. They'd give Baxter a calf to fight, would they? He would show them. He remained at the salute.

That shriek from twenty thousand throats swelled higher and Andanada's face turned ivory white. The whole thing from start to finish was but an affair of seconds. There was a terrific crash, sand stung the back of Baxter's neck, then came a heavy, frightful fall, and instantly, as though an organ stop had been pulled, the pitch of that diapason of human voices swung down again, but thundered forth in greater volume. Beside him, and to Baxter's right, the bull lay dead, his muzzle resting in the wreckage of broken bottles and shattered basket that had turned his rush at the last second.

"As Isidro is my protector," choked Andanada, "no greater fool ever held cape and sword!"

"I watched your cape!" smiled Baxter. "I trusted you! I knew you would not let him skewer me!"

"Listen, Americano, learn to fight bulls before you try any more tricks! Never turn your back until the bull is down! Don't you know, great fool, that I cannot spread a cape before your bull while you are on your feet? So now, bow to the crowd; they will give you the bull's ear. After that, to the chapel and burn a hundred candles to San Isidro!"

Again Baxter saluted. He turned to salute the other side of the ring. His delighted eye never saw the commotion in the *barrera*, where two members of the police were taking Concepcion to the exit. It was she, with a shriek that had rent the air, that had flung her basket of bottles into the ring, so that its crash had turned the bull's head and he had fallen dead beside and not on top of Baxter, with his horns in the sand and not in Baxter's heart. But there is a severe penalty for throwing objects into the ring, else many a *torero* would have perished beneath a storm of bottles. The law had Concepcion, and fine and imprisonment awaited her.

"Boobies!" she cried to the two *guardias*. "Did you not see? I saved his life! Would you have had him killed?"

"Tell that to the judge!" they replied.

But at the bottom of the stairs they met Arcadio, the *alguacil*, the messenger of the president. The president, at a bullfight, is the representative of the government. His word is law and the *alguacil* is his mouthpiece.

"Give me this woman!" said Arcadio sternly. The *guardias*, with salutes, complied.

"Arcadio!" cried Concepcion. "The poor boy! I could not see him killed!"

"Peace," said Arcadio sternly, "and follow me!"

"Arcadio!"

"Enough! Without, I am your husband. A good-for-nothing! *Lechon*, I believe you said. Here I am law. Follow behind me!"

"Oh, Arcadio, where to?"

"You will see! You know the penalty for throwing bottles? Six months and a *multa* of fifty *duros!*"

They went on, Arcadio stalking grandly ahead, around the passage under the seats. From the ring came the thunders of applause for Baxter and the far-away trill of bugles signaling the next bull. Then suddenly a door in the wall opened, and Concepcion, through her tears, could see the lengthening shadows without, white houses and the trees of the Paseo Colon. Her husband's arm pointed.

"Out there," said he solemnly, "the president is a simple citizen. Here he is the law. Out there, I am the worthless one. Within, the president's right arm. I pardon you in his name. Concepcion, go with God!"

"Arcadio!" she cried, and bending swiftly, kissed his hand. Then she went out and the door swung shut.

Outside, Concepcion settled her tumbled hair and disordered dress. She sighed heavily.

"The loafer!" she murmured. "After this there'll be no more work had out of him this summer! And just as I was getting him so well in hand!"

She sighed once more, shrugged and headed for the Plazuela de Bermudez, rattling the coins in her apron pocket.

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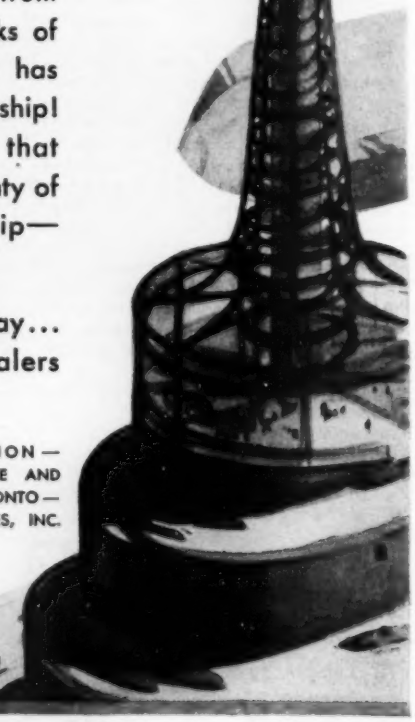

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HORSEFLESH

(Continued from Page 17)

with the story of a looted safe-deposit box, he shot himself.

Phil Ludeking gloried for two months in the ownership of Teakwood Tommy. He was quoted in interviews: "My horse is ready for the Preakness and the Derby. After that, we'll try for the Belmont Stakes and maybe I'll ship Tommy to England. That Ascot Cup looks good to me."

But he grew impatient to see this new toy in action. Against the advice of stable manager and trainers, he shipped Teakwood Tommy to New Orleans. Gathered a party of good-time boys and girls. Special Pullmans out of Chicago. More interviews. Photographs of Mr. Ludeking gingerly grasping Teakwood Tommy's halter rope.

That first race at New Orleans was just a romp. Six furlongs against a field of dogs. But in the second race of the campaign Lafe Hendrickson, who had the ride on Teakwood Tommy, let him get pocketed at the rail. The big colt took punishment as he broke through at the three-quarter turn, and although he nosed out in front and kept his record unblemished, Teakwood Tommy was lame at the pull-up.

Angered by newspaper criticisms and with his party spoiled by gloomy predictions that Teakwood Tommy would be out of the Preakness and Derby, Owner Ludeking said: "What's a little lameness? We'll give him three weeks' rest and he'll be okay." Then he fired Jockey Hendrickson and the trainers who told him he was wrong to send the horse to New Orleans.

When it became apparent that Teakwood Tommy might not recover in time to reach top form for the Preakness, Ludeking soured temporarily. He went to Miami and environs and proceeded to forget horse racing in a round of gaming tables. The announced sale of Teakwood Tommy to one Tip Scanlon, cautiously described in the newspapers as a prominent sportsman of Miami and Havana, amazed the racing fraternity.

Ludeking's friends explained it as follows: "Phil had been drinking too much. You know how he always bragged on his nerve at cards. Tip and his crowd built him up to it. A hundred and fifty grand against that horse. Phil squawked plenty when he came to and found what he'd done. But Tip sent him word that he didn't like squawkers. Joe Treadwell advised Phil to go to the mat with Tip and take his horse back. The game was probably crooked. But Phil got scared. I guess he didn't want to be put on the spot or something. It's tough on the horse."

Teakwood Tommy discovered just how tough it was. His new owner sent him into the Preakness despite the warning of horse-track advisers that Tommy, barely recovered from lameness, had trained short. Teakwood Tommy ran unplaced in the Preakness. The injured tendons weakened and Scanlon had to scratch him at Churchill Downs the next week.

Then began a strange career of ups and downs for Teakwood Tommy. Latonia, Empire, Fairmount, Washington Park, Hamilton, Arlington, Aqueduct. Some races Tommy was allowed to win. And in some he fought against a cruel bar of steel and was lost in the dust. He was handled roughly and carelessly by a succession of hard-faced men.

Teakwood Tommy was no longer regarded as an honest horse. When betters saw his name on race programs they said: "That's Tip Scanlon's horse. Better lay off him if the odds are short. He only wins when he's a long shot."

It didn't take many months of this life to bring Teakwood Tommy to the point where he could no longer be depended on to win when his owner gave the nod. Teakwood Tommy had been held back or pulled wide or jostled off stride so often he ran bewilderedly and couldn't be shaken up for the old splendid dashes down the rail to the finish line. The horse had suffered physically from bad handling. The deep luster of his coat had dulled. There were welts and bruises and bellyband galls. Still, Teakwood Tommy carried his head in the old cocky fashion and the few real horsemen in every race crowd sighed to see him prancing in the parade to the post. "A good horse gone wrong," they said. "Rotten shame."

The day came when Tip Scanlon, a tight-lipped, flinty-eyed gambler, said to Tommy's handler: "Well, if he's sleeping on Claude, shoot something into him that'll wake him up. He's got to win this one. He'll pay at least 20 to 1 on the machines and I've got heavy dough across the board with the bookies."

That first shot of heroin made Teakwood Tommy run away. But he won his next three starts.

Only one man dared to remonstrate with Scanlon. His name was Warren Riddell. He had been Scanlon's chief lieutenant for several years. A mysterious fellow. Gossip had it that Scanlon had got him out of a Havana casino.

Riddell and Scanlon and a girl named Ruby Harrison were in Scanlon's suite at the Brown Hotel in Louisville. They had come for the meeting at Churchill Downs.

Riddell said: "I was over at the stables just now, boss. That horse of yours isn't in shape to do any racing."

Scanlon pawed at his face, which always looked red and swollen, with a perfumed blue-silk handkerchief.

"Yeah?" he said pleasantly. "What the hell do you know about horses, Rid?"

The girl said nothing. It wasn't her place to talk, and besides, she was too busy watching Warren Riddell. She liked him very much, although she was Scanlon's girl.

"Oh, not a great deal," Riddell replied easily, "but enough to know that a horse can't run on hop forever."

The gambler shrugged.

"Don't expect him to, Rid. He's made me about all the dough he can. Couple of more starts and I'll sell the dog."

"He isn't a dog though," was Riddell's mild objection. "With a few months' rest he could come back. He isn't four years old yet."

"I'm not in the business of wet-nursing race horses." Tip picked up a hundred-dollar panama and started for the door. Then, casually, "Stepping out this aft, Ruby?"

Ruby shook her head. "Got a headache," she said.

Scanlon grinned at Riddell. "Ruby sure can lap up the hooch," he remarked.

"You're not so slow yourself," said Ruby.

It was Riddell's turn to be silent. With a careless, "See you tonight," Scanlon departed.

Riddell and the girl looked at each other.

"Well," he said, flushing, "the humane-society session is adjourned, I guess. I'd better be getting out to the track."

She got to her feet as he turned away and placed an impulsive hand on his arm.

"Why don't you quit him, Rid?"

"Why don't you?" he countered without looking around.

Ruby hesitated, catching her breath. She was still a remarkably pretty girl, but losing her good looks fast. About all that can be said in Ruby's defense is that she had imagined herself deeply in love with Tip, and his wife wouldn't divorce him and—but that's not such a good defense, is it?

Now she said, "I'll quit him if you will, Rid."

The man turned in some surprise. "What have I got to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing much, except I—I sort of hate to see you going on, getting in deeper and deeper."

Riddell grinned wryly. She liked him so much because she had surprised little bitter, rueful glances in his eyes at times when Tip and the rest of the crowd were making merry. She liked him because he had spoken out a certain decent gentleness in moments like—well, like this argument over Tip's race horse.

"Too deep already," he said, and then warningly, "You are too, Ruby."

Her shoulders sagged. "Guess that's right," she said.

He added a gruff, "I'll be seeing you, kid," and went out the door.

That afternoon, in the fifth race at Churchill Downs, Teakwood Tommy also ran. His jockey said, tossing the whip to a Negro handler, "I got to get right off this dog before he falls with me."

Tip Scanlon didn't see the race. He startled Ruby by coming into their suite about four o'clock, wearing an unwonted expression of concern.

"What's wrong?" she demanded.

"Plenty. Those boys from Cincinnati are sore. Think I double-crossed them in that Latonia set-up."

"Well, you did, didn't you?"

Scanlon grunted. "What a big help you are." He threw himself into a chair. "Now, listen—I'm in a tight spot and I got to stall. There's only one gag that might get by. I gave Tommy to you. See? And you changed the riding orders. I didn't know a thing about it. I got hooked along with the rest. Get me?"

Ruby frowned. "You couldn't make 'em believe that, Tip."

The gambler licked his lips with a thick dry tongue and scruffed up his close-clipped red hair.

"Yes, I can. I've got Claude and the boys all set. I've written out a transfer of the horse to you, dated back before the Latonia race. Here it is. And if George Lindahl or Sam Clune or any of the others in that outfit happen to question you offhand, you tell 'em ——"

"Oh, don't you see how goofy that is, Tip?" she broke in. "Tommy entered under your name. They bet on the word from you ——"

"They didn't get it direct from me though. I know it'll sound fishy, but it's the only out I've got. They may believe it, at that. They know how sweet I am on you. But anyway"—he twisted uneasily in his chair—"it may keep 'em from being sure. If they get sure—well, it's curtains for me."

"No! They wouldn't do anything like that."

Scanlon laughed harshly. "Yeah? Says you!"

As it turned out, the boys from Cincinnati were skeptical. Tip Scanlon was last seen alive leaving the Log Cabin, a gambling resort across the river from Louisville. Tourists found his bullet-riddled body near a paved highway fifteen miles from the Log Cabin.

Warren Riddell broke the news to Ruby. "Tip should have done something for you," he finished. "They took all the money he had on him and his wife will come in to claim the estate."

Ruby's hysterical laughter stopped him. "Oh, he did a lot for me, Rid. Look—I have it here in writing—he gave me Teakwood Tommy!"

Thus Teakwood Tommy passed to his fifth owner.

There was a peculiar scene at Tommy's stall the next morning. His new owner grabbed his head between her hands and gave him a long, searching scrutiny.

"Well, well," she said, "so you're Teakwood Tommy? H'm. You've come through better than I have, Tommy, old kid. You haven't got circles under your eyes. You haven't ruined your stomach guzzling race-track liquor. You do look a mite peaked—but then, so do I. Why, Tommy—you can still put up your ears and look actually cocky! Say, I like you." Then, after a pause, "Now, I wonder what in the world is going to become of us, Tommy? I haven't a dime."

Teakwood Tommy quite naturally couldn't answer such a question. He shook his head up and down and pawed the litter

(Continued on Page 123)

ASK THE DEALER WHO DISPLAYS THIS SIGN

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BRIGHT LIGHTS! Jazz! Sophisticated thrills! No wonder so many young folks harken to the siren call of "Unknown places." No wonder so many parents, dreading the pitfalls hidden behind innocent pleasure-seeking, plead for their children to find their fun at home. But how can you meet this competition?

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The dealer who displays the above emblem is one of a select group of progressive merchants offering dependable home furnishings counsel. Ask him for a copy of this helpful 24-page color-illustrated booklet—it's free!

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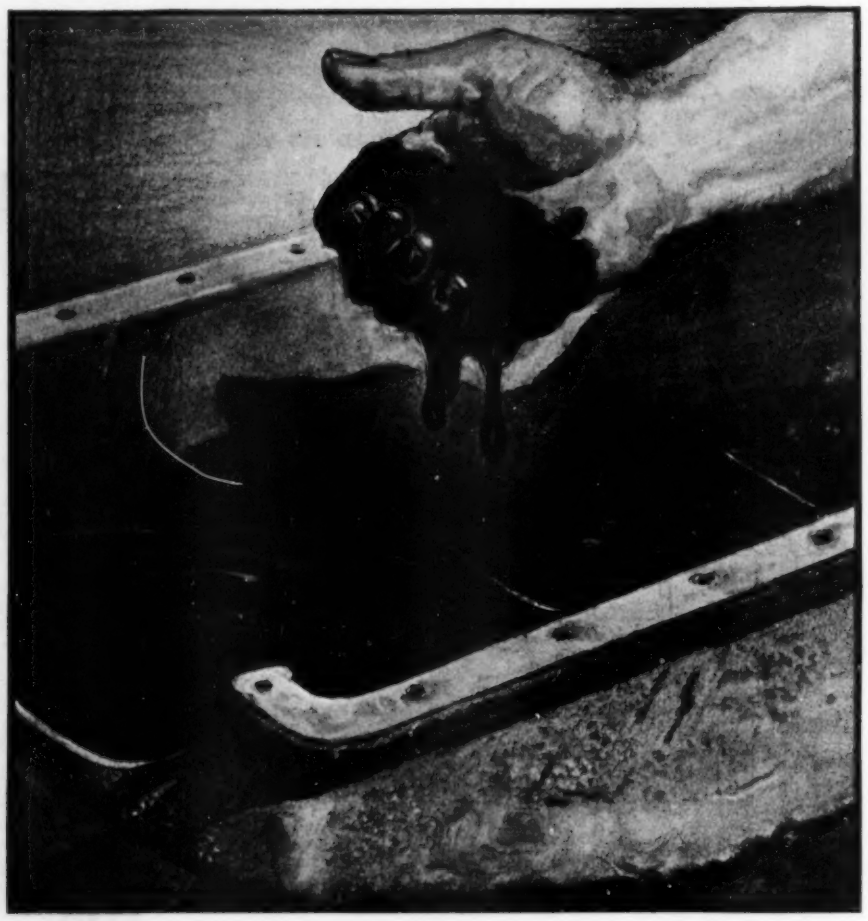

The gummy element in inferior oils combines with road-dust and moisture at the bottom of the crank-case to form the dangerous accumulation called "sludge."

Don't let "sludge" invade your motor!

Prevent it with PENNZOIL

"THE BEST MOTOR OIL IN THE WORLD"

To get at the bottom of many motor troubles, you actually have to go to the bottom of the crank-case. And there you may find a thick black deposit of the gummy filth called "sludge." This substance is one of the most common results of using inferior oils. Such oils decompose under extreme heat, leaving a gummy deposit—a deposit which combines with road-dust and moisture, and gradually grows into the dangerous accumulation pictured above.

Like a parasite in a living organism, "sludge" thrives and fattens at the expense of the entire machine—robbing it of horsepower, spreading sticky impurities to coat valve-stems, to clog the feed-lines, strainers, and other vital parts—eventually obstructing the circulation of the oil-stream, which is the very life blood of the motor. No mere flushing can remove it. The crank-case must be taken down, the stubborn accumulation dug and scraped away—a costly, difficult job.

Motors constantly lubricated with Pennzoil do not suffer from "sludge." Pennzoil has the stamina to resist heat. It is remarkably free from impurities. This is not merely because it is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude—but Pennzoil is the only oil refined by the famous Pennzoil process. This process uses the *heart* of Pennsylvania crude and nothing else—the precious fraction containing the maximum lubricating efficiency. It is always uniform in quality because it is always made by this same process in the refineries of the Pennzoil Company—largest organization in the world operating exclusively on Pennsylvania crude. And Pennzoil lasts so much longer that it is by far the most economical oil you can buy. No wonder millions of motorists call it "the best motor oil in the world."

Keep Pennzoil in your crank-case—and keep "sludge" *out!* Sold by dealers from Maine to California.

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HIGHEST QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of highest quality finished Motor Oil.

GUARANTEED BY THE PENNZOIL COMPANY — 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil of Supreme Quality

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(Continued from Page 120)

on the floor of the stall. Teakwood Tommy's nerves were in bad shape. The girl noticed that. She patted Tommy's nose commiseratingly.

Warren Riddell appeared. "Joey said I'd find you here," he remarked. "I've got some good news. An offer for the horse."

"How much and who from, Rid?"

"Four grand. Uh—does it matter who from?"

She looked at him steadily. "Yes, it does."

"Well, I'll come clean. Lacey Hughes made me the offer, but I'm pretty sure it comes from the Cuban."

Ruby nodded. "Thought so." She glanced at Teakwood Tommy. "Would you turn a horse—or anything alive—over to a man like Porturas?"

Riddell looked ashamed of himself. His lean, handsome face wore a rueful grimace, as if he were unpleasantly surprised at his own tardy recognition of what the deal would mean. The girl was glad to see his self-disgusted frown.

"Guess you're right," he agreed. Then, defensively, "But you will have to sell him to someone, you know."

"Why?"

"Well, he'll certainly be no use to you, will he?" And after a moment's hesitation: "See here—I haven't got quite four grand, but I'll buy him myself at that price. That's an idea! If—you'll trust me for about eight hundred?"

Her gaze softened. His sandy brows against the bronzed skin of forehead and temples had a scorched appearance and there were tiny wincing lines at the corners of his eyes. Regret touched him at times and burned like fire. She sighed. Why was it always regret and not determination? Why was it always a futile gentleness after things happened, instead of a refusal to let them happen?

"What would you do with Tommy?" she asked slowly.

He looked at the horse. Ran a hand under Teakwood Tommy's mane and patted his neck, saying, "Steady, boy." Added the comment, "You've certainly had a rough deal, old fellow." Then, turning to Ruby, he said: "Why, I'd send him to the country for six months or so. Rest, good feeding and work him back to form."

"And then what?"

"I'd race him again."

The girl studied him for a moment with much the same sort of appraisal she had given herself and Teakwood Tommy.

"Would you race him honestly, Rid?"

Riddell winced, gave a short laugh. "I'd try to, Ruby."

"But would you?"

His eyes wavered and he reddened, miserably. "Probably not," he admitted.

"Oh, Rid—are you that weak?"

He shrugged it off. "What is this—a catechising or a horse trade?" Then, with a grin: "Snap out of it, Ruby. Do I get the horse or don't I? Uh—I might add that he could fare a little worse."

She shook her head. "You don't get him," she said. "Tommy needs me and I need him. We're pretty much in the same boat, Tommy and I. We've both got a tussle ahead of us. Thanks just the same though, Rid."

Riddell glanced from her to Teakwood Tommy. Nodded his understanding. He said, "Noble resolution if lady can do."

"Lady can do."

"I'm a little anxious to know how."

"Simple. I'll get a job and support Tommy until he's ready to race again. Tommy goes off the hop; Ruby goes off the booze. Tommy gets to bed early; so does Ruby. Tommy and I race each other back to—well, solid ground anyway."

He was gravely silent for a space. "Sounds good, Ruby," he said finally. "But where do I come in on this?"

She lifted her chin. "You don't come in at all," she said. "I've decided there are too many maybe's and probably's about you."

He wavered before the desperate challenge in her eyes. "Guess you're right, at that," he said.

They were great days for Teakwood Tommy. Long, lazy days in a blue-grass pasture. Brief canters and rubdowns. Sweet timothy hay and good sound oats. Tommy's coat began to glisten again. His eyes brightened. His knee action had the old snap. A grinning, chuckling, black boy put Tommy back to work. The boy's name was Samuel Johnson and he had genius for his task. Faith in men returned to Teakwood Tommy. He discovered that he could stretch out full tilt around the track without fear of a cruel, suffocating wrench at the bit in his mouth.

They were great days for Teakwood Tommy's owner. Sunday afternoons she stood, a slender blond girl, beside old Larry McShane at the weather-beaten rail of a grass-grown track. "One-fourteen and a fifth! Is that good, Larry?"

"Good? Sure, I'd like to have some money on um!"

"Oh, Larry, is he really coming back?"

"Coming? He's back right this minut! We'll be drying him out a bit and toughenin' them hoofs. Say—another thirty days now, an' Tommy'll be fit fer a race."

"Gee, that's just swell! Oh, Tommy, I could hug you!"

Larry McShane cocks an eye at her. "Sure, you're lookin' pretty fit yerself, miss," he says. "Who's been trainin' you?"

She laughs happily. "Oh, I've been my own trainer, Larry."

Sports editors took note of Teakwood Tommy:

One of the strangest stories in the history of racing is recalled by the announcement that Teakwood Tommy will be an entrant in the Kentucky Sweepstakes. This horse won the Two-Year-Old Cup and was a reigning favorite to win the Preakness. Bad handling cost him his chance in this classic and after running out of the money he was scratched as a Derby candidate. Since that time Teakwood Tommy has had a checkered career, to put it politely, and dropped out of sight following the murder of his owner, Tip Scanlon. He returns to racing under the ownership of a Miss Ruby Harrison, a Louisville stenographer. There is much more behind Teakwood Tommy's attempted comeback than has appeared in print. Miss Harrison has steadfastly declined to be interviewed. Her friends maintain she is without financial backing and has given a mortgage on her horse in order to provide the entrance fee.

Teakwood Tommy's owner sat on a horseshoe keg in a corner of the box stall watching Samuel Johnson and another Negro boy curry her horse. It was the evening before the race. She was trying to pay attention to Samuel Johnson's report of how Teakwood Tommy had breezed a mile and a sixteenth that morning. But her mind wasn't on horses and races. She was thinking about Warren Riddell. She remembered his almost plaintive "But where do I come in on this?" and her hard-wrung answer, "You don't come in at all."

During the long weeks which separated that moment from this she had seen Rid just four times.

"Hello, Ruby, you're looking great. How's Tommy?"

"Fine, Rid. How's it going with you?"

"Oh, well enough."

Just talk like that. But it had been enough to make her realize she loved Rid. And that was a sad discovery. Rid obviously didn't love her. And even if Rid should ever fall in love with her, it wouldn't help matters. Rid was going on with the old life. Rid had no intention of changing. She had learned through friends that Rid had taken over Tip Scanlon's gambling syndicate.

The girl sighed and her eyes wandered back to Teakwood Tommy. The horse stood quietly and sturdily before her, munching hay with the gusto of a well-drawn form. She felt a warm affection for Teakwood Tommy. Would he win tomorrow's race? She had confidence that he would. There was a wholesomeness, an honesty, a deep-laid integrity about this animal. She knew that when Teakwood Tommy went to the barrier tomorrow afternoon he would carry with him more than the hope of victory and a ten-thousand-dollar purse. Teakwood

(Continued on Page 126)

Sound Sleep *Instantly When You Go to Bed*

...Wide-Awake Days

A Food-Drink—*Not a Drug*—That Not Only Induces Sleep; But The Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, under-weight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it*. Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

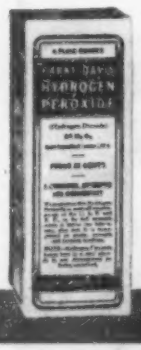
OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Bubbling life and strength for months

When you pour a little Hydrogen Peroxide on a cut or scratch, a cleansing foam of energetic bubbles "boils out" the germs and dirt, lessening the danger of infection. That's the oxygen gas fighting its way up through the liquid in a struggle to get free. And that's what makes peroxide such a good mouth wash. Swished around in the mouth, you can feel the bubbling antiseptic foam thoroughly cleansing the spaces around your gums and between your teeth. Ordinary peroxides lose most of their oxygen gas after the bottle has been opened a few times—they become inert and lifeless. So it's real economy to buy Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide. Your druggist will tell you it's the kind that holds its life and strength for many months.



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Where a beam

Fortunate faces

Men whose skin usually wrinkles at the very thought of the daily shave, get a pleasant smile from the man in the mirror after their first experience with Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. It was made by Parke-Davis chemists for *their own use*. They knew what they wanted. A cream to hold water like a sponge and yield a generous, long-lasting lather—to soothe tender skin—to give the razor its best chance to do a really fine job. Why not give your face the benefit of a cream which research chemists made to order for you? You can buy the purple Parke-Davis tube at any druggist's.

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You can make this test yourself!

The next time you are at your druggist's ask him to show you a bottle of Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Through the transparent glass you can see for yourself that there is practically no separation—that there's only a very thin layer of water at the top. The pure, snowy-white Parke-Davis product shows less "settling" than any other brand. This assures you uniform medicinal activity in every spoonful. If you are one of the many thousands who use Milk of Magnesia for sour stomach, as a mouth rinse, or as a mild laxative, try Milk of Magnesia made the Parke-Davis way.

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With Our Compliments

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Gentlemen: Please send me, free, trial packages of Parke-Davis products I have checked.

- ☐ Euthymol Tooth Paste
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- ☐ Fraichelle Cleansing Cream

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Rise and shine!

Singing in the shower. A brisk rub-down. Then, to top off your preparations for the day, a friendly session with Euthymol Tooth Paste (pronounced u-THI'-mol). You'll start your breakfast and your day with new zest. And you'll have the comforting thought that not only is Euthymol pleasant and refreshing but it is scientifically compounded by the largest and most experienced makers of medicines in the world. So, of course, it does its work well. It cleans your teeth thoroughly and polishes them till they gleam. Ask your druggist for Euthymol—or mail the coupon on this page for a free trial tube.

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News that interrupted a party

One spade . . . two diamonds . . . two spades . . . three clubs—and then Junior, aged 4, burst in upon the afternoon bridge party. The conversation veered to children, foods, cod-liver oil. Then one mother learned for the first time that there is a world of difference in cod-liver oils. How much of the needed vitamins had her baby been getting? There is an easy way of being certain of the vitamin content of cod-liver oil. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. One teaspoonful contains as much of the resistance-building Vitamin A as 11 pints of whole milk or 9 eggs, and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 2 pounds of butter or 7½ eggs. In 4- and 16-oz. bottles, and in *soft*, easy-to-take capsules.

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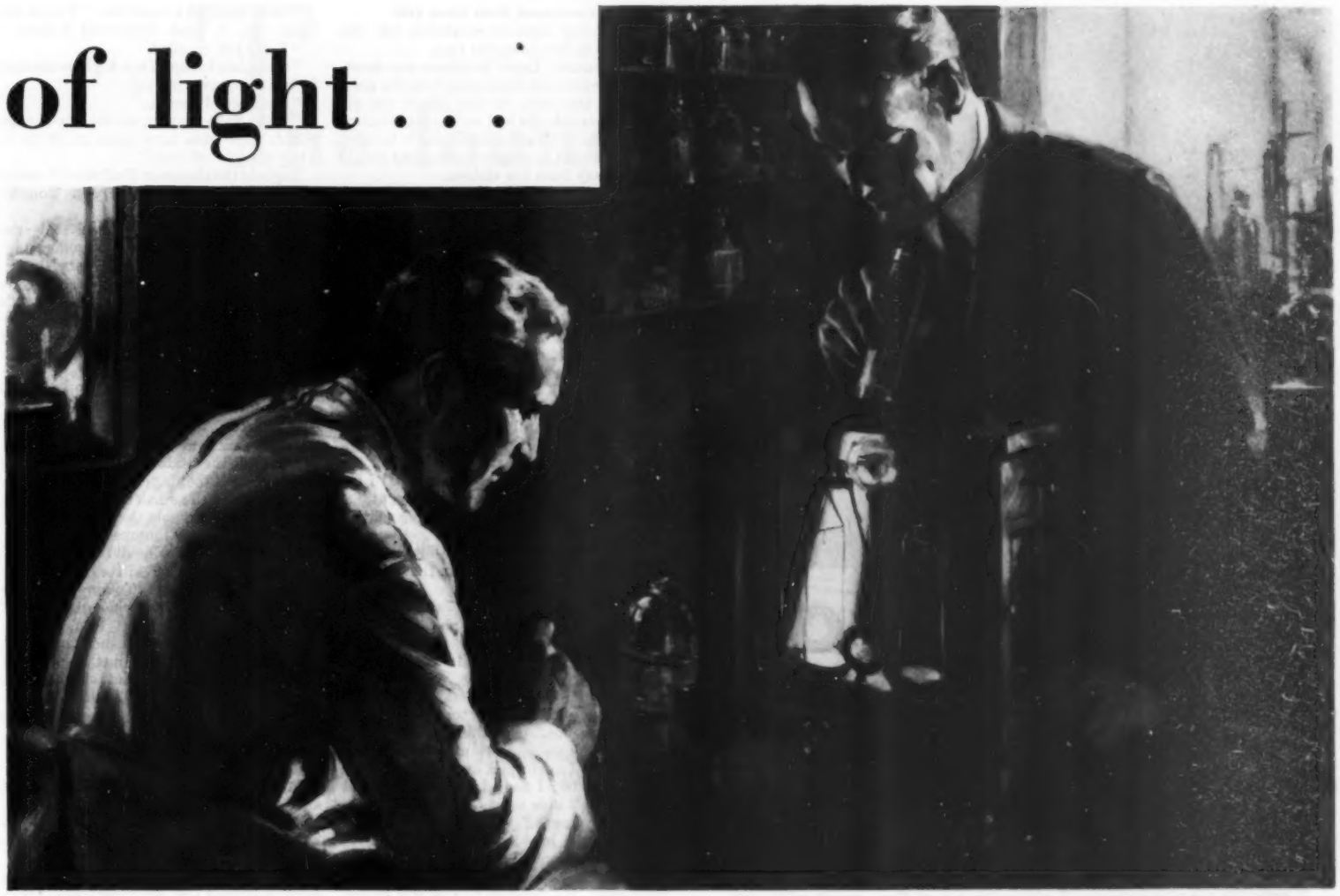
# of light . . .



. . . swings the scale

Accuracy! In the Parke-Davis laboratories you can see a balance so sensitive that it is affected by the infinitesimal energy from a beam of light—a balance which can measure weight-differences as small as one twenty-eight-*millionth* of an ounce.

Only super-sensitive instruments can provide the infinite precision required by Parke-Davis standards of accuracy for research work on certain highly scientific medicines used by your physician.

Throughout the great Parke-Davis manufacturing laboratories—in the United States, Canada, Europe, South America and Australia—accuracy is a veritable religion. In no other organization in the world is there a more exacting system of safeguards and counter-checks against possible error.

This system of accuracy embraces the manufacture, not only of Parke-Davis medicines, but also of the preparations listed on these pages for your daily home use.

Perhaps you have not realized, for example, that, before Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is bottled and labeled with the Parke-Davis name, its quality and vitamin content are definitely measured by an elaborate set of standardization tests. These tests must show that the oil will correct rickets and promote growth of bone and tissue in animals at a definite rate, within certain definite time-limits.

Physicians and druggists all over the world put their professional faith in the Parke-Davis label as a symbol of high quality and accuracy. You can do the same every day, whether you are purchasing toilet accessories like tooth paste and shaving cream or such preparations as cod-liver oil, milk of magnesia and hydrogen peroxide.

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-to the Whir of Hectic Wheels

ANOTHER cycle of intense production activity is just around the corner. Far sighted factory executives are preparing now to squeeze every last ounce of efficiency out of their plants when production orders begin to pour in.

With the Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer on the job there will be no idle wheels and men waiting for a belt to be relaced.

In just ninety seconds a big six inch belt can be laced with this remarkable machine. Just one turn of a crank and a pressure of 37,500 lbs. forces a uniform row of hooks into the belt end—absolutely flush with the surface—yet without damage to the belt fibres.

This wonderful lacer weighs only 56½ lbs. and is operated easily by a single shopman.

Listen ahead to tomorrow—and standardize on the Clipper No. 6. It will solve your belt lacing problems for all time.

Whatever your shop requirements, there's a Clipper Lacer to meet them efficiently—lacing the smallest of belts up to the heavier and wider ones. And the use of Clipper Pins and Clipper Hooks ensures a perfect, lasting joint. For complete demonstration communicate with your nearest dealer or with the

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

Price $75.00
in United States of America
Furnished with stand at an additional cost

Clipper
No 6 Speed Lacer

(Continued from Page 123)

Tommy had come to symbolize her own struggle to live down the past.

She started. Larry McShane was speaking her name and beckoning from the doorway of the stall. As she joined the old trainer outside she had an instant intuition of trouble. McShane confirmed it by nodding his head to indicate that they should walk away from the stables.

"What's wrong, Larry?"

McShane looked cautiously about, then said: "I just got a tip that Jack Lavery has sold us out. He's figurin' to pull Tommy tomorrer."

Stricken, she stared at McShane. "Who told you? It's just stable talk, isn't it?"

"Sure wisht it was jest stable talk, Miss Ruby. But it's a straight tip."

"Where did you get it?"

"I'm under me oath not to say a wor-rd to a livin' soul. Where it come from has got to be deep down. I can't even tell you."

She argued frantically, trying to reassure herself by thinking the source of the tip unreliable. But McShane wouldn't tell her who had warned him, except to say: "I believe ut. I'd stake my right hand on ut."

"What horse is getting the big play?" she demanded finally.

"Sure, an' who would ut be but Ramblin' Home? Ain't he the only wan that Tommy has to beat?"

The girl nodded. "That Jack Lavery!" she burst out. "The rat! Who can we get in his place?"

McShane mentioned half a dozen names, rather hopelessly.

"Isn't one of them honest?"

The old trainer spat tobacco juice in gloomy silence. After thinking it over he said: "If I knew jest how much money is in this set-up I might pick another boy fer ye. But every boy I named has a price—or at least I ain't able to say fer sure that any one of um hasn't."

She broke into a tirade demanding to know what could be done, finishing with "Tommy's not going to be cheated out of this race. He deserves to win and he can win. Why, Larry, you know that horse could go out there without a rider and win. Oh, it's rotten. All his life Tommy's had to depend on men—and what men—dirty, thieving, double-crossing bums ——"

McShane scowled. "Well," he said, "we'll jest have to take our chances on wan of the other boys. I guess Nate Jacoby is the best of the lot. I'll go an' have a talk with um."

An idea flashed into her mind. She gripped McShane's arm. "Wait—Tommy has an awful tough mouth, hasn't he?" The trainer nodded, wonderingly. "Listen—we won't say anything to Jack. We'll let him ride. Then ——" Her voice fell to a hoarse whisper. It took her a long time to convince McShane. Finally, and with many misgivings, he agreed to the plan.

The saddling bell rang. A bugle sounded. The girl stood on the clubhouse concourse as near to the rail as she could get. They'd be starting the parade to the post soon. She turned in the crowd and looked toward the boxes. She saw Rid, seated among several strange men and women in a box.

Why hadn't Rid come to wish her and Tommy luck? She tried to catch Rid's glance. Thought he looked at her. Waved. But he looked away. Deliberately, she thought. Then, suddenly, she was assailed by a horrible conjecture. Maybe Rid was in on this frame-up. She tried to put it aside. Told herself that Rid couldn't do such a thing. Yet—Rid was running Tip's old syndicate. It was just the sort of job Tip would have tried to pull. What reason had Rid given her to believe he was any straighter than Tip?

"Oh, Rid, if you're in on this ——" The heartache in her whisper made her eyes blur. Then she saw the horses coming out for the race. "There's Tommy!" Yes, there was Teakwood Tommy. He was sidling along with the old-time, springy, rakish, cocky prance. The girl forgot Rid. Her throat tightened with suspense.

Would her plan work?

Voices sounded around her. "That's the horse—No. 8. Yeah. Teakwood Tommy."

"Didja bet on him?"

"Sa-ay, am I a sap? That dog is so crooked he can jump over his tail."

"Looks good though."

"Huh—take a squint at the late-change board. His odds have gone to 16 to 1. They're layin' off him!"

She held the glasses on Teakwood Tommy as the field lined up at the post. Tommy was third from the rail.

"Good boy, Tommy. Stand still—get your head around—you're not going to let 'em worry you. At-a-boy! There they—nope, two horses out. Now—steady-y, old boy. Ha! Here they come. Where's Tommy? Fourth—fifth—no ——" The field flashed by the clubhouse in a cloud of dust. She groaned: "He's holding Tommy back. Tommy's eighth—Tommy's pocketed already. Fight him, Tommy! Bite on the bit—make him pull—harder, harder ——" The quarter: "Where are you, Tommy? Oh, where are you? That's Rambling Home in the lead, the Stalcup colt next. There's Tommy—he's fighting—he's tugging with his head ——" The half: "Oh, why don't they break? Larry said they would—Larry said —— Tommy jumped ahead just then—he did, I know he did ——" Three-quarters: "Tommy's free! He's free! Jack's holding on to his neck. Tommy's running free! They broke, they broke—right by the bit, I can see 'em dangling. Run, Tommy, put your ears back now and run! Here comes Tommy—fifth, fourth—oh, run around him, Tommy—run around that horse. You can do it. That dust—that—where are you, Tommy? There! Second now—Tommy's second now! Come on, come on, come on —— First—first—first—Tommy wins!"

That evening Teakwood Tommy's owner and his trainer were talking about the race. The Jockey Club stewards had held up Tommy's purse while they investigated the mysterious break in his bridle reins.

McShane said: "They'll give Tommy the purse. You wait and see. They'll figger that the dirty work was done to make Tommy lose, an' seein' as he carried his jockey an' all equipment across the line in spite of it he double earned the money. Here—read the papers. Every wan of 'em says Tommy ought to have the purse."

The girl pushed the papers away wearily. "I don't care and Tommy doesn't care whether they pay us a dime. Tommy knows he won an honest race." Then, bitterly, "It's all spoiled for me, Larry. A friend of mine was in on that frame-up."

McShane blinked. "Friend of yours? Who?"

"Warren Riddell. Remember his name, Larry, and watch out for him."

She turned to give Teakwood Tommy a good-night pat on the nose, with a thought that twisted her lips into an ironic quirk. The thought was, "Why aren't men a little more like horses?"

McShane gulped, hesitated, then said: "Hey. Hold on a minut. You got Riddell wrong."

"Yes? Now, I'll tell one."

"'Tis the Lord's own truth," said McShane, "Riddell himself give me the tip on the sell-out."

"You—you're lying. Rid? Gave you the tip?"

The trainer made a sign of caution which was in itself convincing. "The Lord's own truth," he repeated, in a whisper. "But if ut ever got out—well—you know what happened to Mr. Scanlon."

She met Warren Riddell by appointment at the farm where Teakwood Tommy had trained.

"Why did you do it, Rid?" she asked.

He considered the question gravely. Then his face lighted with pleasant surprise.

"Funny," he said, "I never knew exactly—until just now. It's like this—I've decided I want to be in with you and Teakwood Tommy. Any chance?"

"Oh, a swell chance, Rid," she said.

The foundations of many fortunes have been laid.....

in times like these

The time to prepare for the future is NOW!

Today, throughout the country, forces are shaping that will mould the destinies of the nation's industries many years hence. Some industries are sinking slowly but surely, carried down by economic forces no human ingenuity can resist. Others are due to expand amazingly. To the business executives and investors able to interpret the trend of these forces will go a large share in the nation's leadership—and wealth—a decade hence.

All this is clearly apparent. The great difficulty lies in the fact that these forces are so vast, so intricate and far-reaching, that they are beyond the power of any one human brain to measure.

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It was this circumstance that brought the Standard Statistics Company into being twenty-five years ago—that explains its existence at this moment as the world's largest statistical organization.

For "Standard," by the carefully organized effort of more than a thousand brains, is able to achieve results far beyond the reach of any one man. It is an organization of specialists. There are specialists here on the broad economic forces that affect all business: banking, credit, foreign trade and all other similar considerations. There are specialists on the automobile industry, on the steel industry, on the building industry—on each of the other key industries.

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The black days of the Napoleonic Wars laid the foundations for the fortunes of the great House of Rothschild—today one of the largest in the world. Using the swiftest means of communication available—carrier pigeons, special couriers—Nathan Rothschild got the *facts*—then acted on them! The first in London to learn the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo, he *bought* sound securities at bottom prices while others were selling in panic.

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Every step in the task of gathering the vital facts of business and interpreting their meaning in terms of the future, is entrusted to men who are specialists in the fields they cover.

Service designed for men whose time is always crowded

The mere existence of all this immensely valuable information would be meaningless to a man who did not have the *time* to use it. This fact has brought into play the abilities of still another group of specialists—men trained in the technique of making facts and conclusions accessible and easily understood.

The output of this composite brain appears in its final form in Standard Services. Here the scientific business man can secure intimate, immediate contact with the forces and industries on which his business depends. These Services are of many types to fit the varying individual needs of business executives and investors.

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LANSING, MICHIGAN

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 34)

no less. F'r instance, a lot of us were kind of sitting round at a tea th' other day and this girl was there, my dear, and the hostess, who's the foulest gossip in the world, my dear, made this catty remark about this woman who wasn't there, you see, whereupon this obtuse girl who's so tactless and all, my dear, proceeds to declare in loud tones that she doesn't believe it. Can you bear it, my dear? Actually, I thought I'd have hysterics!

HE: Yeah?

SHE: Really, my dear, it was the most baffling moment, because none of us believed what this obnoxious hostess said about this other woman who wasn't there, my dear, but, of course, we all agreed heartily with her for the sake of politeness, my dear, but this quaint female who's so tactless and everything was just dumb enough to stand up for this other woman, which made the hostess simply long to crown her with the grand piano or something at that point. Can you cope with it?

HE: Gee, that certainly must have been an embarrassing situation, all right!

SHE: And the whole point is, my dear, that this odd female who's so terribly tactless isn't a bit sincere, because this woman has social position and loads of dough, whereas this peculiar female who's so tactless and everything, my dear, hasn't any social position at all, and her husband practically hasn't a sou; only I mean you have to be nice to them, because even though I wouldn't trust her round the corner, my dear, you have to keep on the good side of a person like that, because, I mean, they're likely to say anything about you behind your back if you don't. Do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, I guess you're right.

SHE: But honestly, my dear, I think sincerity is the rarest thing nowadays, and that's one thing I can say for myself at least—I'm always perfectly sincere, and if I don't like people, they know it, my dear, because I mean I'm always perfectly sincere. I mean, I actually am!

—LLOYD MAYER.

Shelley for Financiers

THE fountain merges with the river
And the river with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;

Everything on earth converges
And infallibly
In another's being merges;
Why not merge with me?

And bond for bond will we exchange,
And we will interlock
Directorates; and we'll arrange
To form a Common Stock!

—Morris Bishop.

OWNING A BIG-LEAGUE BALL TEAM

(Continued from Page 25)

gave five players, which brought the total of the investment up to $250,000. These were Maguire, Seibold, Cunningham, Leggett and Jones. Last year eight baseball writers, located in eight National League cities, voted Hornsby the most valuable player in the National League and awarded him an emblem and $1000 in gold.

Occasionally, however, we have picked up a star player at a bargain-counter price. Take Leo Hartnett. We secured him in 1924 from the Springfield club of the Eastern League, at a cost of only $4000. Hartnett is one of the best catchers in baseball today. Guy Bush, at a price of $1500, is another gold nugget found in the bushes. His pitching gave us our only win in a World Series.

Our cost for scouts runs $35,000 a year. We scour the country continuously for new players who look like major-league timber. Many suppose that these scouts are retired players. Not always. One of the big surprises to me as owner of a major-league team has been learning how little star players know about the real worth of undeveloped players, measured by major-league requirements. Frequently one of our best players voluntarily will bring in from the bushes a find which he thinks a real phenom. Often they are disappointments. Trying out volunteers costs us more than $3000 a year. The expense of a training season is at least $32,000. The traveling expenses of a season are $53,000 or more.

We use 8400 balls a year and 750 bats. At every game in Chicago we use forty-eight balls. Allowing any spectator who catches a ball to keep it has been a very popular rule. Players are whimsical, almost superstitious, about their choice of bats.

The public has little idea of a major-league-club organization. That of the Cubs contains 499 persons. Here is the list:

PLAYING END		
Scouts	3	
Players	25	
Manager	1	
Coaches	2	31
GROUNDS		
Superintendent	1	
Assistants	2	
Ground keepers	20	23
PARK		
Ushers	150	
Gatemen	25	
Ticket sellers	20	195
CONCESSIONS		
Director	1	
Assistants	2	
Venders	150	
Venders, score card	50	
Restaurants, and so on	30	233
EXECUTIVE		
Directors	7	
Officers	5	
Assistants	5	17
Grand total		499

Many are curious about the amount of money spent for refreshments and score cards at baseball games. Our sales income last year from this source was $233,450. We operate our own concession business because we wish to keep this form of service to our patrons directly in our own hands in order to protect its quality. The principal items of these sales were:

Soda pop	539,938 bottles
Lemonade	138,000 glasses
Ice cream	388,410 individuals
Peanuts	266,900 bags
Pop corn	132,650 bags
Red hots	425,820
Rolls	482,364
Candy	170,568 bars (5c)
Score cards	694,954
Coffee	122,200 cups

Several men have made substantial fortunes from baseball concessions. One of them is said to have bought, with his concession profits, the park where he operated and the home team of that city.

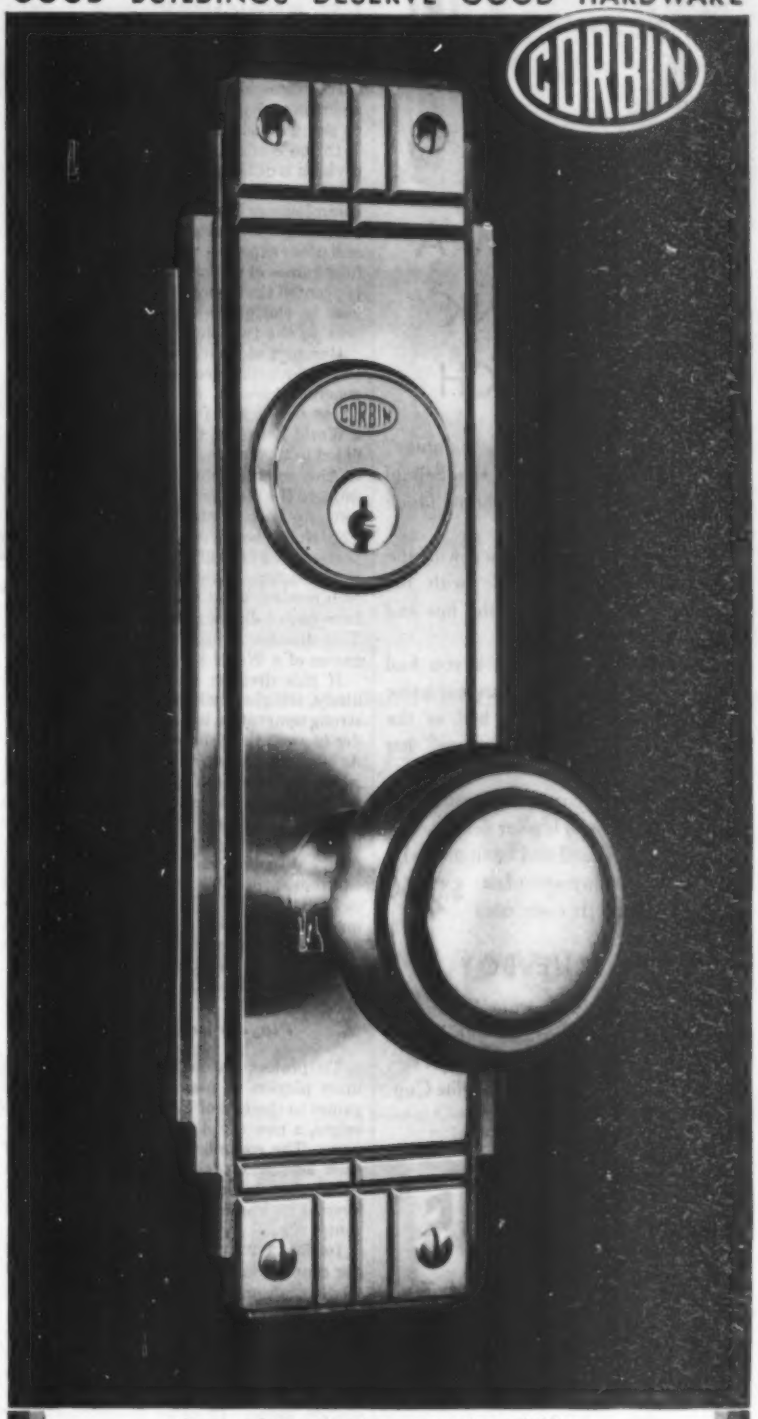
Compared with the baseball business, the most exposed bathing beauty on parade is concealed and secluded.

In almost any other enterprise of equal size, an owner can lose $1,000,000 without having the public aware of his mistake or misfortune. But not in baseball. The instant a club begins to slip, the public knows all about it.

Every Chicago baseball fan owns a controlling interest in the Cubs—in his own mind. We get thousands of letters telling

Only that which is good can endure . .

GOOD BUILDINGS DESERVE GOOD HARDWARE



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Sturdy kids need sturdy food at noontime, and the "Thermos" Bonnie Blue School Kit will take an appetizing home lunch to school every day.

This school kit is equipped with the famous "Thermos" Bottle with the Bakelite Cup that protects the lips and hands from hot liquids.

Only on "Thermos" will you find the Bakelite Cup—it is an exclusive feature that mothers will hail as the greatest improvement "Thermos" has ever made.

The kit is of sanitary metal construction with a blue morocco leather design. It is thoroughly ventilated and equipped with leather handle and a positive fastener for the lid. It costs only $2.50

THE BLUE BOY

If you prefer, the "Thermos" Blue Boy may be purchased separately—in ½ pint also pint size for $1.00 and the quart size for $2.50. All sizes have the Bakelite Cup.

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us how to run the club. After a losing game, one fan wrote me: "Why don't you sell the Wrigley Building and buy a baseball team?"

In the division of gate receipts in the National League, a visiting team gets no more from a grand-stand or box seat than from one in the bleachers. All tickets are counted as general admissions. The National League gets 5 per cent of the total receipts of the game on this basis; the remaining 95 per cent is split equally between the two clubs. The league, of course, pays the umpires.

As to a World Series, owning a participating ball team is not the melon-cutting festival that the public thinks. Instead, it is an adventure in philanthropy that often calls for sporting nerve. The dividends are mostly in glory. It cost us $40,000 to build extra bleachers to accommodate 10,000 persons for two games. Our share of the returns on those extra admissions was nine cents a person each game—not enough to pay the ushering service.

In the World Series games the division is different. Of the gross receipts, 10 per cent goes to the commissioner to pay the costs of his office, of World Series umpires and other expenses. For the first four games of a World Series, 60 per cent of the amount remaining goes to the players and 40 per cent to the two clubs involved.

One-half of what the clubs receive goes to their leagues. Every general-admission dollar of receipts to the first four games of a World Series is, therefore, divided in this manner: Ten cents to the commissioner, fifty-four cents to the players and eighteen cents to each of the two clubs. The clubs, however, split their portion on a fifty-fifty basis with their leagues. Eventually each club receives a net of nine cents from each dollar of gate receipts. This division applies only to the first four games of a World Series.

If this division were continued indefinitely, the players would be subjected to a strong temptation to prolong the series in order to swell their share of the gate receipts. As all fans know, a World Series is won when one club wins four games. The players get the lion's share of World Series gate money—and are entitled to it! World Series games are supergames. They command capacity attendance. The total of receipts is enormous; in 1929 it was $859,494, and in 1928, $777,290. The players are contending for huge stakes—a big bunch of extra money over and above their normal income expectations. Extra money is the sweetest money in the world.

Players are Well Paid

To protect baseball from the pressure upon players to manipulate World Series games to the end of piling up more gate receipts, a new division begins with the fifth game. The commissioner gets ten cents of each admission dollar and the two clubs divide the remainder equally, each handing over to its league twenty-two and one-half cents.

In the 1929 World Series, the players' 60 per cent amounted to $388,086.66. Of this 70 per cent, or $271,660.66, went to the two teams. This left 30 per cent, or $116,426, which was divided among the players on the clubs finishing second, third and fourth, with the highest percentage for the one finishing second. This was in the nature of a stimulation purse. In order to afford further stimulation, 60 per cent of the $271,660.66 went to the winning club, the Athletics, and 40 per cent to the losing club, the Cubs.

In the old days collusion between friendly players in a World Series contest was not unknown. It was a secret agreement to make an even split of players' money. The discovery of such an arrangement would today bring instant dismissal to those involved.

Considered from the players' viewpoint, baseball certainly is not the poorest of professions. Few who enter it are equipped to go into any other profession or calling requiring special training. They are too young when we get them to have any special preparation for anything. Most of our recruits are close to twenty years old.

William Wrigley, Jr., Owner of the Chicago Cubs

Usually they serve their apprenticeship in a minor league, from which they generally receive better pay than they could earn in any other calling. Players on the Los Angeles team—my minor-league club—draw from $2800 to $7000 a year. Not bad for youngsters. Few players on major-league teams are paid less than $6000 to $8000 a year—with expenses for two months at training camp and three months on the road. A $15,000 major-league salary is common.

A ball player getting $15,000 can save $10,000 a year without half trying. If he spends more than $5000 a year he is living too well and hurting his chances of development as a star player. Lean living makes good ball playing. His chances for rapid advancement, for swift promotion into big money, are far greater than in any other calling for which he could possibly qualify. The bonuses open to him are rich and tempting. He can knock the golden apples right off the tree with his bat if he has the reach. He has every possible help and urge to do so.

He is trained by experts at the club's expense and is paid while a novice. All he has to do to win quick promotion is to show that he is of big-league timber, and he may do that in a single game. One season may elect him to big money if he has the stuff.

A player who lives as he should can count on ten years of major-league work. The big offset to that statement is the liability to serious injuries which all players face. I doubt that this liability is greater in baseball than in the majority of industrial pursuits. Quite a group of stars have played major-league ball longer than ten years. But assume that the average retirement occurs at the end of ten years. This means, then, that the major-league player who is good enough to retain his place on the team can retire at the age of about thirty-five with $100,000 and accumulated interest.

How many men under thirty-five have a better capital than this? One of the big arguments for college football is that it is the best training in the world to develop aggressiveness, courage, stamina, decision and judgment—all qualities needed in business and professional life in after years. If this argument is sound respecting the character-building influence of college football, it is, I think, still sounder regarding major-league baseball, where decisions must be instantaneous, followed by action within the second.

Many baseball stars are unable to withstand the inflating influence of the kind of hero worship which their presence on the diamond inspires. They soften under constant adulation and flattery, have their heads swelled and lose their poise and sense of proportion. In some cases this makes them easy victims of those who are bent upon taking their money away from them. But I am glad to say that this is not true of the majority of big-league baseball stars. Most of them develop a good surplus and sinking fund of hard common sense and use it in the lines of business to which they turn after their retirement.

Salaries at the Top

Of course the figures I have used in this outline of what a major-league player can put aside in his active baseball days are conservative. Many of the players receive incomes which permit them to multiply this rate of saving. For example, Babe Ruth draws at least $80,000 a year from his playing; three or four others are not far behind him in income. There are several players who pull down better than $25,000 a year.

In business we hear a lot about the value of contacts with men influential in affairs. There isn't a star baseball player in any league who doesn't have these contacts thrust upon him by the dozen. The wise ones cherish them and make them count after they retire and enter business.

A good baseball team is an important civic asset to its town or city. I never lose sight of this in doing things for the Cubs. For instance, the visiting uniforms of the players are lettered Chicago. Every employe of the park—even the diamond groomers—wears an attractive uniform and must be alert and courteous to hold his position. We spend many thousands of dollars every year which might be saved, excepting for making Chicago proud of the Cubs and Wrigley Field.

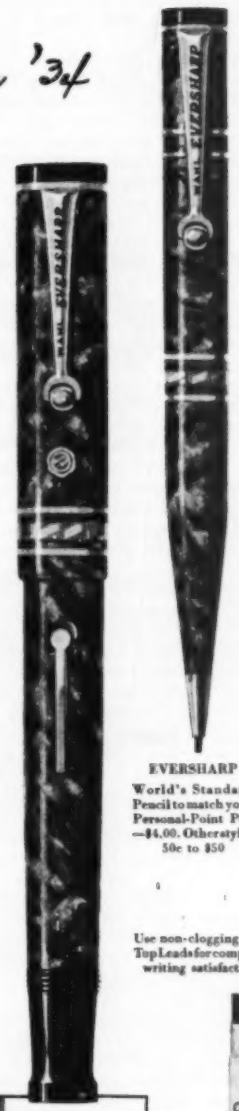
I wouldn't own a ball team or ball park if I couldn't operate on a liberal policy. Take postponed games and returned admission money, for example. Public good will is the prime consideration. We had a Sunday game, in 1928, with the Pittsburgh team. Rain began at noon and continued until 2:30. When it cleared, the game was played. Meantime a lot of discouraged ticket holders did not come. They got their money back to the tune of $10,000.

The greatest kick I get from owning the Cubs is watching the 4000 boys and girls under sixteen who are admitted free each weekday game here excepting Friday and Saturday. A large proportion of them are Boy Scouts. Of course they have to be released from school to attend the game. This is done through the coöperation of the school board and the athletic committee of the city council. I like to see these youngsters go wild over the game.

In my opinion, popular interest in baseball will increase steadily for years to come. The portion of the American public indifferent to its thrills is rapidly disappearing, now that the women are taking their bridge clubs to the ball game.

She writes like this

Edythe Carpenter '34



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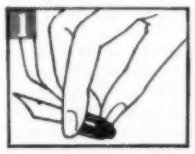

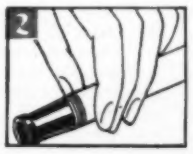

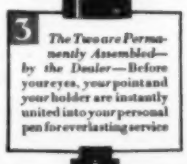

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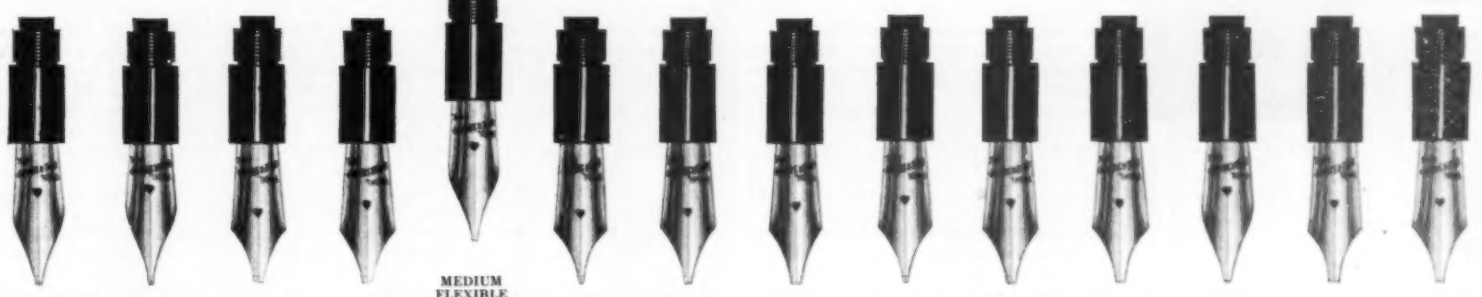

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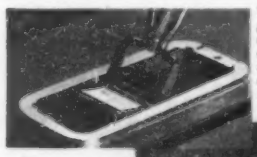

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THE SIXTH MAN

(Continued from Page 19)

"But couldn't you ——"

Elliott stirred irritably. "Do you have to keep on talking? If not, I'll have some shut-eye."

"Sorry!" Ballister said. He moved his crippled leg to a more comfortable position.

Elliott smiled thinly; said indolently: "If the boys don't move fast enough to suit, you might say Prin a time or two. It worked before, didn't it?"

Ballister looked at him sharply, but his eyes were closed, his face as still as yellow wax.

The river flowed by. It stank of old vegetation and rotting tidewater pools. In the dim swamp, gigantic arums gleamed, their ivory, crimson-laced cups half open, sucking in the moist heat. Flies descended in vicious hordes. The creak of the oars against the rowlocks, the monotonous grunts of the laboring boys, the steady drone of insects were soporific, but Ballister did not doze. Hours passed, while he sat back against the cushioned seat, his eyes occasionally sweeping the marshes and the great Laocoön-like mangroves that hemmed the river.

Ahead, the stream curved and the boat cut diagonally across to save distance. It straightened out again. A firearm cracked from the opposite bank, and a heavy bullet whiplashed through the awning and into the bush, clipping leaves in its passage. Ballister flattened himself in the bottom of the cockpit. Elliott snatched a rifle from its rack, but there was nothing to shoot at. He snapped a word or two at the crew and they leaned to their work until the water boiled in their wake. Silence again, then another shot. The stroke oarsman slumped on his seat, and a patch of quick red welled up and spread between his glistening black shoulder blades.

The bush was silent again. A half hour passed, and the overseer laid aside his weapon, and threw a cloth over the body of the oarsman Ballister looked to him for explanation. "The fun's started," the American replied laconically, and lay back again, his eyes closed. But his hand was within quick reach of the rifle. Ballister knew that he was listening.

Toward the end of the afternoon the dense green tapestry of the forest opened out. A clearing in an elbow of the river ahead was flanked along the bank by extensive godowns, and along the forest edge by a town of native huts. There were well-built wharves, and big steam cargo lighters were stranded on the glistening mud exposed by the tide. The Prin trade-mark was everywhere—three blue spearheads on a scarlet disk. It was painted on lighters and godowns, stenciled on tarpaulins, stamped, Ballister thought, on the souls of his natives. Moored to the end of a spider-legged jetty was a small, antiquated river steamer—a side-wheeler, with streaky, rust-spotted paintwork, and manned machine guns mounted forward and on the old-fashioned paddle boxes. Her name, Dei Gratia, was lettered on the counter, and she flew Prin's house flag, not aloft, as is usual, but with blatant arrogance at the stern. Elliott followed Ballister's surprised glance.

"You think it funny that he's got his own flag at the stern, instead of the flag of the country? Why not? This is his country, he says. He took it without a by-your-leave to anybody and stuck his mark on it. The government's afraid of him and leaves him alone, and he thinks he's a king, the saucy old devil. No, by gad, he knows he is! And yonder's Akaba."

Old Prin's headquarters. The small end of the funnel through which poured the riches of the vast, shadowy forest beyond. Ballister asked where Prin's bungalow was.

"He lives on the Dei Gratia. She's been his home for thirty years. He built the trade with her, after the natives burned his first two boats up the river. But the Dei Gratia doesn't go upriver any more. We have steam lighters. Neither does Prin. He's too old—and he figures the natives would get him if he did."

The boat swung in. Elliott himself showed Ballister to his room on the Dei Gratia. The vessel seemed deserted, except for a subdued murmur of talk in the servants' quarters. Passing the saloon, he saw a woman's form for a brief moment, as she leaned to put some flowers in a bowl. With a faint sense of shock he realized that she was white. It had not occurred to him that Prin might be married. The old trader was asleep, Elliott told him. Dinner would be at seven o'clock.

Ballister bathed and changed. The sun had sunk below the forest rim, but its brief afterglow flooded the clearing and the slow-moving river with ruddy light. White streamers of mist arose, and at regular intervals from the swamp on the far side of the river pool, setting the note for the orchestra of the night, floated the deep bong-g-g of a giant frog. Ballister's room was like a steam bath. He left it for a breath of evening air, stepping across the alleyway, and into the saloon.

The saloon was large, almost the breadth of the vessel, and was furnished with worn willow-and-leather chairs—intimate chairs, molded to the use of a huge, inert body. There were year-old magazines on the table; and sprawling jungle flowers, in bowls of raw, primary colors, burned in the amber light that flooded through the open ports. A slight, hot breeze stirred the curtains. On the starboard side, a small room opened off the saloon. Ballister could see the corner of an old roll-top desk, and a swivel easy-chair; obviously the office wherein old Prin conducted his affairs.

He walked through the saloon, about to pass out to the deck. Then he stopped abruptly, instinctively. In a stillness so profound that he was aware of the beating of his heart, he stood looking into the small, dim room. In the center of the floor stood Elliott and the woman he had seen, their arms about each other, locked in a silent, breathless embrace. Oblivious, they clung with a frantic, aching hunger that had in it something of despair, as though snatching this clandestine happiness from an hour of separation. The man's face was transfigured, his eyes washed clear of bitterness as he melted his lips against the woman's yielding mouth. Then Elliott, over the woman's tensed shoulder, saw Ballister. He started, and slowly put her from him. Ballister, with the deep tide of embarrassment flooding his fever-yellowed face, moved on.

"Mr. Ballister ——"

He turned. Elliott was gone, but the woman stood at the entrance to the inner room, her gown accentuating, with a disturbing, sophisticated simplicity, the perfect contours of her slender body. Beauty haunted her pallid face and shadowy eyes, when she stood out of the light; but as she moved toward him Ballister saw that she was no longer young. Unhappiness and fear had etched her. She looked tired, and a little frightened. Her gown was of a fashion some years gone. Yet there was something—she might be a magdalen, or Mary, or—he thought doubtfully—a weary Delilah. The impression that remained with him was of a flower that had been pressed too long in an old book; the lovely outline was there, but the sap had dried, thinning its color and life.

She spoke again, her voice underlaid with an acknowledgment, without regret, of what he had seen. She hurdled conventional greeting, anxious, he thought, to establish that intimacy of ideas of those who have a common understanding and tolerance. She said:

"I am glad you have come. This dreadful country, where one sees nobody. Don't you loathe it too?"

"I was born in Africa. I am used to it."

"Even that I can't understand. I mean, how even people born here can like it. It terrifies me."

He saw that she spoke truthfully, and it moved him. There was little of happiness for a woman in so brutal an environment; and yet, unused to the society of women, there was nothing he could find to say that would show her he understood. He asked when he might see Prin.

"After dinner. He has his meals in his room, but when he goes out on deck he will expect you."

To his relief neither she nor Elliott appeared for the meal. With her, he felt uncomfortable; mainly through his inability to mitigate her fate. As for Elliott, he felt that he had had enough of the man's bitterness for one day. He was waited upon by an efficient native servant, and after dinner the woman came for him. The night was like black velvet when they left the saloon for the deck, and the sultry air pressed down upon the surface of the earth.

Old Prin was in a bulging rattan chair, in the full beam of a rose-shaded lamp that poured on him from the open door behind. Great, shaggy head sunk into enormous shoulders; overflowing paunch that rolled down to prodigious legs. His jowled cheek was pitted blue with gunpowder, the skin was dyed the color of teak from fifty years of tropic suns, and tufts of coarse white hair bristled from his brows like those of legendary warriors on a Japanese screen. His hairy wrists were thick and powerful, his hands puffed and broad, the dark skin scaled with age and weather. One would not realize the size of those great hands, Ballister thought, unless one saw them as now, beside some familiar object—a siphon, a tumbler, a pistol. Even in repose the formidable old figure revealed that fierce, driving thirst for life that had made him one of the most talked-of men in Africa.

He belched ponderously, and opened his eyes, brown and bright, like a wise old orang-utan; and Ballister realized that his cruelty was the primitive, unreasoning cruelty of an ape. Old Prin regarded his visitor unwinking from under his shaggy brows for a full thirty seconds, with grim amusement, tinged with contempt.

"'Ello! You Ballister? Cripes, you're a scrawny little runt!" He talked with an asthmatic wheeze, in violent gusts, full of throaty chuckles. "Pull up that chair. Ye look like one o' these reformers, full of uplift for your native brother. Think you're man enough to handle this job?"

Ballister lighted his pipe, took off his spectacles and rubbed them industriously, and said mildly: "I hope to. But I'll judge better, after I know what it is."

Old Prin turned his massive head to the woman, standing white and still behind him, her eyes fixed upon the hot blackness that lay over the river. "Come back later," he croaked. He waited until she had gone, then resumed.

"I expected somebody wi' more meat on his bones, Ballister. Ye look like a kind of a nincompoop to me. However, we must use what God sends, for want of a better. You're wondering why Elliott won't do any more, eh?"

"I hadn't thought about him."

Old Prin's laugh rumbled deeply in his chest. "Ye don't favor 'im. I can smell that. What did ye do—try to pump him about me and find 'e sucked dry? Elliott's a rare fellow; a bitter sweep, but a man. I've had other overseers, but mostly they wasn't worth a hoot, and they're lying in the forest now."

"So I've heard. Fellow named Anderson was one, wasn't he?"

The old trader smacked his thigh in an ecstasy of mirth. "Oh, ye've heard, have ye? Anyway, next to Anderson, Elliott was the best. 'E's a terror, that man. 'E chills 'em! But he's lost 'is grip. Too much fever and whisky, and ——" Old Prin sobered, suddenly. "'Ere! Wot do you know about Anderson?"

Ballister looked up, in quiet surprise.

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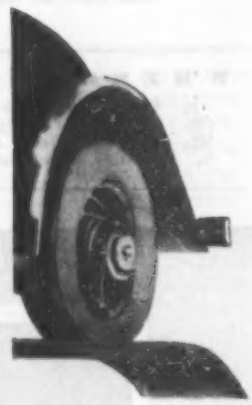

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(Continued from Page 132)

"Why, very little, really. I heard, along the coast, that he had disappeared."

"'E didn't disappear. 'E got in trouble with the natives, and was speared by a Baaswimi buck."

"Of course! You were saying, about Elliott ——"

"Elliott needs a rest."

"That is a reason, but it is rather out of character for you, isn't it?" Ballister was deprecatingly admiring. "You have a reputation for not letting sentiment interfere with your plans."

The old man appeared gratified. He creaked around in his chair. "Where's Elliott now?" he wheezed suddenly, then raised his voice. "Elliott! Elliott!"

The woman appeared. "He has gone over to the compound. The Yoruba boys are fighting again."

Old Prin snickered. "'E'll settle their quarrel for 'em!" He waited for her to leave, then went on. "I'm getting old. I'm tired. It's time fresh men took the business on their shoulders. Things are going well, and if you play square with me and can handle the job there'll be a good thing in it for you."

"Things are going well?" Ballister hesitated, as though doubtful how to proceed.

"Speak up, man! And quit fiddlin' wi' them blasted spectacles!"

"Well, I observed, when I arrived, that there was very little merchandise being handled on your wharves, and, in fact, very little to handle. And one of your ships at the delta was taking stores aboard, ready to sail—but she had no cargo. And Akaba, here, is an armed camp, with floodlights turned on the compound at night. It hardly fits in with things going well, does it?"

"You don't miss much," Prin rumbled.

"I try not to. And then there's the fellow who was killed in the boat this afternoon."

"What!" Old Prin sat bolt upright. "What was that, again?"

Ballister told him. Prin's eyes closed. He appeared to be dozing, but Ballister felt that the malignant old brain was very much awake.

"So it appears as if ——" Ballister resumed slowly, and paused.

Old Prin exploded. "As if what?"

Ballister leaned forward and put his hand upon old Prin's massive knee. "I'm not one of your two-fisted bullies—but I'm not a fool either. And I'm not afraid of you. You're holding something back, Prin. What's your game?"

"I believe, Ballister," old Prin responded, a note of exultation in his cracked voice, "we'll get along together after all. When I first come on the river the natives was nasty, but I had me own ways of persuadin' them." He picked up the heavy automatic pistol that lay on the table beside him. "We didn't have these beauties in them days, but I stopped their nonsense wi' what I did have. What do you think o' this for a weapon, by the way? Special make; extra-large magazine, and long barrel. There ain't another pistol in Africa like that."

"Very efficient," Ballister murmured. "You were speaking about the natives."

"So I was. Know what I done, when they kicked up a row?"

"You decreased the population."

"Eh?" Old Prin glared, then he chortled. "Elliott told you that one. It's his favorite joke. Well, that's wot I did. And by playing one tribe against another and milkin' 'em all, I managed to rub along for a good number of years. I stepped on their toes whenever I could, but, bless you, they daren't complain."

"You're a sweet character," Ballister commented.

Old Prin cackled; then something in the other's tone got to him. He snarled: "To hell wi' you! I wasn't playin' tiddledywinks!"

"And now they're making trouble again?"

"That's right. A month ago a big consignment o' my goods was being carried from the interior to Akaba here by Baaswimi porters. They're a powerful upriver tribe, and savage dogs at all times. The stuff didn't arrive, and as Elliott was busy elsewhere I sent two native runners up to the Baaswimi village to find out where the stuff was. It was there. They killed one boy and sent the other back without 'is ears to dare me to come and get it. They was being backed up by the Kadongas, a warlike plateau tribe from upcountry. So there you are. They can't dispose of the stuff, for the only way out of the country is down this river to the delta, and I'm blocking that. So they're cooking up a war to drive me off the river; and knowing what bloody-minded swine they are, I can smell death every time the sun goes down. You saw what 'appened to the boatman."

"Then my job—the one that Elliott refused—is to get the stuff."

"Yes."

Old Prin fell silent. Somewhere behind them a screen door banged, and the woman appeared on deck and moved toward them. Old Prin said, without turning, "Sit 'ere!" She hesitated; then the soft light of the lamp fell on her gown as she put a cushion on the deck and reluctantly settled upon it.

"Where's Elliott?" the old trader asked irritably.

"He's coming."

The footsteps of the overseer progressed along the deck. He stood against the door frame, with gaunt, expressionless face, wiping a smear of red from his knuckles.

Prin exclaimed: "What 'appened, Elliott? Did ye settle the row?"

Elliott regarded his knuckles. "Yes."

"'Ave any difficulty? The Yorubas didn't turn on ye, did they? Eh?"

"No."

"There you are, Ballister! 'Yes' and 'No'—that's all the emotion you'll get out of 'im, unless 'e's drunk."

Elliott said, "Shut up, you old fool!"

"Hear 'im? Glue and broken glass—that's what he's made of. Afraid o' nothing—until now. Ballister wants to know why you're frightened to go after the Baaswimi over that stuff they pinched, Elliott."

"Don't talk so damned silly," Elliott said wearily.

"Go on—tell us! You put the fear in 'em for five years, when they was quiet. Now they've turned nasty you've grown timid. What's the reason?"

Ballister, looking from the overseer's inscrutable, jaundiced face, to the woman, who sat without motion, except for thin fingers moving in her lap with minute nervous tugging at the threadbare lace of her handkerchief, intercepted a message of the eyes. He looked again at the man. Elliott's glance was a steel blade, defiant, ready. He said, mechanically, speaking at Ballister, "I haven't forgot what happened to Anderson."

"What did happen to Anderson?" Ballister asked mildly; but old Prin interposed in a great bull roar.

"I told ye once tonight what 'appened to 'im! What do ye keep 'arping on that for? Think you'd get anything out of Elliott that I wouldn't tell ye? Elliott's faithful, 'e is!" Old Prin's beady eyes rested for a malicious second on the woman shrinking at his feet. "Only one thing on earth 'e is faithful to, though—ain't you, Elliott? That's me!"

Elliott said abruptly, "I'm going in."

Wood smoke from the Yoruba village beyond the compound drifted over the river and mingled with the mist that arose in ghostly spirals from the smooth black flood. A few stars burned low over the boundless miles of dripping forest and swamp. Old Prin's chair creaked. He blew, gustily, through flaccid lips, and croaked suddenly, savagely:

"Love! That's what ruins men. When they're in love they're like a lump o' sugar in 'ot coffee. They melt all ways and are good for nothin' and all your trainin' of 'em goes up the spout!" He leaned over the woman, wheezing. "You know the truth o' that, my dear, eh?"

She got to her feet, and turned to Ballister. "Good night," she said in a low tone, and gave him her hand. Her dark eyes, frantic, warning, searched his face. The screen door banged.

Old Prin chuckled. He mopped the dampness from face and neck, and his head drooped. There was no sound but his windy breathing, and the insect threnody of the jungle night. Ballister's movement in his chair jogged the old man into speech again. His voice was strident, his eyes red sparks beneath their thatch.

"You got any stomach for the job?"

"I'm ready for it," Ballister said evenly. "In the morning."

Old Prin stared.

"That's too soon. I'll 'ave a steam scow armed and fitted, day after tomorrow, with a force o' Yoruba boys. They're quarrelsome beasts, but they can fight."

Ballister polished his spectacles. He said, patiently, "I don't want your Yorubas. I'm leaving in the morning—alone."

"You're crazy!" old Prin said. "They'll butcher you the moment you cross Baaswimi territory."

"I know what I'm doing; and I'll have that stuff in your godowns within a week, if I handle this my own fashion. If that don't suit, you can get another man for the job."

The trader's reply was a grunt of contemptuous disbelief.

At dawn the following day, when the chill, white mist lay thick over the river, and the red rim of the sun was still below the black forest, Ballister's parting injunction to old Prin was to have the fleet of steam lighters ready to proceed upstream on short notice. Old Prin leaned his bulk over the Dei Gratia's rail, and looked at Ballister's canoe.

"You're quite mad, and I'll never see ye again," he grumbled, "and it's too bad, for I've took a fancy to ye, even if you are only a sample of a man. Won't ye take even a pistol? Well then, ye'd better leave a message for your folks."

His laugh rumbled deeply then, and ended in a fit of coughing and noisy expectoration. He wiped his eyes.

Ballister's reply was peculiar. He said, "You'd better be thinking one out for yourself."

Quite unexpectedly, on the morning of the third day, he arrived back on the Dei Gratia for breakfast. He looked fine-drawn, as though he had endured severe mental and physical strain. He polished his glasses more frequently, but with less care; and in his puckered eyes was the look of one who had encountered strange and difficult times. With him was a tall Baaswimi paddler, who remained in the canoe and resisted all invitation to board the Dei Gratia. His manner toward Ballister was one of profound respect. Ballister was silent, and refused any account of his doings, beyond the bald statement that he had succeeded.

"You're a blasted marvel," old Prin husked. "How you got through with a whole skin ——"

Ballister interrupted. "I've returned for the lighters. When they are ready I'll go back."

"Do you want any 'elp? Need Elliott wi' you—or me?"

Ballister regarded him steadily. "Elliott, no—but the Baaswimi would be delighted to see you."

Prin said no more; instead, he saw Ballister in a new light, and made certain mental readjustments regarding him. The long string of lighters, each with the Prin insigne on its bows, snaked away from the wharf and upstream, crossed the smooth river pool and disappeared in the green tunnel of the bush.

The first of them appeared two days later, at sunset; a long black shape, heavy with cargo, that pushed ripples across the rose-silk surface as it glided to the wharf. Others followed, laden to capacity with Prin's riches from the equatorial belt of the interior. The compound sprang to life. Prin's voice lashed the wharf laborers from their village, and they swarmed down upon the lighters. Quick night descended, and

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great cluster lights, energized by the humming dynamo in the Dei Gratia's depths, showed black toiling figures moving in a burdened, antlike stream from lighters to godowns.

Ballister was on the last lighter, which arrived an hour after dawn. The hatches were closed, and he curtly ordered the shore gangs to stay off the craft. When the lighter was made fast he issued certain instructions to his Baaswimi shadow, who remained where he was while Ballister boarded the Dei Gratia. The mark of his ordeal in the steaming forest was strong upon him, and he dosed himself liberally with quinine, and sought out old Prin. Prin was in his room, so in the period of waiting for him Ballister busied himself for a few moments in the small office off the saloon. As he returned to the saloon Prin waddled ponderously through the doorway.

"Well, you done it, after all," he wheezed.

"What did I do?"

"Got the stuff. Elliott's been checking it as it arrived, and there ain't above fifty or sixty pounds' worth missin'. And with a man like you to look after the business we'll soon sweat that out o' them. I like you, Ballister; you got the makin's of a proper 'ard case."

Ballister settled into a chair. His fever-yellowed face was hard in the early morning light. He removed his spectacles, and polished them meticulously. He said, "Sit down, Prin, and let's have a talk."

Prin had produced a bottle of bourbon. "Better wet your whistle first," he said; but Ballister waved it aside.

"That can wait; there are two or three matters to take up, in the way of business ——"

"Business can wait, too ——"

"Not this business. It's got to be settled at once." His manner was no longer apologetic; it was powerfully, quietly authoritative. "The first point," he went on, as Prin, grumbling, subsided in a chair, "is the matter of paying the Baaswimi porters for carrying the stuff from the interior, as you originally agreed."

"What! After the scamps stole ——"

"Among a number of things I discovered upriver was the fact that you bribed the Kadongas to raid your own caravan and deliver the stuff here, so you could stick the Baaswimi for the full value. Elliott suspected that, which was the—well, one of the reasons why he refused to be your cat's-paw."

Prin's heavy face was convulsed. His apelike eyes were dangerous. "What kind o' nonsense is this ——"

Ballister pursued evenly: "The Kadongas double-crossed you by blowing the scheme to the Baaswimi, and they kept the stuff among themselves—a piece of sound justice for which I commend them. You tried a similar trick once before; and the victim that time was Elliott."

"You're a liar!" old Prin roared. "You can't prove that."

"I can prove it," Ballister told him, "on the evidence of more than one hundred warriors of the Baaswimi tribe, who came back with me in the hold of that last lighter and who are now—or should be—in possession of the compound and wharves, and will remain there until I instruct them otherwise."

The old trader jumped to the port and looked out. When he resumed his seat his big face was sweating.

"Ballister, you're a clever bloke; too clever. I can see now that you're too squeamish for me, so after you've 'ad your breakfast my boat'll be waitin' to take you back to the delta. You can stop down there till there's a steamer."

"I haven't finished yet," Ballister reminded him. "As I was saying, among the Baaswimi, outside, are a number of the men whom you paid to dribble away the consignment for which you made Elliott sign responsibility five years ago, in order to keep him in your employment without pay. So there's five years' pay and interest to settle—without any argument, mind!"

"Anything else?" old Prin demanded with heavy sarcasm. He went into the other room. His voice floated back. "If not, Ballister, why, we won't wait for breakfast to bid ye good-by." There was the sound of drawers opening and shutting.

"If it's your pistol you're hunting for, Prin," Ballister said placidly, "don't bother. I've got it."

Prin came out again, and rolled toward him, his great hands curled. But he backed up when he saw what Ballister held in his hand.

He bellowed: "You can't get away wi' this. There's a government in this country, and I'll see ——"

"You'll see nothing, Prin. You've been defying the government for years; fomenting wars among the tribes, enforcing compulsory labor, shutting your doors to government investigations, which your geographical position allowed you to do. You've been the government's sore spot for a quarter of a century. No, they don't love you. They'll be glad to see you stamped out, and the river trade developed in a normal way. But we're wasting time. I want to get this thing over with. Prin, I'm going to ask you a question, and I want a straight answer. What happened to Anderson?"

"Anderson again!" old Prin bellowed. "What's Anderson got to do wi' this? He's dead!"

"And well you know it, Prin! How did he die?"

"'E fell in love with an 'alf-caste Baaswimi slut. She softened 'is shell and made a ninny of 'im. 'E neglected 'is work. Everything went to pot. I'd made plans for 'im, and she—well, anyway, she was taboo to 'im. I warned 'im, but 'e wouldn't listen. Because she'd been seen with 'im, her people smelled 'er out for a witch one night. That was the end of her! When Anderson found out, 'e went mad; tried to wipe out the village single-'anded, and they whipped a spear through 'im. That was the end of him!"

"The Baaswimi say you had the girl killed because she interfered with your plans for making Anderson the single-minded fanatic you need to carry on your filthy business; and that when Anderson found out that you'd tricked him, he came gunning for you. And you then ——"

"They're lying dogs! They can't prove it. 'Ere! Hold on, Ballister! Give a man a fair chance ——" for Ballister was pointing at him the muzzle of Prin's heavy automatic pistol.

"It's all right, Prin. I'm just going to demonstrate something. This is an interesting weapon. The only one of its make, I believe you told me, in Africa. Now I have here"—he dug into his pocket with his free hand and drew out a stained and mushroomed bullet of heavy caliber—"something which I removed from the skull of a white man who was buried in the Baaswimi village six years ago. Queer, isn't it—for it was fired from this pistol!"

Old Prin rose from his chair, but Ballister crisply ordered him back.

"Two months ago there appeared at Sekondi a native—a Baaswimi from up the river here. He was pretty much of a wreck, for it had taken him, on foot, nearly five years to make his way through the interior, cross the Congo and come out again at the coast. He was the father of that girl of Anderson's, sent by the river tribes to ask the protection of the government against you. And, among other things, he told of the finding of Anderson's body with a bullet in his head, and a Baaswimi spear through him which no Baaswimi had thrown—which was, so to speak, the red herring, to draw the blame away from where it belonged. No government man could get into your country and investigate in the ordinary way, with any hope of success, Prin; but when it became known at Sekondi that, because of further dirty work up here, you had to have another overseer, why then ——"

"You're crazy!" Old Prin was apoplectic with fury and terror. "You'll never get the district commissioner to believe all this poppycock ——"

Ballister put the gun on the table and removed his glasses, rubbed them painstakingly for a minute, then looked up. He said mildly, "I am the district commissioner."

There was a disturbance at the door, and Elliott came bursting in, past a tall Baaswimi guard.

"What are you stopping in here for?" he demanded. "The Baaswimi are all over the place!"

"They are under my orders. They won't do any harm," Ballister told him. "Prin is under arrest."

"Under arrest ——"

"For the murder of Anderson, his overseer."

He swung on his heel, at a gasp from the door leading to the sleeping quarters. The woman was standing in the passage, dark eyes staring in her dead-white face. Blindly, she held out her hands to Elliott. He crossed the room and she clung to him, wild love and triumph in her eyes. She breathed, over and over, "Now we can go home!"

Ballister's face was wooden. He knew that old Prin did not deserve loyalty, but she might, he felt, have made it less apparent. He felt let down; said quietly: "I had felt regret, in this business, for Mrs. Prin. But she seems to have found other consolation."

Elliott replied: "If I'd gone up the river I'd have gone to my death, and left her alone again with him. That was what he wanted. This lady is my wife—not Mrs. Prin. And we're going home."

Ballister's shoulders seemed relieved of a vast weight. He turned to the old trader, crouched like a savage beast in his chair.

"Get your stuff together, Prin. My boat is on its way up from the delta."

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

(Continued from Page 39)

public rooms. Twice he made the circle, well pleased with himself and the world.

For the third time he was crossing the after deck, which was shrouded in darkness. Suddenly, amid the shadows at his right, he saw a black figure moving, caught the faint glint of steel. It must be set down forever to his credit that he was rushing in that direction when the shot was fired. Charlie dropped to the deck and lay there, motionless.

There followed the stealthy sound of quickly retreating footsteps; then a moment of grim silence. It was broken by the voice of the purser, leaning over Chan.

"In heaven's name, inspector!" he cried. "What has happened?"

Charlie sat up. "For a moment I found the recumbent position more comfortable," he remarked. "I am, you will observe, conservative by nature."

"Somebody shot at you?" the purser said.

"Briefly," replied the Chinese. "And missed by one inch."

"I say, we can't have this sort of thing here," the officer objected plaintively.

Chan got slowly to his feet. "Do not fret," he advised. "The man who fired that shot will repose in arms of police tomorrow morning, moment ship docks."

"But tonight ——"

"There is no occasion for alarm. Something tells me there was no real effort to hit target. Kindly note size of same. And that aim has never failed before."

"Just a warning, eh?" remarked the purser, relieved.

"Something of that nature," Charlie returned, and strolled away. As he reached the door leading to the main companionway, Mark Kennaway ran up to him. The young man's face was pale, his hair sadly rumpled.

"Mr. Chan," he cried, "you must come with me at once!"

Silently Charlie followed. Kennaway led the way to the stateroom he shared with Tait and pushed open the door. Tait was lying, apparently lifeless, on his bed.

"Ah, the poor gentleman has had one of his attacks," Chan said.

"Evidently," Kennaway replied. "I came in here a moment ago and found him like this. But see, what does this mean? I heard that somebody had taken a shot at you—and look!"

He pointed to the floor beside the bed. A pistol was lying there.

"It's still warm," the young man added hoarsely. "I touched it and it's still warm."

Charlie stooped and carelessly picked up the weapon. "Ah, yes," he remarked, "it remains overheated. And for good reason. It was only a moment ago discharged at my plentiful person."

Kennaway sat on the edge of his own bed and put his face in his hands. "Tait," he muttered. "Good Lord—Tait!"

"Yes," Charlie nodded. "Mr. Tait's finger prints will indubitably be found on bright surface of pistol." He stooped again and drew Kennaway's bag from beneath the bed. For a moment he stared at that innocent-seeming Calcutta label. Then he felt it with his fingers. There was a slit little more than the length of a key just above the center, but the heavy paper was pasted back into place. One spot was still rather damp. "Plenty neat job," the detective commented. "It is just as I thought. The key is gone."

Kennaway looked wildly about. "Where is it?" he asked.

"It is where I want it to be," Charlie answered. "On the person of the man who fired this revolver a moment ago."

The young man stared at the other bed. "You mean he's got it?"

"No," replied Charlie, shaking his head. "It is not on Mr. Tait. It is on the person of a ruthless killer—a man who was not above putting to his own uses the misfortune of our poor friend there on the bed. A man who came here tonight for his key, found Mr. Tait unconscious, saw his chance. A man who rushed out, fired at me, then returned here, and after pressing Tait's hand about revolver to attend to finger prints, dropped weapon suggestively on floor. A clever criminal if ever I met one. I shall experience great joy in handing him over to my old friend Flannery in the morning."

XXII

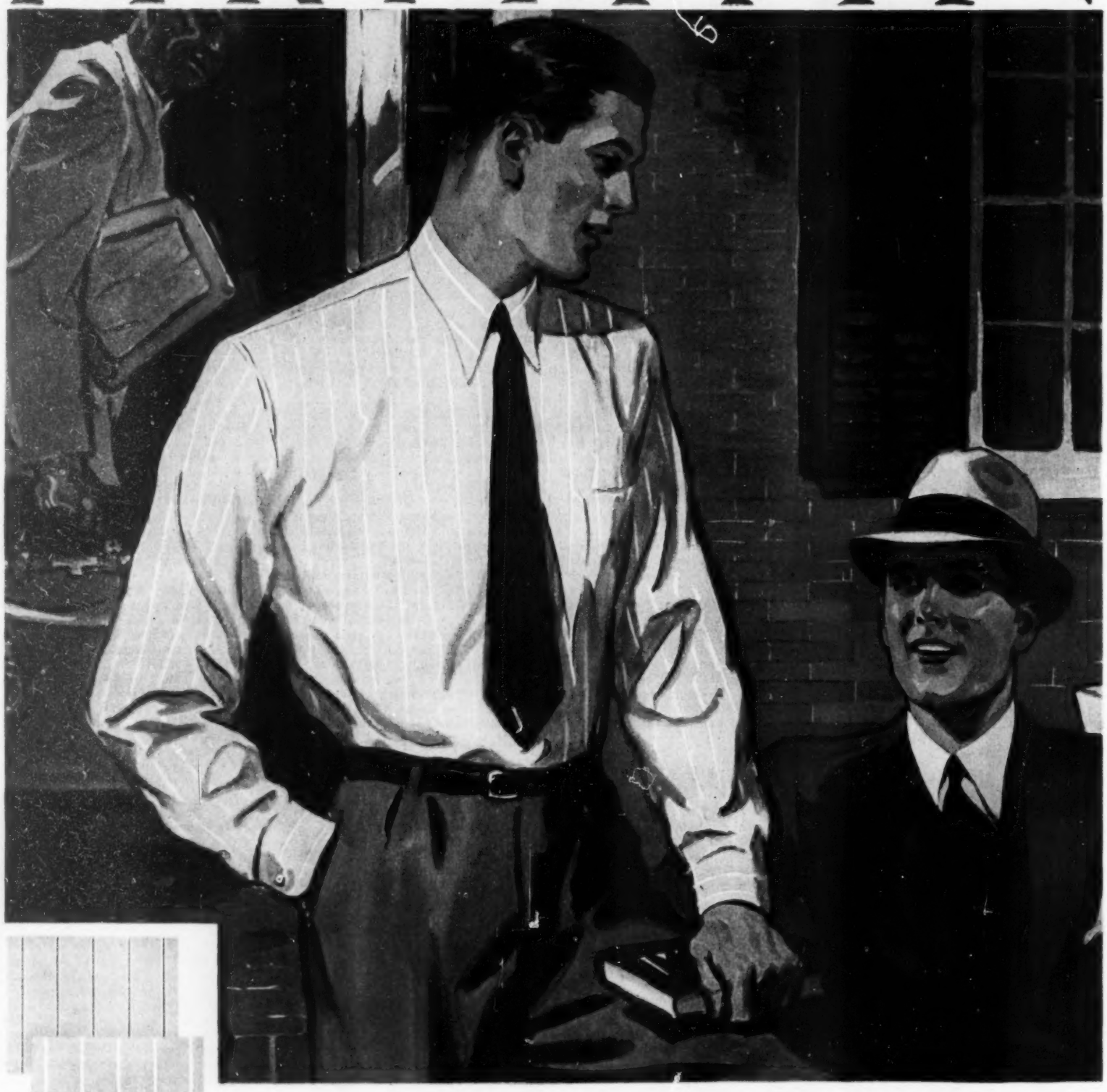
KENNAWAY stood up, a look of immense relief on his face. Charlie was putting the revolver away in his pocket.

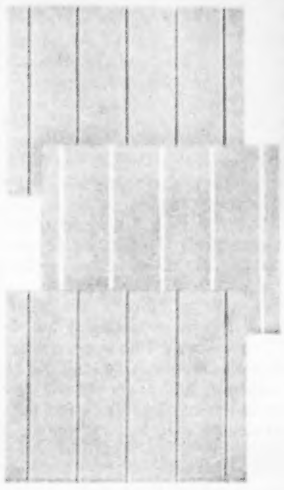
"Thank heaven," the young man said. "That's a load off my shoulders." He glanced down at Tait, who was stirring slightly. "I think he's coming out of it now. Poor chap. All evening I've been wondering, asking myself, but I just couldn't believe it. He's a kind man underneath his bluster. I couldn't believe that he was capable of all those terrible things."

Chan was moving toward the door. "Your lips, I trust, are sealed," he remarked. "You will repeat no word of what I have told you, of course. We have yet to make our capture, but I am certain our quarry is unsuspecting. Should he feel that his little stratagem here has succeeded, I think maybe our future path becomes even smoother."

(Continued on Page 140)

ARATAN





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so that its fine Arrow collar will never bind, its cuffs will never "creep," its tails will never "bob"—unless you outgrow the shirt. Aratan, therefore, will go on *fitting*—until on some far day it just wears out.

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(Continued from Page 137)

"I understand," Kennaway answered. "You may rely on me." He put his hand over the lawyer's heart. "It begins to look as though I'm going to get poor Mr. Tait safely home, after all. And from then on, no more jobs like this for me."

Charlie nodded. "To supervise his own destiny is task enough for any man," he suggested.

"I'll say it is," Kennaway agreed warmly. Chan opened the door. "Er—just a moment, inspector. If you should happen to run across Miss Potter, will you kindly ask her to wait up for me? I may be here for a half hour or so, but as soon as Mr. Tait falls asleep ——"

"Ah, yes," smiled Chan. "I shall be happy to take that message."

"Oh, please don't go out of your way to find her. I merely thought—it's our last night, you know. I really ought to say good-by to her."

"Good-by?" Charlie repeated.

"Yes, and nothing more. What was that you just told me? To supervise his own destiny is task enough ——"

"For the timid man," finished Chan quickly. "Mind is so filled with other matters, regret to say I stupidly misquoted the passage when I spoke before."

"Oh," said Kennaway blankly. Chan stepped into the corridor and closed the door behind him.

The ship's captain was waiting for him in the main companionway. "I've just heard what has happened," he remarked. "I have an extra berth in my cabin and I want you to sleep there tonight."

"I am immensely honored," Charlie bowed. "But there is no need for such sacrifice."

"What do you mean—sacrifice? I'm doing this for myself, not for you. I don't want any accidents on my ship. I'll be expecting you. Captain's orders."

"Which must, of course, be obeyed," Chan agreed.

He found Pamela Potter reading in a corner of the lounge. She put down her book and looked at him with deep concern.

"What's all this about your being shot at?" she wanted to know.

Charlie shrugged. "The matter is of no consequence," he assured her. "I am recipient of slight attention from a shipmate. Do not give it thought. I arrive with message for you. Mr. Kennaway requests you loiter up for him."

"Well, that's an offer," the girl replied. "Mr. Tait has suffered bad attack."

"Oh, I'm so sorry."

"He is improving. When chance offers, Mr. Kennaway will seek you out." The girl said nothing. "He is plenty fine young man," Charlie added.

"He still irritates me," she replied firmly.

Charlie smiled. "I can understand feeling. But as favor to me, please wait up and let him irritate you for final time."

"I might," she answered. "But only as a favor to you."

When Chan had gone she picked up her book again. Presently she laid it aside, put on a wrap and stepped out onto the deck. Tonight the Pacific belied its name; it was dark, angry and tempestuous. The girl went over to the rail and stared into the mist. The foghorn somewhere above her head spoke at frequent intervals in a voice that seemed hoarse with anxiety.

Kennaway appeared suddenly at her side. "Hello," he remarked. "Mr. Chan gave you my message, I see."

"Oh, it didn't matter," she replied. "I had no intention of going to my cabin. Never be able to sleep with that thing blowing."

They waited until the end of a particularly insistent blast.

"Jolly old horn, isn't it?" Kennaway went on. "Once when I was a kid I got a horn for Christmas. It's a pretty good world."

"Why the sudden cheerfulness?"

"Oh, lots of reasons. I've been worried about something all evening, and I've just found out there was nothing to worry about. Everything's fine. Going ashore in the morning; Mr. Tait's son will be waiting; after that, freedom for me. I tell you I ——"

The horn broke in again.

"What were you saying?" asked the girl when it stopped.

"What was I? Oh, yes. Only myself to take care of, beginning tomorrow."

"It will be a glorious feeling, won't it?"

"I'll say it will. If I shouldn't see you in the morning ——"

"Oh, you'll see me."

"Just wanted to tell you that it's been fun knowing you—you're awfully nice, you know—charming. Don't know what I'd have done without you on this tour. I'll think about you a lot, but no letters, remember."

The horn shrieked above them. Kennaway continued to shout indistinguishable words. The girl was looking up at him; she seemed suddenly very lovely and appealing. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"All right," she said, "if you insist."

"All right what?" he inquired.

"I'll marry you if you want me to. That's what you were saying, wasn't it?"

"Not exactly."

"My mistake. I couldn't hear very well. But I did think I caught the word 'marry.'"

"I was saying I hoped you'd marry some nice boy and be very happy."

"Oh! Excuse it, please."

"But look here. Do you mean you'd actually marry me?"

"Why bring that up? You haven't asked me."

"But I will. I do. I am."

The horn again. Kennaway wasted no time in words. He released her when the blast was over.

"You really do care for me, after all?" she asked.

"I'm crazy about you. But I was sure you'd turn me down. That's why I didn't like to ask you. You're not going to turn me down, I take it?"

"What a ridiculous idea," she answered.

"Wonderful night," the young man said, and so it seemed to him. "I know where there are a couple of chairs in a dark corner on the after deck."

"They've been there ever since Hong-Kong," the girl replied. They went to find them.

As they walked along through the dripping fog the horn blared forth again. "The lad who's working that," Kennaway remarked, "is going to get a big surprise in the morning. I intend to tip him within an inch of his life."

Meanwhile, amid the unfamiliar surroundings of the captain's cabin, Charlie Chan lay wide-awake. He wondered if all old sea dogs snored as loudly as this one. He was aroused next morning by a knock at the door, and leaping up, he discovered that his cabin mate was already about and dressed for the day. The captain took a radiogram from a rather flustered boy and handed it to Chan.

"From Captain Flannery, of the San Francisco police," Charlie announced when he had read it. "He and Sergeant Wales of Scotland Yard will be aboard immigration launch."

"Good," said the other. "The sooner the better, as far as I'm concerned. I've been wondering, inspector. Hadn't I better put our friend under restraint until they come?"

Chan shook his head. "Not necessary, thank you. I prefer he remain unsuspecting to the end. Mr. Tait will no doubt spend morning in cabin, and I shall spread underground word among Lofton party we have our man in him. Believe real quarry will assume extra carelessness when he hears that."

"Just as you say," the captain nodded. "I'm not keen about taking action myself, as you know; though after what you told me last night, I'd gamble a year's pay that you're right. I will instruct the second officer not to lose sight of your man until he's in the hands of the police. People have been known to disappear from boats, you know."

"A wise suggestion," Charlie agreed. "I am grateful for your help." He had been rapidly dressing while they talked, and now moved toward the door with his bag. "I will continue toilet in my own room, please. Many hearty thanks for lodging of the night."

"Not at all. By Gad, inspector, you've been on the job this time. Ought to get a lot of kudos for your work on this case."

Chan shrugged. "When the dinner is ended, who values the spoon?" he replied, and went out onto the bridge. The fog was rapidly dispersing and a hint of sun was in the eastern sky.

Back in his own cabin, he went about his preparations for the day with characteristic deliberation. On his way to breakfast he stopped at the stateroom occupied by Tait and Kennaway. Both were awake, and the lawyer looked to be much improved.

"Oh, I'm fine," he said, in answer to Chan's query. "I promised you I'd make San Francisco, didn't I? And I'll make a lot of other towns, too, before I'm through. Mark thinks I'd better stay in bed until we're ready to land. It's all nonsense, but I've agreed to do it."

"A splendid idea," nodded Chan. "Has Mr. Kennaway told you of last night's happenings?"

Tait frowned. "He has. There's one criminal I wouldn't defend—not for a million dollars."

Charlie outlined his plan for the morning and the lawyer readily agreed.

"All right with me," he said. "Anything to get him. But, of course, you'll let the members of the party know the truth before we land?"

"Naturally," Chan answered.

"Then go to it. You say you've got your man? I don't suppose ——"

"Later, please," smiled Charlie as he left.

After breakfast he met the purser on the deck. "I've got a landing card for you," that gentleman said. "But as for Kashimo—well, I don't know. He's never been over here before, and, of course, he has no record of his birth in the islands. He came as a stowaway—he's admitted as much to me—and he'd better go back at once. One of our boats will be at the same pier, due to sail at two o'clock today, and I'll simply turn him over to her purser with instructions to return him to Honolulu."

Chan nodded. "I approve of plan, and so, no doubt, will Kashimo. His work is done—it was good work, too—and already he shows signs of yearning for home. I know he will be glad to hurry back and face the plaudits of his chief. Kindly arrange he goes as passenger. I will supply the money." The busy purser nodded and hurried away.

Farther down the deck, the detective came upon Stuart Vivian. The San Franciscan stood at the rail, a pair of glasses in his hand, the empty case from which they had been taken hanging from his shoulder.

"Good morning," he said. "Just had a glimpse of Russian Hill. By heaven, I was never so glad to see it before."

"There is no vision so restful to weary eyes as that of home," Charlie remarked.

"You've said it. And I've been fed up with this tour for weeks. I'd have dropped out long ago, but I was afraid you policemen might think —— By the way, I hear that you've found out who the killer is."

Charlie nodded. "A very distressing affair."

"It is, indeed. Ah—er—I presume the man's name is a secret?"

"Not at all. Mr. Tait has granted full permission to make the matter public."

"Tait!" cried Vivian. He was silent for a moment. "That's interesting, isn't it?" He looked at his watch. "We're having a farewell meeting in the library in ten minutes. Lofton's giving out the tickets to those who travel beyond San Francisco, and his final blessing, I suppose. What a riot this news will stir up!"

"I think maybe it will," smiled Chan, and went on down the deck.

(Continued on Page 142)

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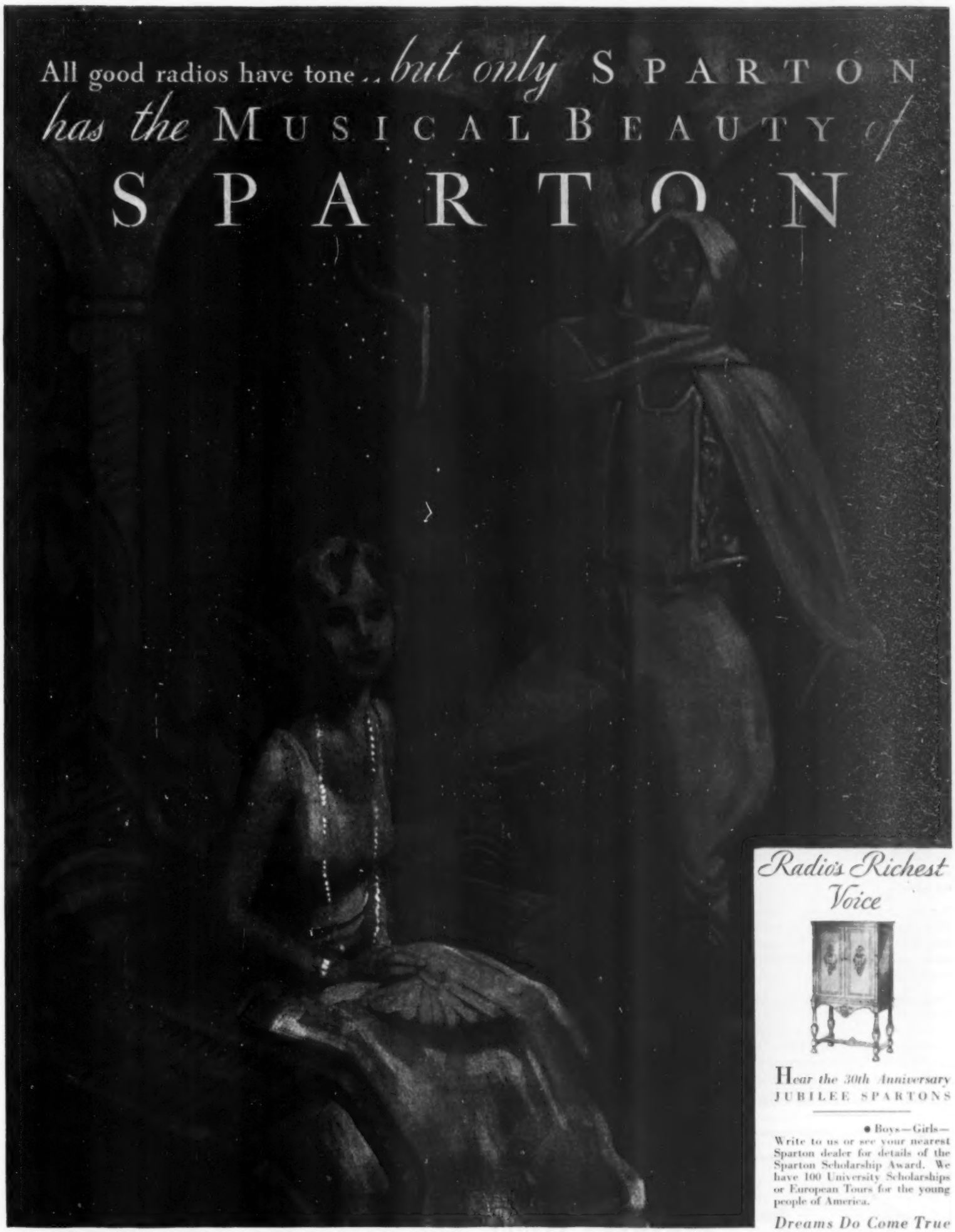

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To make sure of this new health protection, ask by name for "Northern Tissue."

Only 10c a roll at any grocery, department or drug store.

NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core 261S

(Continued from Page 140)

Twenty minutes later the ship's engines were stilled at last and they waited on the gray, rolling sea for the launch bearing the customs men and the immigration officials.

When the small motorboat arrived Charlie was at the top of the ladder. Presently the crimson face and broad shoulders of Flannery hove in sight.

"Hello, there!" the officer cried. "It's my old pal, Sergeant Chan, as I live!"

They shook hands. "So happy to see you again," Charlie said. "But since the day, long time ago, when I stood by and noted your admirable work on Bruce case, there have been changes. For one thing, I am now promoted to inspector."

"Is that so?" Flannery answered. "Well, you can't keep a squirrel on the ground. An old Chinese saying."

Charlie laughed. "I perceive you have not forgotten me." Behind Flannery stood a solid mountain of a man. "This, I presume, is ——"

"Excuse me," said Flannery. "Shake hands with Sergeant Wales, of Scotland Yard."

"Highly honored," Chan remarked.

"What's your latest word from Duff?" inquired the sergeant.

"Steady improvement has set in," Charlie told him. "And speaking of Duff, you have come for his assailant, of course. The murderer of Hugh Morris Drake?"

"I certainly have," Wales said.

"I am happy to hand him over to you," Chan replied. "So that there may not be too much publicity, I fix up little plan. Will you come with me, please?"

He led them to a stateroom, on the door of which was the number 119. Escorting them inside, he indicated a couple of wicker chairs. There were two beds, one on either side of the cabin, and beside each was a pile of luggage.

"If you will wait here, your quarry will come to you," he announced. He turned to Wales. "One thing I would inquire about. You had message from me last night?"

"Yes, I did," the sergeant replied. "And I got in touch with the Yard at once. It was morning over there, you know, and within a few hours they had an answer. The news arrived in San Francisco just before we left Captain Flannery's office. It's great stuff. Jimmy Breen told our representative your man brought him a coat to be repaired on February twentieth, and called for it the next morning. It was the coat of a gray suit and the right-hand pocket was torn."

"Ah, yes," nodded Charlie. "Torn by hand of aged porter in hallway of Broome's Hotel on early morning of February seventh. Murderer should have discarded that coat. But it is not his nature to discard, and from the first, he has felt himself so safe. I would wager he shipped it from London to Nice, addressed to himself, and then engaged the able Mr. Breen. It was excellent choice. I behold on many tailors' signs nowadays the words, Invisible Repairing. Screen was too small for me to note them on Breen establishment, but they should have been there. Many times I have examined that coat, but Mr. Breen was evidently master of invisibility."

He stepped to the door. "However, talk will not cook rice. You will await guilty man here," he added, and disappeared.

He found the Lofton party, with the single exception of Tait, gathered in the library, and evidently in a state of great excitement. At the only door leading into the room, Charlie met the second officer. With him the detective held a brief conversation.

"All right, people!" shouted the officer. "The baggage is examined on the ship here, you know. The customs men are now ready. Go to your rooms, please."

Mark Kennaway and Pamela Potter were the first to emerge. They were both in high spirits.

"Just like Yale tap day," laughed the young man. "Go to your room. We'll see you later, Mr. Chan. We've news for you."

"That has happy sound," Charlie replied, but his face was grave.

Minchin and his wife came out. "Should I fail to see you again," Charlie remarked, shaking hands, "my kindest regards to little Maxy. Tell him to be good boy and study hard. An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

"I'll tell him, officer," the gangster said. "You're one bull I been glad to meet. So long."

Mrs. Spicer passed, with a nod and a smile of farewell. Mrs. Luce followed.

"You let me know when you reach Southern California," she said. "The greatest country on God's footstool."

"Hold back your judgment on that, Mr. Chan," broke in Benbow, coming up. "Wait until we've shown you Akron."

"Then forget them both and come and look at the Northwest," added Ross.

"You're all wrong," protested Vivian. "He'll be in God's country in half an hour."

Keane and Lofton were approaching, but Charlie did not wait. Leaving the second officer at the door, he hurried away.

Meanwhile, in Cabin 119, Captain Flannery and the man from Scotland Yard were growing a bit restless. The latter got up and moved anxiously about.

"I hope nothing goes wrong," he muttered.

"Don't you worry," said Flannery generously. "Charlie Chan is the best detective west of the Golden Gate."

The door opened suddenly and Flannery leaped to his feet. Vivian was standing in the doorway.

"What's all this?" he demanded.

"Come in," the policeman said. "Shut that door, quick, and step inside. Who are you?"

"My name is Vivian and this is my cabin."

"Sit down there on the bed."

"What do you mean—giving me orders?"

"I mean business. Sit down and keep still."

Vivian reluctantly obeyed. Wales looked at Flannery. "He would be the last, of course," the sergeant remarked.

"Listen!" Flannery whispered.

Outside, on the hard surface of the alleyway, they heard the "tap, tap, tap" of a cane. The door opened and Ross stepped inside. For a moment he looked inquiringly about him. Then he glanced back at the door. Charlie Chan was standing there, and to say he filled the aperture is putting it mildly.

"Mr. Ross," said Charlie, "you will shake hands with Captain Flannery, of San Francisco police." The captain seized Ross' unresisting hand. Stepping forward, Chan made a hasty search. "I perceive," he added, "that weapon supply is exhausted at last."

"What—what do you mean?" Ross demanded.

"I am sorry to say Captain Flannery has warrant for your arrest."

"Arrest?"

"He has been asked by Scotland Yard to hold you for the murder of Hugh Morris Drake in Broome's Hotel, London, on the morning of February seventh, present year." Ross stared about him defiantly. "There remain other matters," Chan continued, "but you will never be called upon to answer for those. The murder of Honywood in Nice, the murder of Sybil Conway in San Remo, the murder of Sergeant Welby in Yokohama. The brutal attack on Inspector Duff in Honolulu. Murder round the world, Mr. Ross."

"It's not true," Ross said hoarsely.

"We will see. . . . Kashimo!" Charlie's voice rose. "You may now emerge from your hiding place."

A bedraggled little figure rolled swiftly from beneath one of the beds. The Japanese was covered with lint, stray threads and dust. Chan helped him to his feet.

"Ah, you are somewhat stiff, Kashimo," he remarked. "I am sorry I could not dig you out sooner. Captain Flannery, the Oriental invasion becomes serious. Meet

(Continued on Page 145)

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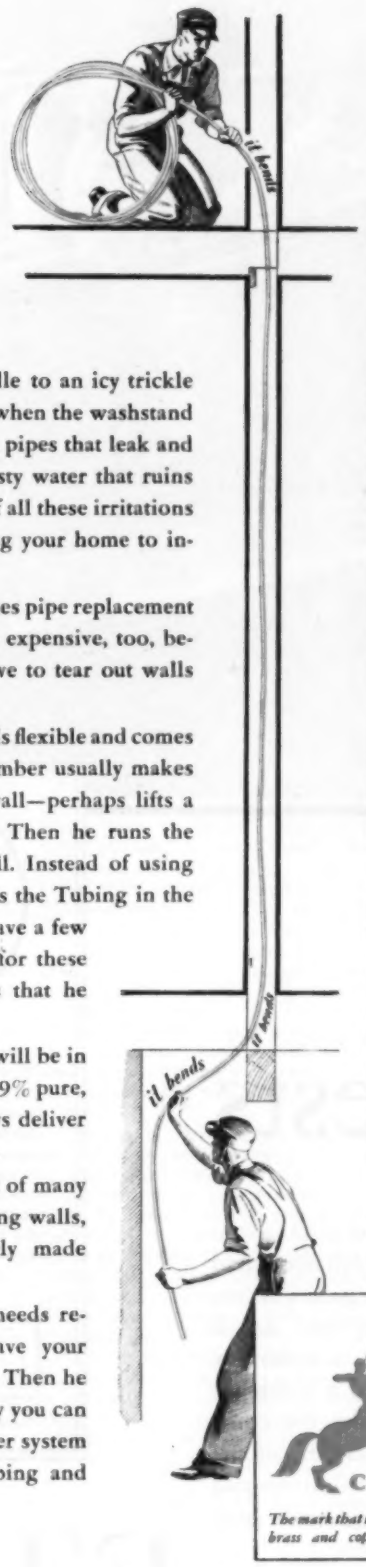

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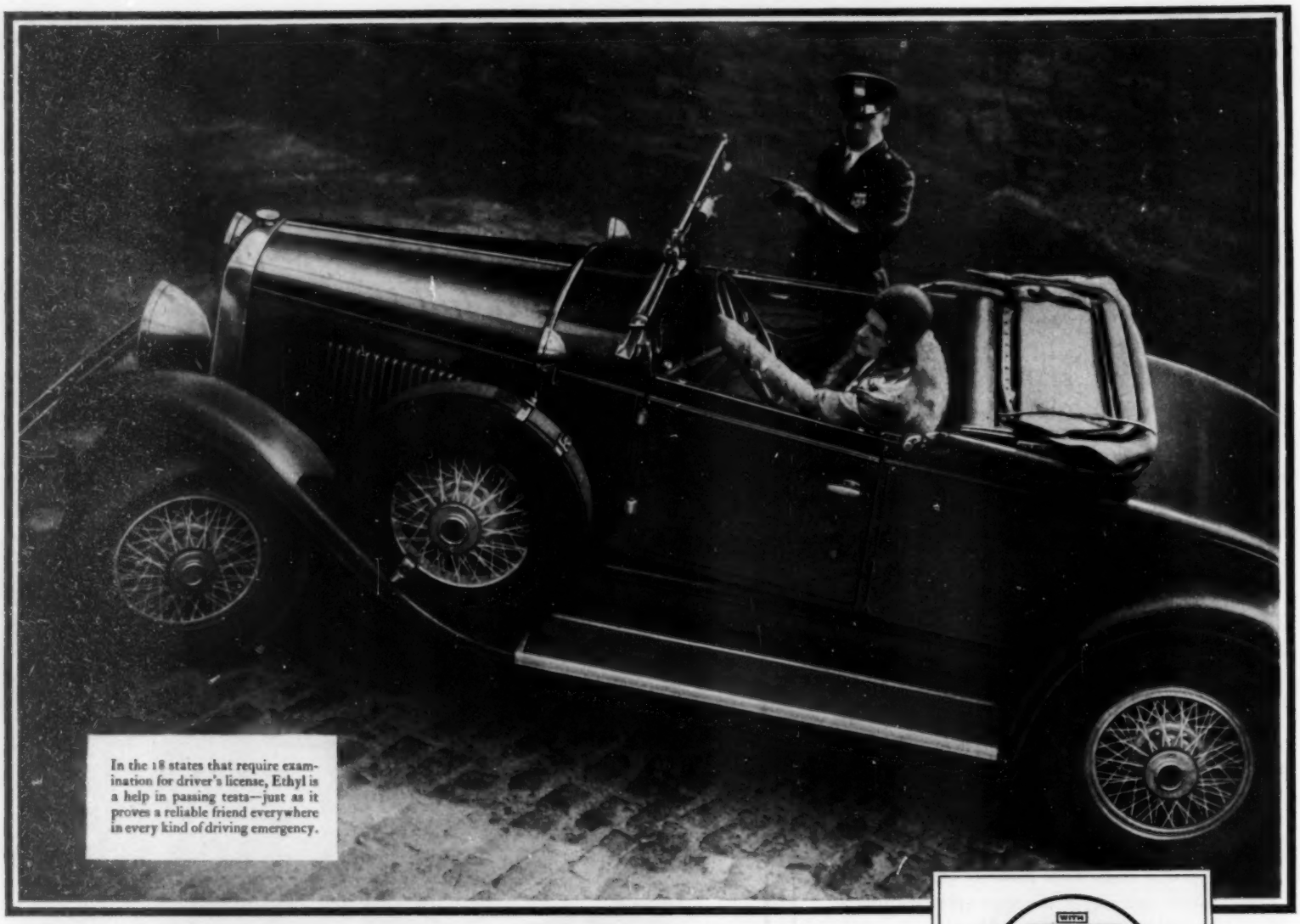
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ETHYL GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 142)

Officer Kashimo, of the Honolulu force." He turned to the boy. "Is it too much to hope you know present whereabouts of precious key?"

"I know," the Japanese answered proudly. He dropped to his knees and from the cuff of Ross' right trouser leg extracted the key, which he held aloft in triumph.

Charlie took it. "What is this? Looks like plenty good evidence to me, Sergeant Wales. Key to safety-deposit box in some bank, with number 3260. Ah, Mr. Ross, you should have thrown it away. But I understand. You feared that without it you would not dare approach valuables again." He handed the key to Wales.

"That's the stuff to give a jury," remarked the Britisher, with satisfaction.

"The key was planted there!" cried Ross. "I deny everything!"

"Everything?" Charlie's eyes narrowed. "Last night we sat together, watching Mr. Benbow's pictures. Flickering film revealed you emerging from doorway of a shop in Nice. Did you think I failed to notice? I might have, but for days I have known you guilty ——"

"What?" Ross was unable to conceal his surprise.

"I will explain in moment. Just now, I speak of Nice. Jimmy Breen, the tailor, remembers. He recalls gray coat with torn right pocket." Ross started to speak, but the detective raised his hand. "Cards lie against you," Charlie went on. "You are clever man, you have high opinion of yourself, and it is difficult for you to believe that you have failed. Such, however, is the situation. Clever—ah, yes. Clever when you hid that key on Mr. Kennaway's bag—a bag that would, naturally, be thrust under bed and forgotten until hour of landing was imminent once more. Clever when you discarded rubber tip from stick, then carried same in wrong hand, hoping some keen eye would notice. So many were under suspicion, you thought to gain by being suspected, too, and then extricating yourself in convincing manner—which, I must admit, you did. You were clever again last night when you fired wild shot at me and dropped smoking revolver beside poor Mr. Tait. It was cruel act, but you are cruel man. And what a useless gesture! For, as I remarked before, I have known for several days that you were guilty person."

"You don't tell me," Ross sneered. "And how did you know it?"

"I knew it because there was one moment when you were not quite so clever, Mr. Ross. That moment arrived at Mr. Minchin's dinner. You made a speech there. It was brief speech, but it contained one word—one careless little word. That word convicted you."

"Really? What word was that?"

Charlie took out a card and wrote something on it. He handed it to Ross. "Keep same as souvenir," he suggested.

The man glanced at it. His face was white and suddenly very old. He tore the card into shreds and tossed them to the floor.

"Thanks," he said bitterly, "but I'm not collecting souvenirs. Well, what happens next?"

XXIII

WHAT happened next was that a customs inspector knocked on the door and in that strained atmosphere made his examination of the hand luggage belonging to both Vivian and Ross. He was followed by a steward who carried the bags below. Vivian slipped out, and Kashimo, after a brief word with Charlie, also departed.

Captain Flannery took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. "Getting pretty hot down here," he remarked to Wales. "Let's take this bird up to the library and hear what he's got to say for himself."

"I have nothing to say," Ross put in grimly.

"Is that so? Well, I've seen men in your position change their minds." Flannery went first, then Ross, and Wales was close behind. Charlie brought up the rear.

They passed Mark Kennaway on the stairs. Chan stopped for a word.

"We have our man," he announced.

"Ross!" Kennaway cried. "Good Lord!"

"I suggest you pass among members of travel party, clearing name of poor Mr. Tait."

"Watch me," the young man replied. "I'll beat the time of Paul Revere, and he had a horse."

Coming out onto the open deck, Charlie realized for the first time that they were moving again. On the right were the low buildings of the Presidio and up ahead the fortress of Alcatraz Island. All about him the ship's passengers were milling in a last frenzy of farewell.

Flannery and Wales were sitting with their quarry in the otherwise deserted library. Charlie closed the door behind him and the racket outside subsided to a low murmur.

As the Chinese went over to join the group, Ross gave him a look of bitter hatred. In the man's eyes there was now a light that recalled to Chan's mind a luncheon over which he had sat with Duff a week ago. "You seek, evidently, two men," he had said to the English detective on that occasion. This was no longer the gentle, mild-mannered Ross the travel party had known; it was the other man—hard, merciless and cruel.

"You'd better come across," Flannery was saying. Ross' only reply was a glance of contempt.

"The captain is giving you good advice," remarked Wales pleasantly. His methods were more suave than those of Flannery. "In all my professional career I never encountered a case in which the evidence was quite so strong as it is here—thanks, of course, to Inspector Chan. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be used against you. But my suggestion would be that you plan to plead guilty."

"To something I didn't do?" flared Ross.

"Oh, come, come! We have not only the key but the information from the tailor who ——"

"Yes, and how about a motive?" The voice of the accused man rose. "I don't give a damn for all your keys and your coats; you can't prove any motive. That's important, and you know it. I never saw any of these people I'm supposed to have murdered before; I've lived on the West Coast of the States for years; I ——"

"You had a very obvious motive, Mr. Ross," Wales answered politely. "Or perhaps I should say, Mr. Everhard. Jim Everhard, I believe."

The man's face turned a ghastly gray and for a moment he seemed about to collapse. He was fighting for the strength that had sustained him thus far, but he fought in vain.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Everhard, or Ross, if you prefer," Wales went on evenly. "Judging by information that came in to the Yard only a few days ago, your motive is only too clear. We haven't worried recently about motive; we've worried only as to your identity. Inspector Chan has cleverly discovered that. When the jury asks for a motive, we have only to tell them of your days in South Africa; of how Honywood stole your girl ——"

"And my diamonds!" cried Ross. "My diamonds and my girl! But she was as bad as he was!" He had half risen from his chair; now he fell back suddenly silent.

Wales glanced at Charlie. If the Englishman was elated, he kept that fact carefully concealed.

"You went out to South Africa some fifteen years ago, I believe," the sergeant continued, "as a violinist in a musical-comedy-company orchestra. Sybil Conway was leading woman in the troupe and you fell in love with her. But she was ambitious; she wanted money, stardom, success. You came into a small inheritance, but it wasn't enough. It was enough, however, to launch you into a business—a shady business—the trade of the I. D. B. Buying diamonds from natives, from thieves. Inside a year you had two bags filled with these stolen stones. Sybil Conway promised to marry you. You went on one last tour to the vicinity of the diamond fields, leaving those two bags with your girl in Capetown. And when you came back to her ——"

"I saw him," Ross finished. "Oh, what's the use! You're too much for me—you and this Chinese. I saw him the first night after I got back—Walter Honywood Swan—that was his name. It was in the little parlor of the house where Sybil Conway was living."

"A younger son," Wales suggested. "A ne'er-do-well at home; out there a member of the South African police."

"Yes, I knew he was with the police. After he'd gone, I asked Sybil what it meant. She said the fellow was suspicious, that he was after me and that I'd better get away at once. She would follow when the show closed. There was a boat leaving at midnight—a boat for Australia. She hurried me aboard; in the dark on the deck, just before I sailed, she slipped me the two little bags. I could feel the stones inside. I didn't dare look at them then. She kissed me good-by and we parted. When the boat was well out, I went to my cabin and examined the bags—the little bags of stones. That's what they were—wash-leather bags each filled with about a hundred pebbles of various sizes. I'd been done. She preferred that policeman to me. She'd sold me out."

"So you went to Australia," Wales gently urged him on. "You heard there that Sybil Conway and Swan were married, and that he now called himself Walter Honywood. You wrote, promising to kill them both. But you were broke; it wasn't so easy to reach them. The years went by. Eventually you drifted to the States. You prospered, became a respectable citizen. The old urge for revenge was gone. And then, suddenly, it returned."

Ross looked up. His eyes were bloodshot. "Yes," he said slowly, "it returned."

"How was that?" Wales continued. "Did it happen after you hurt your foot? When you lay there, idle, alone, plenty of time to think ——"

"Yes, and something to think about!" Ross cried. "The whole affair came back to me as vividly as yesterday. What they'd done to me—do you wonder I thought? And I'd let them get away with it." He looked wildly about him. "I tell you, if ever a man was justified ——"

"No, no," Wales protested. "You should have forgotten the past. You'd be a happy man today if you had. Don't expect any mercy on that score. Were you justified in killing Drake?"

"A mistake. I was sorry. It was dark in that room."

"And Sergeant Welby—as fine a chap as I ever knew."

"I had to do it."

"And your attempt to kill Duff ——"

"I didn't attempt to kill him. I'd have done it if I had meant to. No, I only wanted to put him out for the moment."

"You have been ruthless and cruel, Ross," Wales said sternly, "and you will have to pay for it."

"I expect to pay."

"How much better for you," Wales went on, "if you had never attempted your belated vengeance. But you did attempt it. When your foot was better, I see you gathering up all your valuables, your savings, and leaving Tacoma forever. You put all your property in the safety-deposit box of a bank in some strange town. Where? We shall know presently. You set out for New York to find the Honywood pair. Walter Honywood was about to make a tour around the world. You booked for the same party.

"In Broome's Hotel you committed your first murder. It was a ghastly mistake. But you hung on. You sent that coat to Nice, where you had it repaired. You had lost part of your watch chain, one of the keys to your safety-deposit box. You debated with yourself—should you throw the duplicate key away? You knew Scotland Yard would make every effort to find the owner

(Continued on Page 147)

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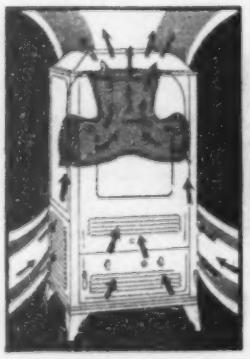

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(Continued from Page 145)

of a safety-deposit box numbered 3260. Could you go into a bank where you were practically unknown and call undue attention to yourself by admitting you had lost both keys? No, your only hope of ever seeing your valuables again was to hang onto that other key.

"The party went on. Walter Honywood knew you now, but he was as eager to avoid publicity as you were. He warned you of a letter that would incriminate you if anything happened to him. You searched until you had it, and that same night, in the hotel gardens at Nice, you got him. You heard that Sybil Conway was in the next town. You didn't dare leave the party. You went along, hoping for the best—and that lift—it was made for your purpose.

"After that, it seemed smooth sailing. You began to think luck was with you. Duff was baffled, and you knew it. You moved on in peace, until Yokohama. There you learned that Welby had discovered the duplicate key. By the way, where did you have it then?" Ross made no reply. "Some clever place, I'll wager," the Scotland Yard man continued. "But it doesn't matter. You sensed somehow that Welby had gone ashore to cable. He'd sent the message before you were able to stop him, but on the chance that there was no mention of you in it—as, indeed, there wasn't—you shot him down on the dock when he returned.

"Again you began to feel safe. I don't know much about what has happened since Yokohama. But I judge that when you got to Honolulu and met Duff on the pier, you saw red again. Nearly at the end of your journey; only a few more miles, and all serene, save for Duff. How much had he learned? Nothing—that was clear. How much would he learn on that final lap of the tour? Nothing again, if you could prevent it. You removed him from your trail." Wales glanced at Charlie Chan. "And right there, Ross," the Englishman finished, "I think you made the big mistake of your life."

Ross stood up. The boat was now fast to the dock, and, outside the window, the passengers were gathered about the top of the plank.

"Well, what of it?" Ross said. "How about going ashore?"

They waited a moment on the deck until the crowd on the plank had diminished to a few late stragglers, then started down. A uniformed policeman appeared before Flannery.

"The car's ready, chief," he said.

Charlie held out his hand to Sergeant Wales. "Maybe we meet again," he said. "I have in bag Inspector Duff's brief case, my study of which is now completed."

Wales shook hands warmly. "Yes, you've passed your examination on that, I fancy," he smiled. "With honors too. I'll be in San Francisco until Duff comes. I hope you'll be here when he arrives. He'll want to thank you in person, I know."

"I may be. Who can say?" Charlie returned.

"Good. In the meantime, you must dine with me tonight. There are still some details I'm curious about. Ross' speech at the Minchin dinner, for example. Can you meet me at the Stewart at seven?"

"Delighted," Charlie answered.

Wales walked away with Ross in the company of the uniformed policeman. The man whom Charlie had at last brought to justice was wrapped in sullen silence now. His eyes, in those final moments, had studiously avoided those of Chan.

"Be in San Francisco long, Charlie?" asked Flannery, coming up.

"Hard to answer," Chan replied. "I have daughter at college in South California, and I have unquenchable longing to visit her."

"That's the ticket!" Flannery cried, relieved. "You go down and give a helping hand to the Los Angeles police."

Chan smiled gently to himself. "You have here no little matter on which I might assist?"

"Not a thing, Charlie. Everything's pretty well cleaned up around San Francisco. But then, we got a mighty able organization here."

Chan nodded. "Under a strong general there are no weak soldiers."

"You said it. Lot of truth in some of those old wheezes of yours. Well, Charlie, drop in and see me before you go. I'll have to run along now."

As Charlie walked over to get his bag, he met Kashimo and the purser.

"Taking this lad aboard the President Taft," the purser said. "He'll be on his way back to Hawaii at two."

Chan beamed upon his assistant. "And he goes covered with glory," he remarked. "Kashimo, you have suffused my heart with pride. Not only did you do notable searching on boat but when you came aboard that night in Honolulu, your suspicious eye was already on the guilty man." He patted the Japanese on the shoulder. "Even a peach grown in the shade will ripen in the end," he added.

"Hope chief will not be angry that I ran away," Kashimo said.

"Chief will be at pier with loudly playing band," Charlie assured him. "I do not appear to make you understand, Kashimo. You are hero. You are, I repeat again, covered with glory. Do not continually seek to push it aside, like blanket on hot night. Go aboard other ship now and wait for my return. I go to city to purchase fresh linen for you. I am inclined to think six days are plenty for that present outfit."

He picked up his bag and walked a few steps with them toward the plank of the President Taft.

"For the present, I say good-by," he announced. "Will see you again, at one o'clock. You are going home, Kashimo, not only in shining garments of success but also in a more hygienic shirt."

"All right," said Kashimo meekly.

As Charlie was leaving the pier shed he encountered Mark Kennaway.

"Hello!" Mark cried. "Pamela and I have been waiting for you. I've engaged a car and you're riding uptown with us."

"You are too kind," Charlie replied.

"Oh, our motives are not entirely unselfish. Tell you what I mean in a minute." They went to the curb, where Pamela Potter was seated in a large touring car. "Jump in, Mr. Chan," the young man added.

Chan did no jumping, but climbed aboard with his usual dignity. Kennaway followed and the car started.

"Both are looking very happy," Charlie suggested.

"Then I suppose our news is superfluous," the young man said. "As a matter of fact, we're engaged."

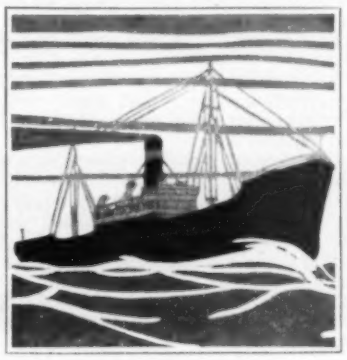
Chan turned to the girl. "Pardon my surprise. You accepted this irritating young man, after all?"

"I certainly did. About a minute before he proposed, at that. I wasn't going to let all my hard work go for nothing."

"My warmest congratulations to you both," Chan bowed.

"Thanks," smiled the girl. "Mark's all right, everything considered. He's promised to forget Boston and practice law in Detroit."

"Greater love hath no man than that," nodded Kennaway.



"So it's turned out to be a pretty good tour, after all," the girl continued. "Even if it did start so badly." Her smile faded. "By the way, I can't wait another minute. I want to learn how you knew that Ross was guilty. You said that night on the deck that I ought to know, too, and I've racked my slight brain until I'm dizzy. But it's no use. I'm no detective, I guess."

"Vivian told us a few minutes ago," Kennaway added, "that it was something Ross said at the Minchin dinner. We've been over that speech of Ross' a dozen times. There wasn't much to it, as I recall. He was interrupted before he'd fairly got started."

"But not before he had spoken a most incriminating word," Chan put in. "I will repeat for you the sentence in which it occurred. I have memorized it. Listen carefully: 'As for that unfortunate night in London, when poor Hugh Morris Drake lay dead in that stuffy room in Broome's Hotel ——'"

"Stuffy!" cried Pamela Potter.

"Stuffy," repeated Charlie. "You are now bright girl I thought you. Consider. Was the room in which your honorable grandfather was discovered lifeless on bed a stuffy room? Remember testimony of Martin, the floor waiter, which you heard at inquest and which I read in Inspector Duff's notes. 'I unlocked the door of the room and went in,' Martin said. 'One window was closed, the curtain was down all the way. The other was open, and the curtain was up too. The light entered from there.' Adding word of my own, I would remark, so also did plenty good fresh air."

"Of course!" cried the girl. "I should have remembered. When I was in that room, talking with Mr. Duff, the window was still open and a street orchestra outside was playing There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding. The music came up to us quite loudly."

"Ah, yes, but it was not in same room that grandfather was slain," Chan reminded her. "It was in room next door. And when Ross mentioned matter at dinner, his memory played him sorry trick. His thoughts returned, not to room in which grandfather was finally discovered but to that other room in which he died. You read Walter Honywood's letter to his wife?"

"Yes, I did."

"Recall how he said to her: 'I entered and looked about me. Drake's clothes were on a chair, his ear phone on a table; all the doors and windows were closed.' You observe, Miss Pamela, that was the stuffy room—the room where your grandfather perished."

"Of course it was," the girl answered. "Poor grandfather had asthma, and he thought the London night air was bad for it. So he refused to have any windows open where he slept. . . . Oh, I have been stupid!"

"You were otherwise engaged," smiled Charlie. "I was not. Three men knew that Hugh Morris Drake slept that night in a stuffy room. One, Mr. Drake himself—and he was dead. Two, Mr. Honywood, who went in and found the body—and he, too, was dead. Three, the man who stole in there in the night and strangled him—the murderer. In simpler words, Mr. Ross."

"Good work!" cried Kennaway.

"But finished now," added Charlie Chan. "The Emperor Shi Hwang-ti, who built the Great Wall of China, once said: 'He who squanders today talking of yesterday's triumph will have nothing to boast of tomorrow.'"

The car had drawn up before the door of a hotel in Union Square, and when the young people had alighted, Charlie followed. He took the girl's hand in his.

"I see plenty glad look in your eyes this morning," he said. "May it remain is vigorous wish from me. Remember, fortune calls at the smiling gate."

He shook hands with Kennaway, picked up his bag and disappeared quickly around the corner.

(THE END)

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AL—A BONEFISH

(Continued from Page 15)

From that point on it will require either a more graphic pen or a more photographic eye than mine to set down exactly what happened. I am not sure. The first thing I recall definitely is a muffled exclamation that crossed the white lips of my fishing companion. It was an exclamation that combined in spontaneous beauty three attributes: First, amazement; second, downright hurt; and, third, piratical profanity that might easily have carried us back to the early history of the cove. It was the cry of a man bewildered as well as hurt, amazed as well as anguished.

Next, something warm fell upon the back of my hand. I glanced downward and discovered that it was blood. I ceased reeling in and investigated with my eyes. The howl of my companion had grown into a continuous wail of which he was utterly unconscious. His right thumb, pressed against the reel, spurted a stream of crimson as a turning grindstone throws a streak of water.

As I watched he shifted the scorching-hot reel to his left hand and promptly maimed that thumb. The reel was matching his own wail in a key twenty octaves higher. His pipe stem cracked in his teeth and the bowl splashed into the sea. For a fleeting second he held the reel in his left hand. Then he swung the butt of the rod to his chest and performed some unknown gyration that effectually locked the whirling contrivance. I think the reel jammed between his forearms.

Instantly the bonefish pulled line, reel and rod literally out by the roots. The line snapped viciously, the reel jerked free and toppled into the water, where it lay glistening on the silt. The tip of the thirty-five-dollar rod broke as had the pipe stem. The bonefish, to the best of my belief, had just passed Havana and was not even warmed to his task!

As I regarded the holocaust through sorrowful eyes, the guide cleared his throat.

"They go pretty fast," he said quietly. "They ain't exactly like bass."

My companion sank suddenly to the thwart and held before his own unbelieving eyes two maimed thumbs from which the crimson dripped through blistered ridges. He watched as the guide recovered his reel and his pipe, and gathered mournfully together the pieces of his ruined rod. Then suddenly he laughed. The fisherman in his soul dominated and he laughed.

Bonefish or Shark

"Well," he grunted, "was ever there such a fool exhibition as that?"

"I reckon not," the guide placated him feelingly. My companion's laugh became more resonant. He held his hands higher for me to see.

"It just shows," he philosophized, "what a fool a man can be. I sure learned a lesson today that'll do me some good!"

I reeled in the balance of my line, and while the guide cleared the hook of weeds I tore a handkerchief in strips and bandaged my friend's thumbs.

"We'd better go in," I insisted. "Your thumbs are a wreck."

"We won't go in," he argued. "Who wrecked them? I wouldn't use a thumb stall, so the fault is entirely my own. Anyway, they won't get infected."

"But ——" I argued.

"You keep quiet," he demanded. "If that guide says I had a bonefish on there, I suppose I'll have to let him get away with it. But I know I didn't. What I hooked onto was a thousand-pound shark! The only way I'll ever prove that to both of us is to watch you land a bonefish. Hop to it. You can see for yourself that they're still finning out there."

"That was a bonefish you had," the guide cut in matter-of-factly. "I know how they act. They're right fast little fellers."

With that remark he once more cast my line. The bait plunked into the water not fifteen feet from where the fish were finning. With qualms that I still recall poignantly, I seated myself astraddle the thwart and drew taut my line. I recall every sensation of a man who is about to take hold of an electrode to see if the current is turned on.

A glance at my humbled companion was illuminating. He might have been a soul staring at me from another world—a world into which he had been plunged by the very thing I now was attempting to do; a soul waiting for vindication in my own impending rout. I found my situation tremendously exciting, but also distinctly foreboding.

"Just take it easy, Mr. Coe," the happy guide was saying. "Let him run a ways, then set the hook. He'll go right fast when he feels it. Let him go. The more line he drags after him, the more tired he'll git. Let him have a coupla hundred feet if he wants it. Then ease down on your thumb a mite an' leave him pull."

When Al Gets Busy

Visions of that stream of crimson flashed before my eyes. The rod lay inert in my hand, the reel nestled against my left palm. It impressed me suddenly as a piteously ineffectual mechanism.

"Funny they don't pick up that bait," the guide said at the end of a few minutes of tense waiting. "Plenty fish here. There's a mud over yonder. If you don't get a strike soon, we'll move over."

I followed the gaze of his steady eye and saw, some three hundred yards off the port beam, what appeared to be a yellow shadow. It came to me that this was silt disturbed by the explosive snouts of calmly feeding bonefish. Straight out beyond my bait, fins were continuously breaking water, their brilliance washed into life by the rays of the white sun.

Then there came a clicking of my reel. Slowly it moved, as the breath of a woman might creep across fur. Then faster. Half a dozen clicks of the light mechanism, a halt, then a brief run. I set my yarn-covered thumb upon the line-wrapped reel, hooked my jaws together and flicked my wrist upward. The line snapped taut. I knew I had hooked my fish. For somewhere between a millionth of a second and forty minutes, nothing happened. I heard my new friend gulp hopefully, and the guide muttered something that I did not understand.

Then Al got busy. There was no doubt about his purpose. He set out for deep water with all the profound certainty of a safe dropped from a twenty-story window. Under my thumb the line roared off with the speed of a bullet, and the song of the reel sped upward into crescendo. Heat crept through the woolen thumb stall. My distended eyes followed the course of the fish as well as they could. Never had I experienced such a sensation as this.

I stood erect in the little boat, the better to play the enemy. The shallow water was multicolored and glistening. At some little distance the African pompano reared his forked tail toward the heavens and the guide calmly remarked that he was glad I had not hooked him instead of a bonefish, "though, Pete knows, a pompano'll give a feller plenty to figger out!"

The bonefish ran in a straight and heroic line for at least ten seconds. They were interminable. During their passing I became convinced that he would run out the end of the line. But suddenly Al swerved to the left. Immediately I sensed that he was going to pause and consider matters. Accordingly I added pressure to the reel and heat to my thumb.

"That's it," the guide approved. "Give him a mite o' pull."

The fish circled in arcs that kept a steady tension against the line. Now and then, when his anger increased the strain to a point I thought dangerous, I gave him more line. But most of those arcs cost him plenty of energy and gained him nothing. I held fast with the thumb and bided my time.

No bass ever gave me half the battle that this bonefish did. No fish of any species ever showed me speed and potential power comparable to what my little friend was offering. I determined not to lose him through impatience. Better play him safe and sure. I admit that I was in a welter of excitement.

Some six or seven minutes after that first wild run of his, I switched my rod to the left hand and began arguing for line. Al was tiring in flesh, but his spirit rose magnificently. I nearly lost him through being awkward with my left hand. He demanded liberty in a sudden and unexpected rush that almost carried away the rod tip. I switched back with blind luck, and held my breath while I made sure he had got no slack. I played him at least another two minutes. Then I switched again.

This time he came to me. It was no easy march, understand. He felt an impelling influence utterly strange to his experience, and he resented it. But he came marching slowly inward toward the boat, the progress marked by a series of sweeping arcs that shall ever remain vibrant in my memory.

Then again I nearly lost him. Whether through malice aforethought or sheer chance, Al started on a new rampage, and he started straight for the boat. The line which had sung a song of resistance for so long suddenly drooped loose from the rod tip. I reeled in with the feverish speed of a frightened whippet. But a whippet never loses grace. I did.

The thumb stall which had served me so well now became a menace. It loosened on my flying thumb and threatened to become entangled and jam the reel. In the next thirty seconds, by the standards of any average butcher shop, I chipped four dollars' worth of meat off the side of my forefinger. But I reeled faster than ever I had in my life.

The End of the Battle

My humbled companion was offering some comment on the general aspect of things, but I gave him not the slightest heed. I reeled—reeled as I never had reeled before—and in due time I caught up with Al merely because he changed course when he saw the boat.

In this way I got back most of the line he originally had dragged free, and for the first time since we had met, I admitted inwardly a confidence that our acquaintance was to broaden under the cultivating influences of time. Al was well hooked, as events had proved. He was tiring, too, while I gained confidence.

From that time on I kept the rod tip bent against my little friend at an angle that might at any moment have become acute. Not at any time did I permit the fish to swim merely to exhaust him. I was not drowning him. I was fighting to land the fish in a short time. But still he came slowly. The first time I sighted him he was a greenish-white streak in the shallow water. His scales seemed luminous and he flashed as might a quickly vanishing ray of light. My impression of him was tremendously disappointing. He looked small—very, very small—for a man to play as long as I had humored him.

Fifteen minutes passed before I worked him alongside. Though the yellowish-white of his belly flashed as he swam, indicating the exhaustion which was gripping him, sight of the boat revitalized him. Against all the pressure I dared exert, he ran out another twenty or thirty feet of line. My heart went out to him. For a gamester, Al is the ultimate, the irreproachable, the finale.

My wrists were tired and my forefinger was stiffening from strain and bruise. Angered that so little a fellow should cause me such trouble, I went after him hammer and tongs. I reeled him in regardless, keeping my rod pointed so that he must fight against arcs, but come ever closer. Twice more I brought him close, and each time he fought again, finding in his spiked tail and his stout heart energy and courage to battle that I never have seen equaled by any living creature. But he was losing.

As though he realized it himself, his last dash was magnificent. He went straight toward deep water, and he bent the rod more than I would expect from a freshly hooked bass. When the strain against him proved too much he seemed to understand that he was beaten. He turned faintly upward in his course, his nose sucked air through the surface, and the fight suddenly was over. For that last few feet he came in with only his seven pounds of weight resisting me.

King of Them All

I felt almost ashamed as I reeled him home. It came to me that here was a fish I had caught not because he was exhausted, or because he quit while yet life stirred within him, but because he had fought to the last bitter ounce, then died of a broken heart. We lifted him over the gunwale and laid him on the bottom of the skiff.

"That's him," the guide grunted happily. "That's the bonefish. Nice little feller too. He'll weigh between six an' seven pounds. Just about average size. The world's record is under fourteen, y' see."

I sat down on the thwart and watched jealously as my humbled friend examined the catch with an appraising eye.

"You'd never believe it,would you?" he asked finally. "Honestly, for a fish that size —— Why, I thought I could handle that kind on a bent pin and a spool of thread!"

Fish were still finning within our vision. There was plenty of real sport to be had for the taking. But I thought of my companion's lacerated and aching thumbs and turned a deaf ear to temptation. We scuttled back through the devious channel toward the camp. Nothing was said. Nothing needed to be said.

The guide appeared strangely elated, and once I caught him chuckling as I lit a cigarette for my disabied friend. Now and then we two fishermen cast a wondering look upon Al—a reverent look. From the depths of my heart, I pronounce him the king of them all. And he is king where few dare claim the distinction—in the very soul of him.

When we stepped onto the pier at the camp, I had made arrangements to fish the same place next day. My envious friend pondered matters for a moment, regarded his crudely bandaged members thoughtfully, then inquired of the guide how soon he would be able to secure a new rod and tackle.

As we strolled along the pier he turned to me with the light of a new understanding burning bright in his eyes.

"Coe," he said fulsomely, "I'm really a darned good fisherman. Believe that, will you, in case I don't get a chance to prove it. I've fished everything I thought there was to be fished. But I never had anything take hold of me like that—that—I suppose it was a bonefish, though it's mighty hard to believe!"

Al adorns my office wall. On his one side a mighty silver-king tarpon reposes. On the other a spike-nosed sailfish hangs. He is by no means out of his realm. Anything with fins, and many things without, may look up to his seven pounds with honest awe and reverence. And every time I do, I will thrill to the heart of the little rascal and, perhaps cattishly, contrast him with the fisherman who scorned his prowess.

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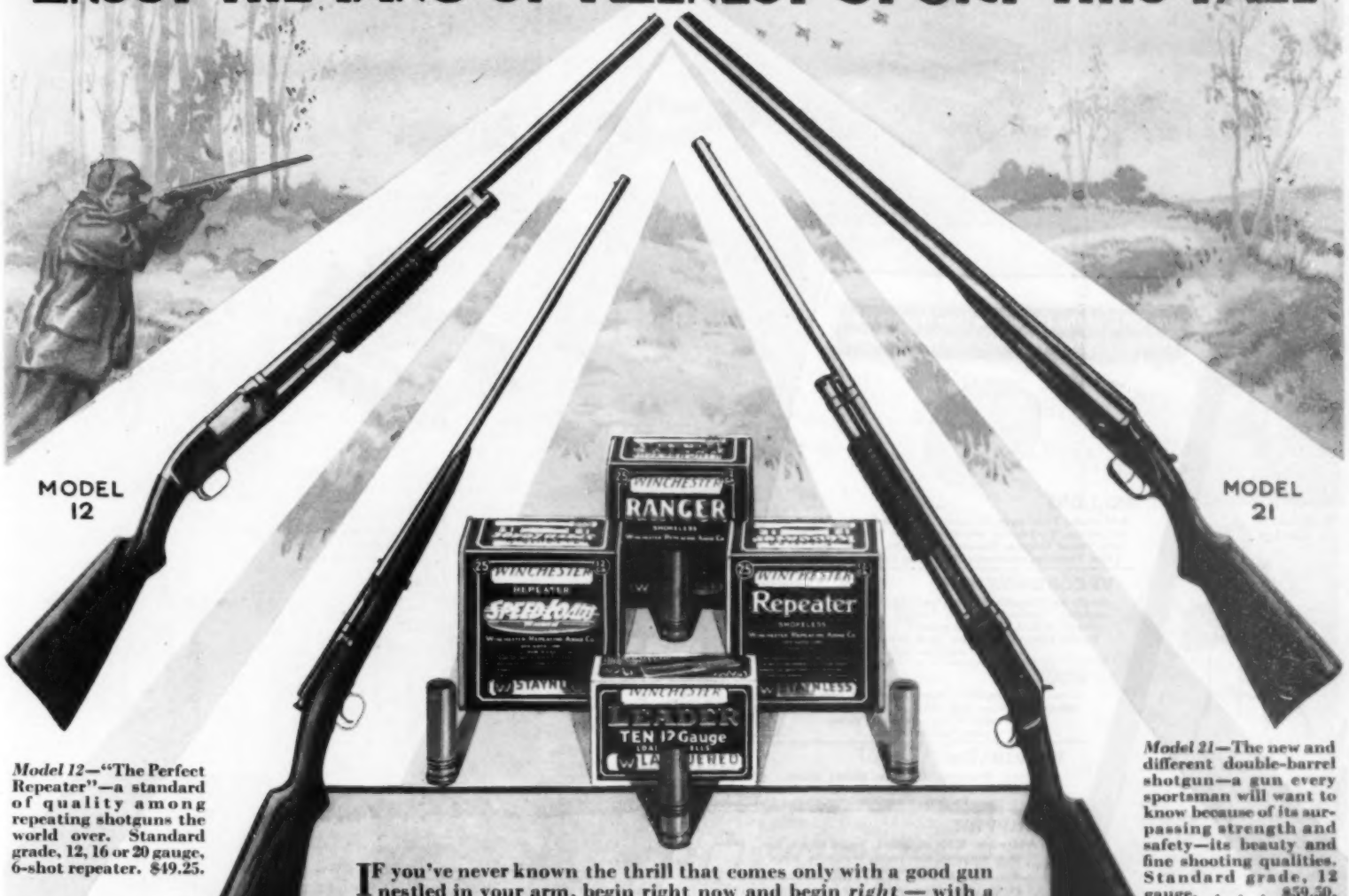

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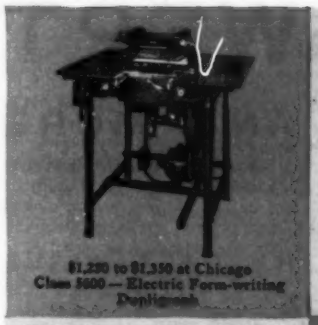

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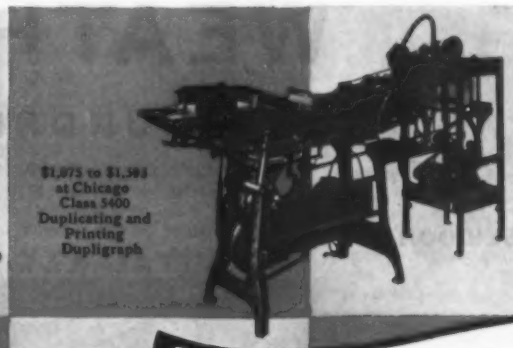

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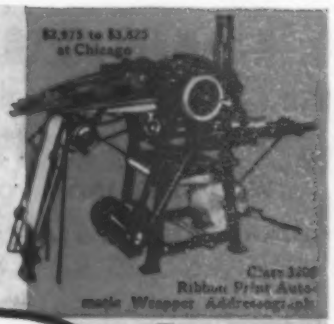

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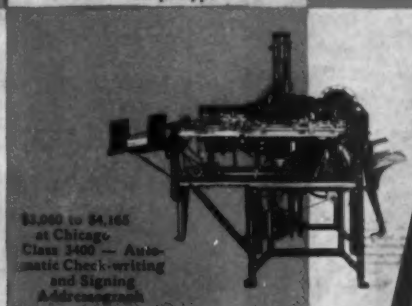

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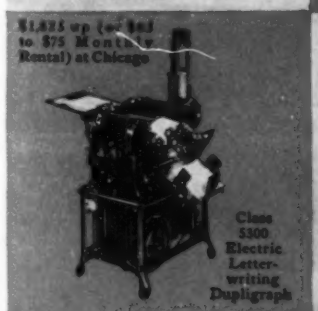

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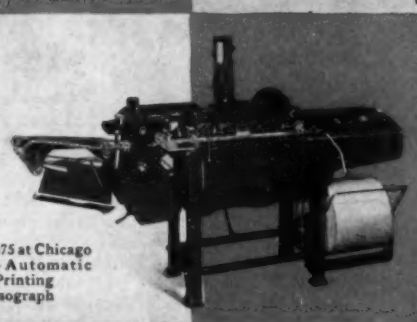

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AND MORE

...WROUGHT-IRON PORTALS STILL GUARD BOSTON STATE HOUSE DOOR

"THE VITAL ELEMENT" KEEPS THE PAST ALIVE

The Municipal Office Building of Baltimore, a new achievement in modern architecture, is equipped with 38,758 feet of Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe.

THE cornerstone of the historic Boston State House was laid in 1795 by Samuel Adams and Paul Revere. Thirty-one years later, the lot was enclosed with a wrought-iron picket fence and gate. Today, both gate and fence are in a condition of perfect preservation, still in use, viewed by the thousands who visit this historic shrine.

The *Vital Element*—iron silicate—is the factor in these wrought-iron fixtures which makes them time-defying. It is a feature exclusive to wrought-iron. Added to virgin pig-iron in the puddling process, the *Vital Element* is distributed uniformly throughout the mass in the subsequent rolling—250,000 and more barriers to the square inch against corrosion, as invariably effective as is the silicate, glass.

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The use of Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe simplifies the pipe problem! Look for the name "Byers" imprinted in the metal. A Spiral Stripe of red is further identification. We will be pleased to furnish technical information on any specific pipe problem. Write for our interesting booklet, "The Vital Element."

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.

BYERS GENUINE WROUGHT IRON **PIPE**

AN INVESTMENT—NOT AN OUTLAY

HUNTING A JOB

(Continued from Page 33)

friend to gain admittance. He may convince the guard that he has been summoned. If all other efforts fail, he may ignore the fact that he has a skilled trade at his command, to enter as an ordinary laborer and, once inside, present himself to a foreman of his particular craft and be signed on. So far as such hardy and experienced men are concerned, no great unemployment problem exists among itinerant workers.

Resourcefulness of this nature is by no means limited, however, to the itinerant worker. I know many examples of similar ingenuity employed successfully by clerks, mechanics and even executives in response to the urgent necessity of finding a job. Among them is the case of a carpenter, well past the arbitrary dead line of fifty, who has landed several good jobs by waiting in his small car near the exit of one of his city's largest lumberyards, then following promising-looking truckloads of joists and beams to their destination, where he applied for work. He obtained one position that lasted him through the entire dull period of last winter by checking up on a bargeload of pilings that he saw being towed up the river. He learned that it was consigned for use on a large warehouse contract just closed by an exporting firm expanding its water-front activities, and, as the first applicant, was given almost immediate employment.

I know also a civil engineer who obtained a splendid position through the same quality of observation. One day he noticed a Sold sign on a theretofore vacant industrial plant.

From the agent who made the sale, he learned that the site had been acquired by a manufacturer identified with the aviation industry. He called immediately on the new owner and walked out ten minutes later with the promise, soon fulfilled, of an excellent position concerned with the redesigning of the plant.

One of the most successful salesmen of power lawn mowers I know was formerly a golf professional. When he lost his position with a suburban country club he considered carefully his qualifications for various kinds of work, decided that his experience had taught him much about lawn mowers, and applied to the largest manufacturers of such machines in the country. Starting as a service man, his knowledge and acquaintanceship soon advanced him to his successful sales-force position.

A Vigilant Work Seeker

Another young engineer of my acquaintance obtained an excellent position by much the same course of reasoning, although he reversed the process. For years his favorite recreation had been tennis. When he lost his position with a company which had employed him since graduation, he sought and found another involving the construction of tennis courts. His experience both as a player and an engineer made possible the great success he has since achieved in this specialty.

As an efficient job hunter, I cite the case of a youth in his very early twenties, whom I placed in a clerical position less than a year ago. Recently he called on me to boast that since that time he had found three other jobs in the same office building, each better than its predecessor. The first he obtained by making an immediate application after overhearing, in an elevator, a clerk tell a friend that he had resigned. He applied for and received the second after noticing a painter printing the name of a new tenant on the entrance door of a large suite of offices. Dissatisfied, after a time, with the prospects there, he obtained his third position by arranging a chain of introductions that finally brought him into personal contact with the principal executive of an advertising agency, with which he had determined months before to cast his lot.

An electrical engineer, noticing that the company supplying light and power service in the hall where an important convention had been planned was experiencing difficulty because of the conflicting activities of its installation, contract and new business departments, offered his services in simplifying the process. He did the work so well that when he suggested and applied for the job of handling power and light service for all similar gatherings in the future, it was immediately and permanently given to him.

New industries, and changes in old ones, have offered opportunities to many unemployed men who saw the possibilities contained therein. A former plasterer, now a successful superintendent of construction for an acoustical engineering firm, told me how he had found his new niche while temporarily out of employment. "I read in an architects' magazine," he said, "an interesting article on the progress being made in sound control. Immediately I called on an executive of the firm whose name appeared under one of the illustrations. I told him I wanted to learn the new science, and that while as a plasterer I was familiar with construction, I stood ready to start at the bottom, as a lather, a carpenter's helper or even a laborer, so long as I had opportunity to learn the new craft from the ground up. Apparently I impressed him with my sincerity, for I was employed and have progressed steadily in this new work."

Six Ways of Getting a Job

All these may be characterized, of course, as isolated cases. I have cited them, however, to illustrate the fact that the successful job hunter brings more to his task than wishful thinking or stereotyped inquiry. Out of my experience with both prospective employe and prospective employer I have gained the impression that there is a distinct technic to job hunting, whose mastery might solve the problems of many of the irregularly employed.

Apart from activities of the type described above, there are six agencies through which employment is generally obtained. They may be listed as follows:

1. Friends and acquaintances who may know or learn of employment opportunities.
2. Help-wanted columns in home papers; in out-of-town papers.
3. Business-news items in home papers; in out-of-town papers.
4. Public employment agencies.
5. Private employment agencies.
6. Organizations such as chambers of commerce, boards of trade and trade or labor associations.

Others might, of course, be added to the list, but these are the agencies most commonly and successfully used. How should each of them be utilized by the job hunter? Let's consider them in order.

Undoubtedly many more jobs are obtained through acquaintanceships than is generally recognized. Too many men, when they lose their positions, feel that some stigma is thereby attached to them which can be avoided only by silence. If another job is in immediate prospect, this attitude may be the correct one. If, however, as so often happens, the job hunter faces a blank wall, he should tell everyone he knows of his predicament. Often the job comes not from a personal friend himself, but from the friend of that friend.

I know a man who recently lost a position because of a merger affecting the firm with which he had spent virtually his entire business life. He announced the fact at a family gathering. "Tell everybody you know that I am out of a job and in the market for anything with a worthwhile company," he said to his own and his wife's family, as well as to everyone he met. A few days later he landed a temporary position. Still later he received a telephone call from an acquaintance whom, months before, he had told of his plight during a visit at the home of a common friend. "I've been thinking of you," said the casual acquaintance. "I'm going abroad for my firm and my job will be open in a few weeks. If you make immediate application I think you'll get it." The tip proved good and the man who wasn't afraid to broadcast the fact that he was hunting a job now has a position better than the original one he lost.

Methods of answering help-wanted advertisements in the home-town paper are perhaps too obvious to require much comment. Whenever possible, however, the job hunter should apply in person. Employers like to see the men they may take on. If an employer says he will give the job hunter a trial, the latter should follow the technic of the successful salesman and leave the office gracefully, but immediately, either for the job if it is waiting, or for home if he is to start work the following day. Don't give the prospective employer time to change his mind.

How to Apply by Mail

Where an answer by letter is required, the greatest care should be taken to present tersely, intelligently and fully all the details in which an employer may be interested. I quote the following from a letter recently directed to me, as an excellent example of how to apply for a job by mail:

Dear Sirs—I graduated from the School of Business and Public Administration of —— University, this spring. I was interested mainly in accounting and personnel work.

I have worked my way through the entire four-year course, serving as bell boy and night clerk in the two leading hotels in this town. I worked twelve hours at night, arranged my classes in the mornings as much as possible, and slept in the afternoons. I also made creditable grades in school.

I want a job. I am twenty-five years of age, six feet two inches tall, weigh a hundred and eighty-two pounds and am married but have no children. I can furnish the best of reference.

I have had some bookkeeping and hotel auditing experience, but still have lots to learn.

I would like a connection with some accounting firm, since I had planned to enter the public-accounting field. However, I would consider anything offering an opportunity or chance for future betterment.

I expect a living wage for myself and wife. My estimate of my worth to an employer is about $150 per month to start.

Will your office be able to do anything for me? Further information will be furnished upon request.

Help-wanted advertisements from out-of-town papers offer a far more complex problem. In the great majority of cases these are, of course, answered by mail. In considering their possibilities the job hunter should ask himself and others, if possible, a number of important questions. How, he should ponder, do they compare in number and in quality with the jobs advertised at home? Do they show an increasing demand or a falling demand for the experience he has to offer? Do those that appeal to him indicate that the jobs will be of long or of short duration? If he applies and acquires the job, what will the costs of transportation amount to? Will it pay him to sell or rent his home, to transfer his children to another school, to relinquish the possibilities of improvement he has built up through lifelong acquaintanceships and other factors? Not until such questions are satisfactorily answered in his mind should he, as a general rule, consider the promises thus offered, although there are, unfortunately, instances wherein the need for immediate employment is so urgent that even these precautions must be disregarded.

Much the same methods should be used in seeking such jobs as appear to be promised by business-news articles describing contemplated construction work or expansion of existing industries. As has been related, an optimistic article concerning plans for some great piece of construction work will send thousands of inexperienced men to the site long before there is employment available for them. The great tragedy of the

LUXURIOUS
AUTOMATICALLY
REGULATED
WARMTH
at an actual saving!

THINK what it would mean to you to have the satisfaction and convenience of a uniform, automatically regulated temperature in your home all winter long. No more trips to a cold, uninviting basement every morning to nurse a sluggish fire back to life. No more overheating when the afternoon sun beats down with a spurt of June energy. . . . And then stop to consider that the luxury of having the temperature you want *every minute of the day* actually costs you less than hand firing.

With the Brownell Domestic Stoker you burn the smaller, less expensive sizes of coal. Forced draft firing utilizes the valuable gases that ordinarily escape as smoke. So you not only burn *cheaper* coal, but *less* coal due to the elimination of waste. The more perfect combustion also means fewer ashes, no smoke, and a cleaner basement.

For years Brownell Industrial Stokers have been saving money in thousands of buildings and factories all over the world. Seventy-five years of experience is fused into this great new domestic stoker. It can be installed on almost any type of furnace, new or old, within a few hours' time. The Brownell Co., Dayton, Ohio. Est. 1855. Representatives in Principal Cities.

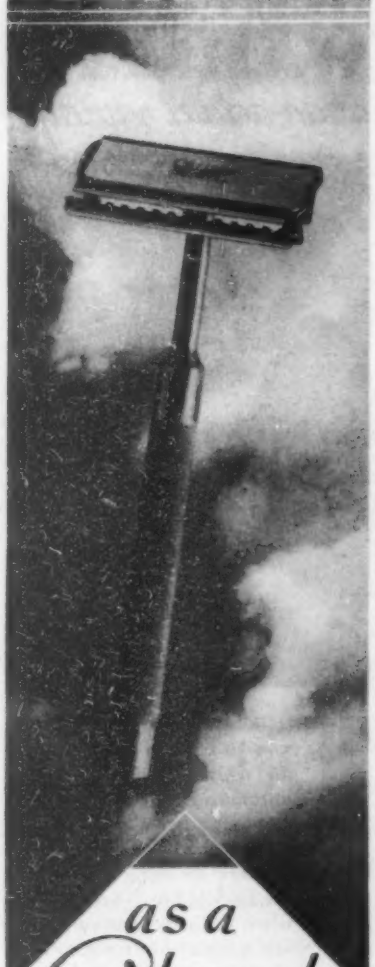
★ [*Send for our free booklet describing in detail the advantages of Brownell Automatic Heat, and we will send you the name of your nearest dealer.*]

DEALERS—A few attractive territories still open. Write.

BROWNELL

— THE ONLY BUILDERS OF *both* BOILERS AND STOKERS

LIGHT



as a Cloud

Light as a cloud that floats lazily in the sky, is the touch of a Christy Razor on your face. With a Christy, your shaving troubles will drift by, too, for a Christy will bring you new comfort in shaving.

* * * *

The very "feel" of a Christy bespeaks the lightness of touch which is enhanced by the Christy Blade . . . the product of a generation of specialists in fine razor blade making . . . and by the wonderful Massage Bar.

The Massage Bar smooths the skin, so that the blade cuts the beard squarely at the base on a taut surface. It insures a clean, close shave without roughening or scraping the skin.

* * * *

Step into any local store. Ask to see the Christy Razor with the Massage Bar. Get the feel of it. Take one home for a shave. Shaving comfort is worth this simple test.

Christy Razor with the Massage Bar, $1 and $5. Christy Blades (package of 5) 35c.

The Christy Company • Fremont, Ohio

CHRISTY
SAFETY RAZOR
WITH MASSAGE BAR

spectacle lies in the facts that the jobs themselves are often still far in the future; that when they become available local workers will naturally have first chance to fill them; and that the majority of hopeful itinerant applicants from afar are qualified by neither training nor temperament to compete for positions against the experienced men demanded for the work.

Not long ago there came to my desk a two-inch news item announcing that work would begin shortly on a $30,000,000 hydro-electric development requiring three years for completion. The clipping was followed by floods of inquiries in person and by letter, not only at my office but in public and private employment offices throughout the state. Some came from men experienced in the construction trades, but the majority were from former white-collar workers desperate for jobs.

Look Before You Leap

In order to lay the facts fairly before job hunters an investigator was sent from the state employment offices to the site of the project. He learned that a working force of seventy-five men, then on the ground, would be ample for more than four months. After that as many as three thousand men might be required. But in the meanwhile hundreds of luckless job seekers were appearing personally at the camp, coming frequently from great distances, only to meet disappointment.

Strange though it may seem, a business-news article describing some new operation appears to make a wider appeal to the jobless than do specific help-wanted advertisements inserted by the same firm. Such an advertisement inserted by Detroit interests in a New York newspaper will prompt job hunters to write to Detroit for details and some few to pack up immediately and go. But if the New York daily's business-news columns announce that the same interests are increasing their working force or are contemplating extra production, many who never saw the advertisements set forth immediately for Detroit on the job hunt. The help-wanted advertisement calls for workers with certain definite qualifications; obviously men lacking these qualifications need not apply. But the news item is translated into a blanket order for nearly every class of worker by the many thousands who deceive themselves into reading between the lines the promise of the kind of job they want at the moment.

Although in my opinion much responsibility for this situation rests on the type of publicity which tells only that work is proposed and neglects to add such important information as when employment will actually begin and what type of labor will be required, the job hunter himself must determine what promise such publicity holds for him. Here, too, he should ask himself many questions before starting out on what may be a hopeless quest. In addition to those which apply to help-wanted advertisements, he should consider when work will actually begin; whether he has the experience or physique required by the type of employment indicated; whether the local labor supply is adequate; what living conditions he may encounter if he does find employment there; whether, in view of all these things, there seems to be sufficient promise of a permanent job to justify the cost of traveling to the site. If he cannot answer these questions out of his own experience, he can submit them to the nearest public employment agency, or write to the company which has announced the project or to the chamber of commerce nearest the scene of the proposed job. This may seem a dilatory method, but if followed it can save many men and their families the unhappy experience of those who, like the Bill Smith earlier cited, are wandering over the country on frequently hopeless job hunts.

Many of the unskilled workers who start out on such quests might, in fact, do far better in their own home cities, and even in their own immediate neighborhoods, particularly when the tide of employment is at ebb. In nearly every business or residential block there is the possibility of temporary work of some kind—clerking, trucking, window cleaning, salvaging, grass cutting, painting, simple carpentry, hedge trimming, night watching, whitewashing, and the like. Frequently the men who do this work quit unexpectedly, either because they grow suddenly weary of it or because some better opportunity has presented itself. Their jobs then become immediately available. In seeking such work it is well to stick to one neighborhood, on much the same principle as that followed by salesmen handling household and office supplies, who find that both time and labor are saved by intensive solicitation in one district rather than scattering efforts over many.

Government Aids to the Jobless

With the location and methods of private employment agencies most job hunters are familiar. Unfortunately, however, many men and women seeking work fail to utilize the facilities offered without cost by Federal and state employment offices. Yet their help can be valuable. There are more than two hundred such aids to the jobless scattered throughout the country. A list of their locations is readily obtainable from the Department of Labor at Washington. Just how effective these Federal and state employment offices can be is illustrated by the activities of the Farm Labor Division of the United States Employment Service at Kansas City. Each year that office issues a series of timely bulletins which in six months bring more than a hundred thousand men from all sections of the country to harvests in the great Wheat Belt west of the Mississippi River. The bulletins, displayed in thousands of post offices and labor bureaus, tell when and where the wheat cutting starts; when it moves northward with the advancing season; what are the opportunities and the pay for work in threshing, corn husking or potato and apple picking; what are the prevailing wages and living accommodations; and when and where men may make their application for employment. Public employment offices strategically located in many of the states from which this labor comes, and working in close collaboration with the central office at Kansas City, spare thousands of men the hardship and futility of aimless wandering by directing them to the jobs immediately available.

Don'ts for Job Hunters

In my own state, Pennsylvania, a similar effort, though on a smaller scale, is made to help the itinerant job hunter. He can enter a branch state employment office in any one of fourteen cities and learn immediately the opportunities that exist for men of his craft anywhere within the commonwealth. Periodically each of the thirteen district offices sends to the central office a concise report of the employment supply and demand in virtually all the fields of industry represented in its own community. This information is in turn forwarded to all other offices, with the result that every official who interviews applicants for employment has before him a complete up-to-the-minute picture of the state-wide situation, and is therefore able to dispatch job hunters to those communities where their services are in demand. Obviously the aggregate saving to both industry and labor effected by this systematic method of allocating workers to existing jobs is tremendous, though by its nature impossible to estimate accurately in dollars and cents.

Apart from the specific suggestions already offered, I am tempted to submit, out of my experience in public employment service, several bits of advice more general in their nature. They follow:

Don't neglect your health. Many organizations now require men to pass rigid physical examinations before accepting them as employes.

Don't fail to dress appropriately for the job you are after. This doesn't mean necessarily dressing up to it. If under pressure of circumstances you are seeking a common-labor job, dress down to that. In other words, look the part.

Don't relax your job-hunting activities because the day is too hot or too wet. Such days are often the brightest for a job hunter, because frequently employes themselves often stay home in bad weather, thus creating openings for newcomers.

Don't neglect, if you are in an itinerant trade, to set aside a definite amount weekly as nonemployment insurance. Job hunting is neither so difficult nor so worrying when reserve funds are available.

Don't count too heavily on luck. No one can deny that luck plays its part in locating employment. But luck needs a helping hand.

Don't get discouraged. The industrial records of America are crowded with the names of men who made the first step toward success just as things looked darkest. What happened yesterday is finished. Today is always the threshold of the future, with all its unlimited prospects.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

"How About a Square Meal, Ma'am? I'm Workin' My Way Through College!"

Ful-Vue *arrives!*

Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you the greatest improvement in spectacles in a generation

. . . A BEAUTIFUL FRAME *quite different* FROM ALL OTHERS

See how the old-style hinge or end piece blocked your vision at the sides. Ful-Vue eliminates this annoyance.

Painted by
Neysa McMein

In the new, modern Ful-Vue frames, temples, or "ear-pieces," are attached high up where they are out of the way and hold your glasses securely in place. Ful-Vues stay fitted.

"WHY didn't someone think of it before?" The temples, or "ear-pieces," are attached near the *top* of the frame. The hinges and wires are out of your sight! When you glance to the side, you don't see them at all! And this patented Ful-Vue construction always keeps your glasses up before your eyes where they belong—no chance of their slipping down on your nose where they do not look well and do not do their work properly. This new, modern Ful-Vue design certainly makes a pair of glasses better looking, whether you look *at* them—or *through* them.

Ful-Vue glasses are now made in the beautiful new pink gold, the newest of precious metals, which blends so richly with the tones of the complexion. The tiny name A O FUL-VUE is clearly stamped inside the bridge of every Ful-Vue frame. (Of course the famous Tillyer "wide-angle" lenses can readily be fitted in any Ful-Vue frame.) For an interesting booklet, "The Newest Thing in Glasses," write American Optical Company, Dept. 39, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED EVERY YEAR

© A. O. CO., 1930

AMERICAN OPTICAL **FUL-VUE** **FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES**

Your face is dirty

The pores are like a net . . .

that's why

The pores of your face are a net—they catch and hold the dirt.

And there's danger in every unclean pore. Remove it or it will develop blackheads...large, coarse pores...skin eruptions.

You may wash your face till it tingles—but ordinary washing can't thoroly remove pore-dirt.

To Prove It: After you have washed and shaved tonight, rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into your face—around the nostrils, in the crease of the chin. It's pink when you start...but keep rubbing. Soon it rolls out in tiny pellets—dingy gray pellets *—almost black with pore-dirt!*

Result: A clean skin—clearly lighter—the healthy skin of the athlete in the pink of condition.

You can buy a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream for only 60c. Or you can have a Pompeian Massage after your shave at any first-class barber shop. Be sure you get the genuine Pompeian.

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM

PINK MAGIC
This is the famous pink Pompeian massage cream that rolls out the hidden pore-dirt. Ask for it by name "POMPEIAN"—accept no substitutes.

The Pompeian Company, Inc., New York, Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada....(*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th St., New York, and 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada)

WOMEN HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR

(Continued from Page 11)

"We had to give that one up because one of the boys got to snooping around and found out that this Canada trip was just a steer to fool everybody. Palmer'd got an apartment uptown and, instead of going away on a honeymoon, they were going to stay there and save the money, or something like that. Anyway, we had to change our plans. It didn't stop us a minute—not a minute! We hadn't any more than got this word before somebody had an idea ——"

"I'll bet it was you," Betty said.

"I'm not claiming the credit," Harry said. "But what we did was go out and buy twelve geese—twelve big geese, the biggest we could find. We put these geese in some burlap bags the fellow let us have, and about ten o'clock, right after the ceremony, we hopped a flock of taxicabs and went up to this apartment. The happy couple wasn't there yet, so we hid in that emergency exit door—that one that leads down the fire escape in elevator apartments—and waited. Well, sir, pretty soon they arrived. They got out of the elevator still dropping rice. We cracked the door and peeped out, and there they were, in a clinch! Right there in the hall they went right into a grapple. Then, when they came up for air, he opened the door to the apartment, but when she started to go in he put out his arm and stopped her.

"'Wait, my wife,' he said.

"She stopped and looked up at him.

"'The groom,' he said, 'always carries his bride over the threshold of their home.'"

Well, sir, Harry was mimicking the way they talked so you could almost see them there!

"Then he picked her up in his arms and just stood there like a big dope looking at her. We couldn't hardly stand it. He must have stood there three or four minutes, just looking at her.

"'My darling,' he said.

"'You're mine,' she said.

"Then he stepped through the door and was just going to try to close it with his foot when I gave the signal and out we came with our geese. It didn't take us a second. We had those geese out of the bags and on the floor in that love nest before you could say scat. The bride screamed and grabbed Dick, and we beat it. The last I saw of them, when I looked back, was her clutching him and crying, and him just standing there, patting her on the shoulder and looking dopey at all these geese just waddling around the place and honking and making themselves at home!"

Well, the picture I got in my mind, you know, of all those geese around there, and that poor sap and his bride standing right in the middle of them, made me laugh. I couldn't help it. But when I looked at Betty, she was just smiling a little—not laughing, just smiling.

"But that wasn't anything," Harry said, and I knew he was off! "Did you ever hear how we ordered a meal for them once?"

"A meal?" I said, just leading him on. "I can't say that I did. How was that?"

I winked at Betty over his head.

"Oh, about three weeks later, when he'd got back to the office, we asked him if he was sore, and he said he wasn't. Palmer's not a bad fellow. He saw it was just a joke and took it in all good humor. For a long time that's the way he was—just as good a sense of humor as you'd find anywhere. Later he turned out different.

"Anyway, one Friday afternoon in the office he borrowed five dollars from a fellow named Eaton. That was the first time he'd ever done anything like that, and he was very embarrassed. Tried to laugh it off, you know.

"'The money surely goes,' he said to Eaton, 'when you're married.'

"We got to talking after he'd left, and Eaton mentioned this little touch, and then we all got to joking together, one thing and another, and then somebody had the idea—I forget who it was ——"

"You, probably," Betty said.

"Don't give me all the credit!" Harry laughed. "I'm just one of the boys. They've got kidders down there that can ride rings around me. Anyway, what I started to say, somebody said that if their money was running a little low this week, why, what we ought to do was give them a nice big meal—one that they never would forget. So after the office we all got together and went uptown near where they lived and just scouted around until we got a pretty complete list of the neighborhood stores, and when we'd got that we went into a telephone booth and, what I mean, we ordered for them! And when I say we ordered a meal, I don't mean maybe!"

"What?" Betty said.

"I said, I don't mean maybe. That what you mean?"

"That's quite a phrase. Is it new?"

"Oh, that's old. That's a year old or more."

"It's still good though."

"But, as I say, we did some real ordering. We had awful arguments with some of those hucksters, but we told them that the Palmers were putting on an unusually big supper party, and if they didn't want to take the order, why, we would go elsewhere. Oh, yes, and one or two that the Palmers had been trading with right along made some squawk about how much they already owed, so we just told them that was all right, that the whole bill would be settled on delivery!

"That must have been some evening in the Palmer establishment! We couldn't go in, of course, but we stuck around, just to see what part of the fun we could. And the first thing to arrive was six bushels of spinach! Six bushels! The fellow we'd ordered it from had said he didn't have that much spinach, so we'd told him to send out and get it then, and it would be cash at the door.

"Well, you have to imagine the rest. We saw some of the stuff arriving, but not all, because we went on back downtown after a while. Eaton's wife—the Eatons live in the same apartment house—said they nearly went crazy. The first thing the dumbwaiter brought up was this spinach; it took two trips to get the spinach up alone.

"Then there were twelve dressed chickens, four crates of oranges, four crates of lettuce, a quarter of beef, ten dozen eggs, thirty-two eggplants, ten pecks of potatoes, three dozen lobsters, four bushels of shrimps, twenty cases of ginger ale, and the Lord knows what else!

"Eaton's wife said there was the awfulest hullabaloo she ever heard in her life. The Palmers got excited at first and thought somebody was making them presents, and then, when they found out they had to pay, they wouldn't do it. That made all these delivery fellows sore, and one of them took a poke at Dick, and Dick knocked him kicking. Then all these telephone calls got to coming in from these storekeepers, all of them insisting that there wasn't any mistake, that Mr. Palmer had called up and gone to a lot of pains to have his name and address taken down correctly. They were all sore, you know, because a lot of them had had to go out and buy some of the stuff, and everybody raised Cain generally.

"Eaton's wife said the bride got hysterical and that Dick had to let one or two of the storekeepers put the stuff on his bill, because they said they were going to arrest him, and the big rube didn't know they couldn't do it. Anyway, I certainly wish I could have been there to see the excitement!"

"What did Mrs. Eaton think of it?" Betty asked.

"She thought it was sort of funny," Harry said.

"Didn't she think it was a scream?"

"Well, some women haven't got a real sense of humor," Harry explained. "Most women would have seen the funny side of the thing. Mrs. Eaton got some of the humor of the situation, but not all of it. The real funny part of it," he said, "was some of the storekeepers hadn't any sense of humor either, and went to the superintendent of the apartment house about it. They said that the Palmers were crooks! And then they had to fix things up with him!"

"How long have you been out of college?" Betty asked.

"Five years," Harry said. "Why?"

"Nothing."

"Well," I said, "I certainly don't see how you boys get time to think up such things. I don't even see how you do it, even if you had the time. How do you do it?"

"Speaking of that superintendent," Harry said, "was he mad when we ordered the taxicabs!"

"The taxicabs?" I said, winking at Betty again.

"That one about the groceries and things," he said, "we weren't able to see, but this one we did. This one we had a grand-stand seat for. I don't remember how it came up, but some of us fellows were having dinner together when we got to talking about Palmer and the way he fell for everything. One thing led to another, and somebody—I forget who it was now—said we ought to order them some taxicabs. Well, as the saying goes, no sooner said than done. I got on a phone and called about twenty taxicab companies. As soon as I got them I told them all the same thing—that I was Richard Palmer, and gave the address and told them that I wanted three taxis sent up to the place at exactly 11:15 o'clock; that we had a large party and we were all going over to Brooklyn. Then I hung up.

"Well, we finished dinner and fooled around a little while, and then, when it was time, we popped on up their way. We got out of our cab at the corner and just strolled along the block to see what would happen. We didn't have to wait long.

"Eleven-fifteen P.M., you know, is just about the time the real after-theater traffic reaches its height. It was bad enough anyway, and then all these cabs we'd ordered began to arrive. About twelve drove up at once. All of these chauffeur gorillas got out and told the doorman—an old guy about ninety years old, in a uniform that weighed about ninety pounds—that he should tell Mr. Palmer they were there. They had hardly got the words out before six more came up. The old fellow didn't know exactly what to do, but he telephoned Dick's apartment and got him out of bed and told him that the street was full of taxicabs for him. Of course Dick said he hadn't ordered any cabs and that it must all be a mistake.

"'Well, there's eighteen of them here now,' the old man told him.

"'How many?' Dick shouted.

"'Twenty-seven,' the old boy said, as nine more drove up.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Milstead," Harry said, "I never saw so many taxicabs together in my life. There must have been a hundred. Streets were jammed for blocks down, and all the drivers shouting that a Mr. Palmer had ordered them. The after-theater cars got in the mix-up, and what I want to tell you, the cops had all they could do to keep the old doorman from being dragged up and down the street, much less keep the traffic moving. We boys stood around and watched for a while. Way up on the thirteenth floor, at the window, we could see Palmer and the bride in dressing gowns, watching the shambles. He'd told the old man he wouldn't come down, no matter how many cabs came. But he watched—him and the wife—and I'll bet that if some of those gorillas had known who they were up there they'd have shot them, right there in the window."

"That would have been funny," Betty said.

"What?" Harry asked.

(Continued on Page 158)

THIS MONTH'S ALL-STAR

★ ★ "KITCHEN-TESTED" RECIPE ★ ★

Comes from the Delineator Home Institute's Famous Director, who is *Mildred Maddocks Bentley*, and is for a marvelously simplified Marble Cake

OF 268 WOMEN TRYING THIS RECIPE, NOT ONE FAILED TO GET PERFECT RESULTS FIRST TIME!

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By the development of a new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been remarkably simplified for the housewife. *And the cause of most baking disappointments banished*—lack of uniformity in the flour used; the chance of two sacks of the same brand varying greatly in result.

GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour means flour that has been tested in a home oven just like yours, *for uniformity of result*, before it goes to you. Every batch tested for home baking of cakes, pies, pastries, breads, by a number of experts directed by the noted cooking *authority*, Betty Crocker. Thus results are unvarying. Home baking simplified amazingly.

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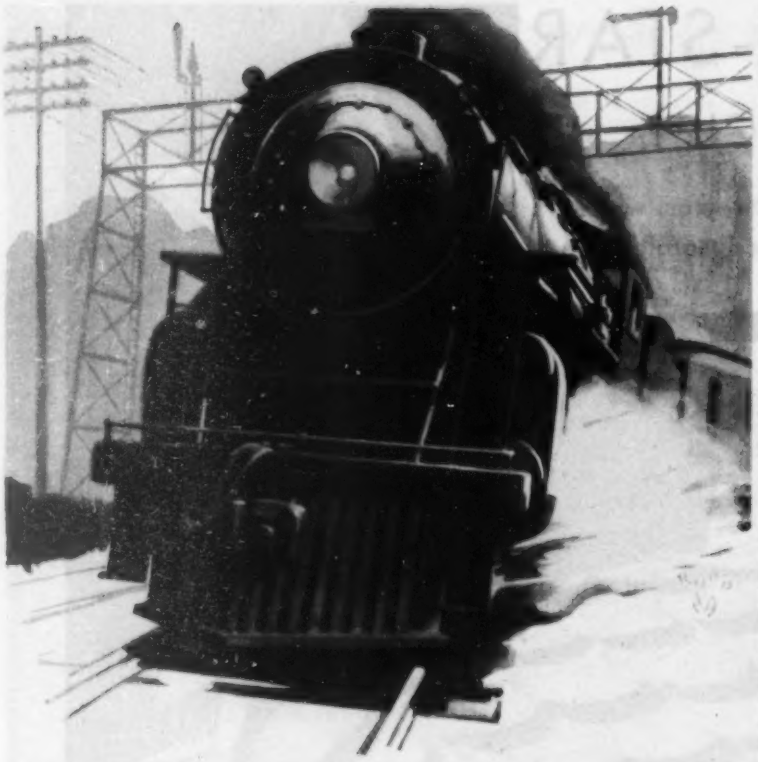

The tremendous power of steam *but* METAL *controls it!*

RAILS sing as the Limited hurls its thousand-ton weight across the continent. Through tunnels, around curves, over mountains, deserts, and prairies, it races in a cyclonic rush of energy.

Steam rages to be free from the monster's belly, but steel confines it, making it servile to the throttle's touch.

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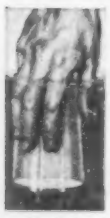

An inverted glass tumbler placed in water will not fill. This is the immutable law of nature employed in Clark designing. No man-made seals or locks—the Clark Vault needs none. It never fails to give complete protection.

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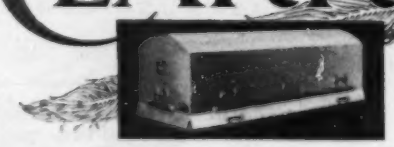

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(Continued from Page 156)

"If one of the taxi drivers had shot the Palmers," Betty said, "that would have been a scream."

We all just looked at her.

"Well, anyway," Harry said, "that was certainly a big night on that block. When we left, the place was a madhouse. Cars were everywhere. The chauffeurs were shouting and the old doorman was going off his head, and I hate to think of the complaints that were made the next day to the superintendent of the apartment house."

"Did Mr. Palmer say anything the next day?" Betty asked.

"He didn't come in the next day," Harry said.

"No?"

"It was very funny," Harry said. "We didn't know about it then. We learned a little later. He didn't come in the next day, but we didn't think much about it. As I say, he never was exactly one of us. We liked him and all that, but he wasn't exactly a part of the crowd."

"What happened?" Betty insisted.

"Well, I'll tell you," Harry went on. "What happened the next day was purely accidental, and we'd never have done it if we'd known what had happened. But the temptation was too great; we just couldn't help it. Anybody would have done it.

"What happened was this: The phone rang about noon and I happened to answer it. A voice said: 'Hamilton & Co.?' Well, I knew it was the wrong number, and I started to just hang up, and then I got an idea. 'Yes,' I said, 'this is Hamilton & Co. What is it?' . . . You can't trace a wrong number, you know, so the fellow never would be able to find out who it was.

"The voice—it was a man's—said: 'I want to speak to Mr. Hamilton.' I said: 'Mr. Hamilton has gone for the day. This is his secretary speaking. Is there anything I can do?' The fellow didn't say anything for a minute, and then he said: 'This is Sol Berg. Did Mr. Hamilton leave any word for me?' I said: 'Oh, yes, Mr. Berg. Mr. Hamilton told me he expected you would call. He told me to take the message.'

"It was just a chance, you know, but it worked. Mr. Berg said: 'I got the stuff all right.' 'Yes?' I said, giving Eaton the wink to come over and get in on it. 'How much?' I said. There was another pause and I said: 'It's all right. Mr. Hamilton told me what to do.' The fellow said: 'That's better. I don't like to talk over phones to somebody I don't know.' I said: 'Well, it's O. K., and Mr. Hamilton wants to know how much.'

"Then the fellow said: 'Listen, all I could get was four hundred cases. I ordered five hundred, like Mr. Hamilton said, but four hundred was all they'd give me. They wouldn't give me any more.' I gave Eaton half the receiver and signaled him to let me do all the talking. 'He can have the four hundred cases at the same price. What do you think?' Mr. Berg said.

"'Well,' I said, 'four hundred is better than none.' He said: 'That's what I thought.' I said: 'Well, Mr. Hamilton told me if there was any kind of hitch-up at all, no matter what it was, it would have to be the same price. He wouldn't pay any more.' The fellow said: 'Am I asking any more? For four hundred cases the price is the same for Mr. Hamilton as five hundred. All I'm wanting to know is does he want four hundred if he can't have five hundred?'

"The other fellows had all gathered around. I said: 'That would make it how much for the lot?' He said: 'At thirty-two a case I make it twelve thousand eight hundred.' I said: 'That's what I make it too.' He said: 'Well, does Mr. Hamilton want it?'

"I looked around and they all nodded. Then Eaton—he's really the one that started it—scribbled Dick Palmer's name on a piece of paper and put it in front of me.

"I said: 'Well, look, Mr. Berg. There's one thing about this. Can you deliver it by five today?' He said: 'Why not?' I said: 'I just wanted to know. As a matter of fact, the situation has changed somewhat and unless we can get the stuff by five, we don't want it.' He said: 'Look, I got the trucks right here. I can get it to you in a hour if you want it. Is that playing ball or not?'

"I said: 'That's fine. I'll make out the check now.' He said: 'Certified, you know.' I said: 'Don't you trust us?' He said: 'Sure, but it's just the rule. Mr. Hamilton knows that. I ain't by myself, you know; I got some other fellows in with me, and they say certified check all the time, whether you trust 'em or not. If it was just me by myself and Mr. Hamilton, it would be O. K., but I got these other fellows ——'

"I said: 'All right, I'll have it certified. It'll be there when the first truck arrives. And now, there's something else.' He said: 'What's that?' I said: 'As I said, the situation has changed somewhat, and Mr. Hamilton don't want it sent to the old address.' Mr. Berg said: 'No? Where does he want it?' I said: 'Listen to this new address'—and I gave him Palmer's. 'The apartment,' I said, 'is 13-A and it's in the name of Richard Palmer. Get that?' He said: 'Palmer—Richard Palmer. I got it.'

"I said: 'What you do is tell the driver that he'll find a lady there. Just tell her Mr. Palmer gave the order, and then just carry it right on in. If there's a man there, too, tell the driver to tell him that Mr. Bushman—get the name now—asked to have it stored there for a day or so. That'll be the password. If the driver will say that, the fellow will know everything is all right and will let him in. You got that all straight now?' He said: 'I got it. Four hundred cases at thirty-two a case, twelve thousand eight hundred, certified, Richard Palmer's apartment before five. That right?' I said: 'Oke!'

"Well, sir, when I hung up the receiver those fellows were nearly dying laughing. We got to thinking about all those cases of booze going in there on old Palmer and his bride, and we nearly died. Then somebody had another idea.

"'Look here,' I said, 'we got something big here. We can't drop it now. What do you say we call up the prohibition bureau?' Well, did that go over big!"

"Why didn't you call Hoover?" Betty asked.

"That's long distance," Harry explained.

"My error."

"Anyway, I gave the prohibition bureau a buzz and got somebody that said he looked out for raids. Then I told him that I didn't want my name dragged into it, but that there was a fellow named Richard Palmer—and I gave his address—that was ruining our apartment house with his liquor dealings, and that I'd just got word that he was receiving a big shipment right there in his apartment between four and five that afternoon. I asked him could he send some agents up and put a stop to it. The fellow said he certainly would send some agents up and tried to get me to give my name, but I'm no fool."

"No what?" Betty asked, like she was getting deaf.

"Fool," Harry said. "I said I'm no fool."

"Was there some dispute about it?"

We just stared at her.

"It's the slang that confuses me," she apologized. "I don't always get it."

"Well, anyway," Harry said, "you'd think that was enough, but no, we had one more trick. We called up the police and told them that some fellows were going to hijack a load of liquor, and told them where. I told the sergeant that the fellows that were doing the hijacking were showing prohibition agents' badges that they had had made, and that there might be a little trouble, so look out for it. He said, 'Who owns the liquor?' and I—that is, we—said, 'Richard Palmer, Apartment 13-A.'

"Well, sir, about four o'clock the phone rang, and who was it but the bride. And was she upset! Dick wasn't there and she wanted to speak to him and it was very, very important. Did anybody know where she could get hold of him. When Eaton told her Dick hadn't been in at all, she never

(Continued on Page 161)

Bank Deposits Earn
2% to 4%

Bonds Earn
3½% to 7%

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IRON FIREMAN

annually earns users 15% to 50% on their investment

FUEL COST SAVINGS alone pay users an annual return of 39.44 per cent on the cost of their Iron Fireman installations. This figure represents the average earning of 392 typical users who kept accurate records of fuel costs, before and after installing the Iron Fireman. It represents 41 states and 15 different types of buildings, not including residences.

Iron Fireman burns the smaller sizes of coal which cost less per ton. *Non-agitated forced underfiring*, the firing principle employed by Iron Fireman, achieves drastic economies through burning this lower-priced coal, and at the same time obtains vastly superior results. Smoke is eliminated. Labor costs are reduced. A steady, even heat or boiler pressure is automatically maintained. These results are proved by thousands of users. They represent sources of extra profit to those who install the Iron Fireman.

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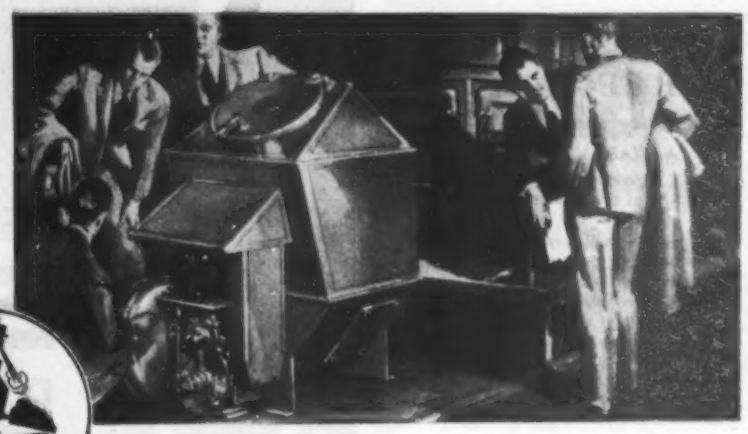

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10¢ VENUS PENCILS
17 SHADES OF BLACK
FROM VERY SOFT TO VERY HARD

(Continued from Page 158)

said a word, just waited a minute or so, and then said, 'Thank you,' and hung up.

"I'd have given four years off my life to have been up there. Eaton's wife said it was worse than the night before. The upshot of it was that the Mr. Berg who called lost one truckload of liquor, they tried to arrest Dick, but he got out of that all right, and—this was the thing that made us a little sorry—the superintendent asked Palmer to move at the end of the month, on account of the fusses they'd made. Outside of that," Harry said, "everything worked like a charm. But I was sorry our little fun put them to the trouble of moving. We hadn't counted on that."

"They could get another place easy enough," Betty said. "I see them advertised every day in the paper."

"Oh, sure," Harry said, "but it's a bit of a nuisance moving that way."

"Not much," Betty said. "I know lots of people who're just crazy about moving."

"I suppose so," Harry said.

"What about Mr. Palmer?" she said. "Did he ever say anything to you about it?"

"That's a very funny thing," Harry said. "I was just going to tell you. It seemed that Palmer had quit the firm. He'd gone over to old man Bushman's home the night before and resigned. We never could learn why. He resigned, but he hadn't told his wife about it, because she might get upset. He'd just gone out that morning as usual, intending to look for some other place—and that was one of the funny things about it: When he quit he didn't have anything else at all in view."

"Bad judgment," I said.

"Oh, Palmer's a dope, that's all," Harry said. "I ran into him on the street yesterday. I spoke and was just going to tell him how sorry we were that he'd left us so quick, because we'd wanted to throw a little farewell feed for him, as usual, when you know what he did?"

"What?" asked Betty, sitting up suddenly.

"He swung on me!"

"Did he—get you?"

"Well, it was more of a glancing blow than anything else. I wasn't looking for it and was naturally off balance. When I saw that that was the way he felt about it, I simply walked away. There's no use of arguing with a fellow without a sense of humor. If a man can't laugh when the joke is on him, why, he's not much of a man in my estimation."

At that minute Betty reached for a cigarette, and Harry, jumping up, reached in his pocket and got a package of matches and handed it to her. I thought it was funny—I mean not scratching the match or anything. But, naturally, I wasn't looking for anything.

Well, she scratched the match out of the box, and can you guess what happened! It exploded! Not a big explosion, you understand—just little, kind of firecracker pop. It was a trick—and Betty'd bit!

Cotton, we got to laughing. The expression on Betty's face was so funny! We laughed, and Betty most of all. That's what surprised me. She got to laughing, and she laughed and laughed and laughed until I thought she'd never stop. Every now and then she'd stop and look at Harry, and then she'd go off again, until mamma thought she was going to have hysterics!

And now, here's the funny thing about it, Cotton, and it bears out what I was saying about a sense of humor. After Harry'd gone we were talking a few minutes before going to bed, and I said to Betty, just teasing:

"Well?"

"Well what?" she said.

"Isn't he a great fellow?" I said.

"He's a wonder," she said.

"Don't you think he's good-looking?"

"He's awfully handsome," she said.

"Wouldn't you like to be married and settled down to a chap like that?" I said.

"Nope!" she said. "Nope. Not while I'm in my right mind!"

"Do you mean ——"

"Dad," she said, "if that young man was gold from stem to stern and a 75 per cent interest in United States Treasury went with him, still I'd be right off back to where I'm going again tomorrow morning."

"Where's that?" I said, not quite understanding.

"Back to the slums!" she said.

And right on top of that, what do you think mamma—that is, Mrs. Milstead—had to say!

"Well," she said, "I think he's a mighty nice young man, and all that, but I can't imagine why he ever got such a short haircut in the back!"

Mr. Cotton roared.

"Isn't that a woman for you!" said Mr. Milstead. "But when I got to thinking it over, it just struck me that here was a concrete example of the fact that a woman hasn't got a sense of humor like a man's. Why, if I was a girl I'd want a husband that was full of life and fun."

"You'd never get bored with a fellow like that around," Mr. Cotton said.

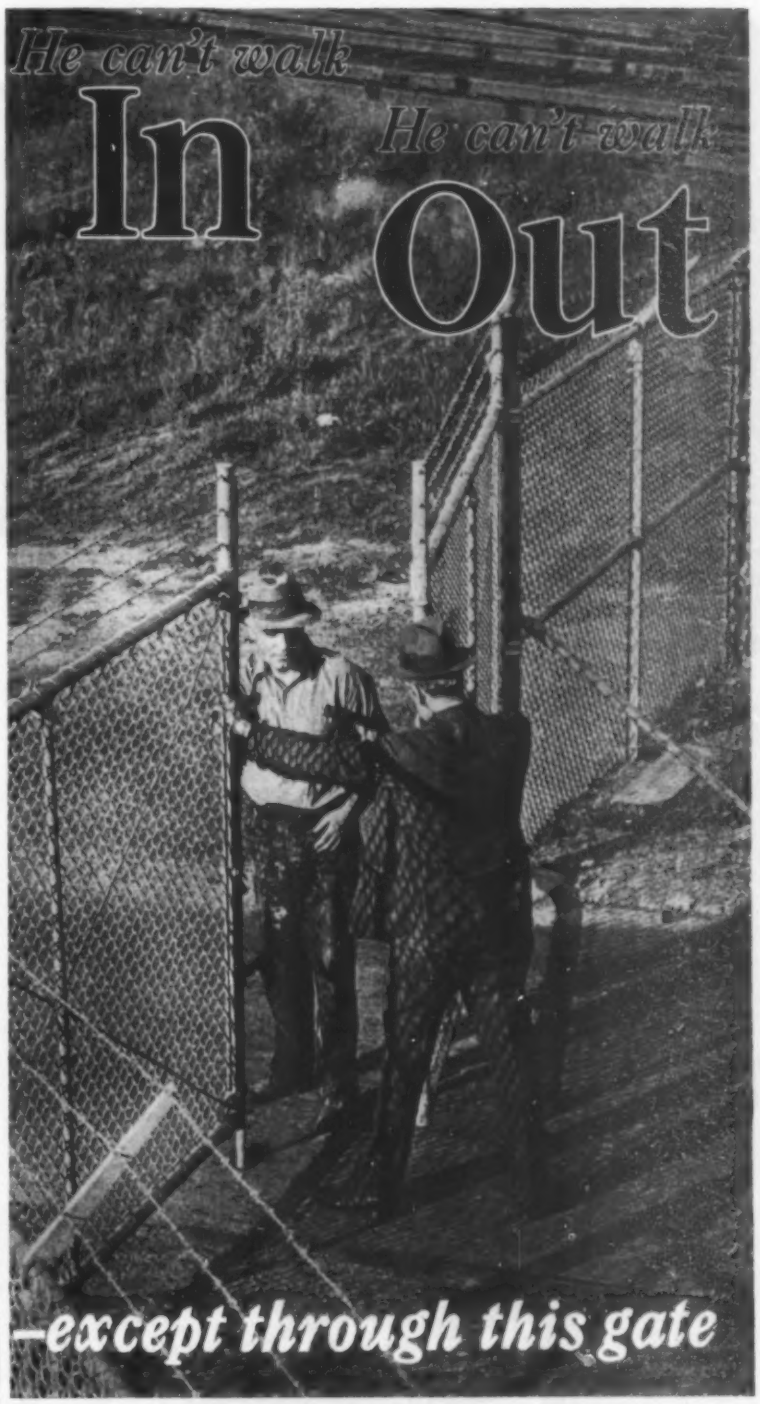
"It certainly is beyond me!" Mr. Milstead marveled.

Through the window the mist was growing heavier, though the rain had stopped, and the ships in the channel and the Statue of Liberty were faint pencil sketches on gray pebbled paper. Two or three yellow squares showed where the darkness had brought on electric light in distant tall buildings. The city was quieting down.

"I think my hiccups have gone," Mr. Cotton said. "Shall we be moving?"

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

The Perfect Host Supplies Protective Equipment to the Guest Who Goes Around Bowing Over Ladies' Hands



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★ ★ ★

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BRITAIN TURNS TO TARIFF

(Continued from Page 5)

the cause. A variety of reasons are advanced. There are those who contend that Britain is overpopulated and take comfort in congestion. To offset the 1,000,000 lives sacrificed in the World War, the birth rate has been high. The population is 2,600,000 greater than in 1914. No economist, however, believes that excessive population primarily induces unemployment. There is no doubt that intelligent, assisted emigration would help to solve the riddle, but every scheme for mass migration, no matter how highly endowed, has failed largely because the average Britisher will not leave his own country. In addition, most of the dominions have set up rigid barriers, being wise enough to include selective features in their immigration plans.

The British non-migration complex is in sharp contrast with the mood of other days. The colonies bore to old England the same relation that our great West bore to our population when the land was young. To them flocked the youth in search of high adventure. In that other British day, part of the overflow also sought the sea, and from them sprang the traditions of Drake and Hawkins. Today the cockney and his brother of the Midlands and elsewhere prefer to stay at home in idleness and draw the dole.

On one source of unemployment there is little difference of opinion. It lies in the immobility of British labor. Coal will illustrate. At the present time there are exactly 200,000 miners who will be out of jobs for the rest of their lives unless they learn some other trade. The mining industry is already overmanned, and the introduction of modern machinery, so essential to a revival of anything like British coal prestige, will supplant even more. Trade-union restrictions prevent transference in industry, and thus another agency for some degree of solution is eliminated.

It all boils down to the fact that the existing level of industrial activity is only sufficient to employ a bare nine-tenths of the industrial population. This means that more than 1,500,000 people are high and dry. They constitute the immovable unemployment mass—a millstone around the neck of Britain.

Why then is this mass so immovable? In the reply you finally reach the real reason for the economic depression. Britain's prosperity for nearly 100 years has largely depended upon overseas markets. The curtailment of these markets has checked production at home and led largely to present idleness. Part of this loss of commerce is due, of course, to the rise of the United States as an exporting power, and the further fact that through war needs other areas formerly dependent upon Great Britain made themselves more or less industrially self-sufficient.

The Handicaps Faced

With a speeded-up industry and the will to work, Britain could meet the competitive emergency. Both of these elements are lacking. With iron and steel I can show why the industrial slump exists.

Last spring the Economic Advisory Council, which Ramsay MacDonald appointed to aid in the solution of the unemployment problem, sent a delegation to France, Belgium, Luxemburg, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia to investigate conditions. Everywhere they found production increased and exports expanded. France, notwithstanding the introduction of about 200,000 foreign workers into iron and steel and the metallurgical industries, had a shortage of labor. Few of the Continental plants exceeded the big British establishments in efficiency, management, modernity and equipment.

The chief differentiating factor in competitive ability is that wages in Great Britain are much higher and the weekly hours of work fewer than on the Continent. The normal weekly earnings in Germany are 67 per cent of those paid in Britain; in France, 50 per cent; in Luxemburg, 49 per cent; in Belgium, 47 per cent; and in Czecho-Slovakia, 42 per cent. Despite these higher wages, the British output is lower. Britain has not yet mastered the high-wage-high-production method upon which our mass-output achievement rests.

In Britain the employer is bound hand and foot to collective agreements, whereas his Continental competitors are free to make individual contracts for service and wages with each workman. Furthermore, the Continental employer can capitalize mobility of labor from one department of a works to another. This elasticity is sadly lacking in the British industrial scheme.

What is true of British iron and steel is practically true of every other outstanding British industry—notably textiles, which provide more than 26 per cent of the total unemployment. It is probably the dryest spot in the desert of idleness. While the boycott in India, and the incessant civil strife in China, have helped to shatter two of Britain's most important markets, the fact remains that here, as elsewhere in industry, the deadening influence of a high-price production that does not produce impedes progress and prosperity.

An Appetite for Idleness

Typical of what is going on in textiles was an episode, not without its element of tragic interest, during my stay in England. The cotton village of Low Moor near Clitheroe was sold piecemeal by auction at bargain prices. It represents the fluctuations of the cotton industry in the last 130 years. The forbears of the Garnett family, known throughout Lancashire as pioneers in the business, built the mill, and the village grew up around it. The plant reflects the whole evolution of cotton from hand-loom weaving to steam power. Families for four generations were born and bred in the community and owed their existence to the one activity that it offered. Because of the failure to receive orders, the mill was obliged to shut down. As an industrial factor Low Moor is wiped out and the people join the ranks of the unemployed.

All the while a deep-seated and sinister factor is at work. If unchecked, it will affect the whole British industrial future and change the characteristics of the race of the mother country. I refer to the paralyzing influence of the dole.

Idleness has been subsidized to such an appalling extent that indolence is a creed and individual initiative a lost art. The dole is like a drug. The more it is taken, the keener becomes the appetite for it. The plain truth is that the British worker—I should say the one-time worker—has become work-shy. It is not pleasant to contemplate the effect of the present system of unemployment insurance either upon the character of the people today or upon the coming generation. There are thousands of young men in the country who have been reared on the dole, who have never done a stroke of work in their lives, and who will, in all probability, avoid labor as if it were a pest.

I could give endless instances of how the opportunity to secure work is steadily sidestepped under the dole. A builder in West London offered a man fairly regular employment at two pounds a week. The man replied: "Not likely! That's only five bob—five shillings—more than my dole and I don't have to work for that." As the employment was not that regularly followed by the man, he could refuse it with impunity. This concrete example expresses a mood that is not uncommon among a certain class of men.

Another case deals with a man in London who has practically been on the dole since 1922. He lost a job through a dispute with his employers and has done no work since. His four children were born while he was in receipt of poor relief. Altogether he has received £459.

In still another case a man has a record of seventeen weeks' work in five years. His wife made the following statement to the relief officer: "He does not trouble to look for work. He has misused the relief money and at times has left home." This man is now receiving thirty-two shillings a week, and no questions asked, from the unemployment fund. All this means that the habit—it has really become a vice—of paying sums to people for doing nothing has practically put a stop to any incentive to work.

In this connection it may be well to interpolate a sound antidote recommended for the undoing of the dole. A few years ago Lord Melchett—he was then Sir Alfred Mond—chairman of Britain's industrial mastodon, Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., made a suggestion summed up in the striking sentence, "Let us subsidize work instead of idleness." His proposition was to transfer to the employers the immense sums paid out in unemployment insurance to the idle, and thus stimulate production. Under his plan, it would be permitted to transfer the unemployment benefit to a prospective employer upon condition that he provided work at full trade-union rates and under all the usual trade-union conditions applicable to industry in his trade and in his district. Like every other proposal to relieve Britain of her greatest incubus, it fell flat.

In the blight of the dole you have the fundamental reason why Britain has staged no industrial comeback. All efforts to galvanize and rationalize industry, combined with every trick of scientific management and high-powered salesmanship, are unavailing if the will to work is lacking. This is why the total traffic receipts of the four biggest railway groups for the first week in July showed a decrease of £390,000; why 927,717 tons of shipping were laid up at the principal ports of Great Britain and Ireland; why ship construction in Great Britain and Northern Ireland is 220,930 tons less than that being built at the end of the previous quarter; why exports for the half year ending June thirtieth of this year were £65,173,316 lower than for the same interval in 1921 and the worst figures in nine years; why rubber is selling at a bare fivepence—ten cents—a pound, the lowest in the history of the industry; why tin sells at fifty pounds under the cost of production; and why Britain staggers under a burden of taxation without precedent.

Taxed to the Limit

On an income of £5000 the Britisher now pays 27.4 per cent ; on £10,000, the tax is 35.7 per cent; while on £50,000 it is 51.4 per cent. The average tax on any kind of income is about $1.12 on every $5. Whereas in 1913–14 the national taxation per head in Great Britain was £3 11s. 4d—that is, about $17—the present-day taxation is £15 1s. 5d. per head, or roughly $75 per head. In the United States it approximates $25. British taxation has reached the point where it is more than 22 per cent of the total income.

The contemporary Britisher can well sympathize with his forbear of the age of Pitt, when taxation was also an almost overwhelming burden. The situation then was wittily summed up by Sydney Smith, who wrote:

"The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent, into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent, makes his will on an £8 stamp, and expires on the arms of an apothecary,

(Continued on Page 166)

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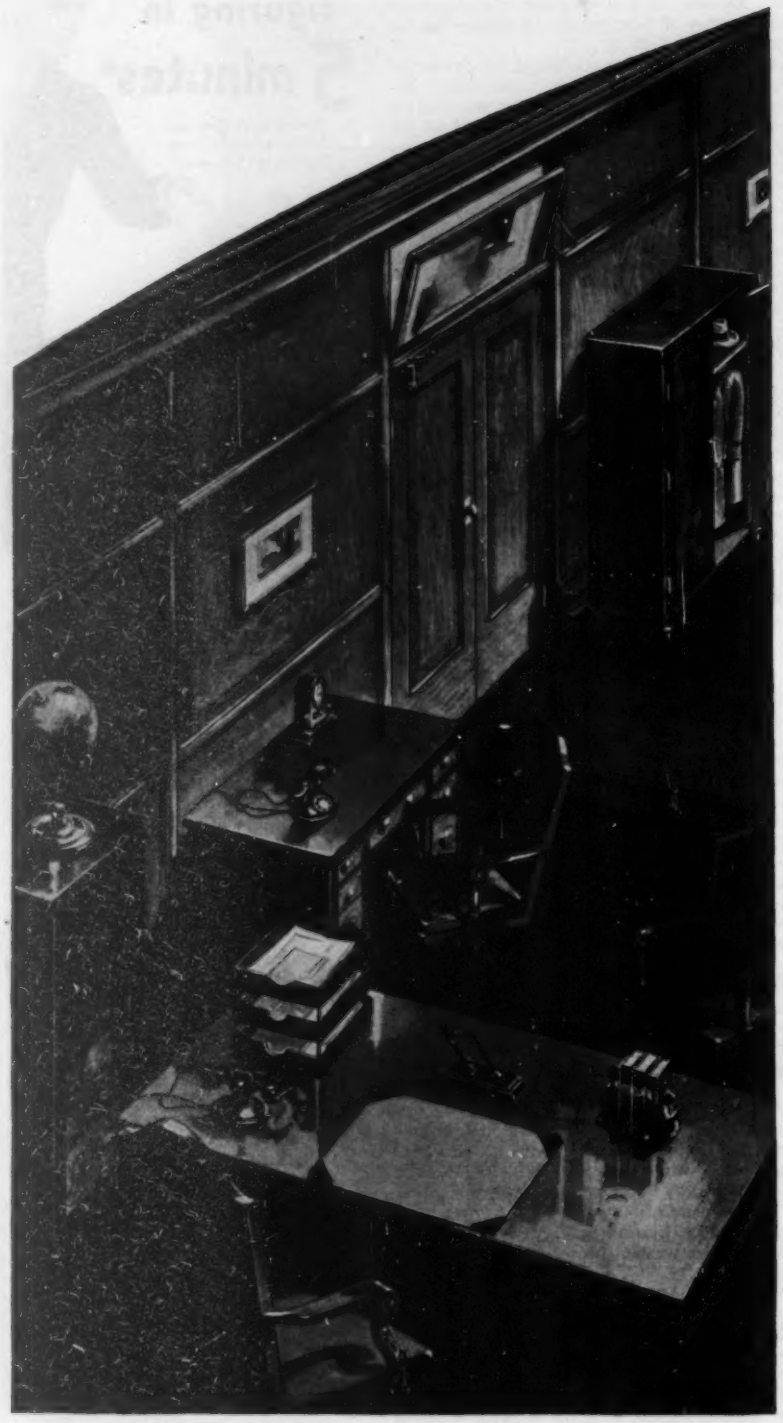

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Steel furniture provides a permanence, utility and attractiveness which is its heritage from steel. The finish remains perfect; the drawers and doors move

Saves

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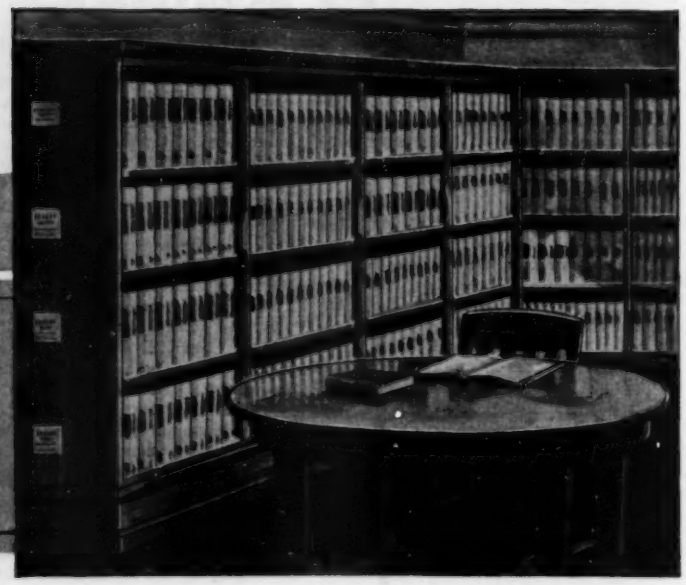

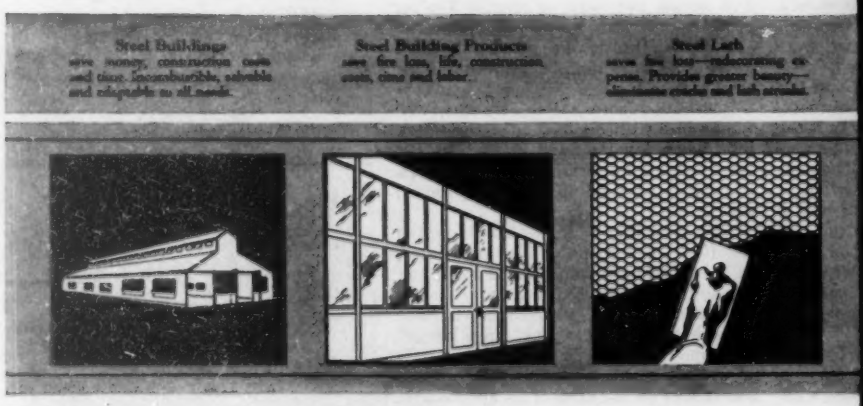
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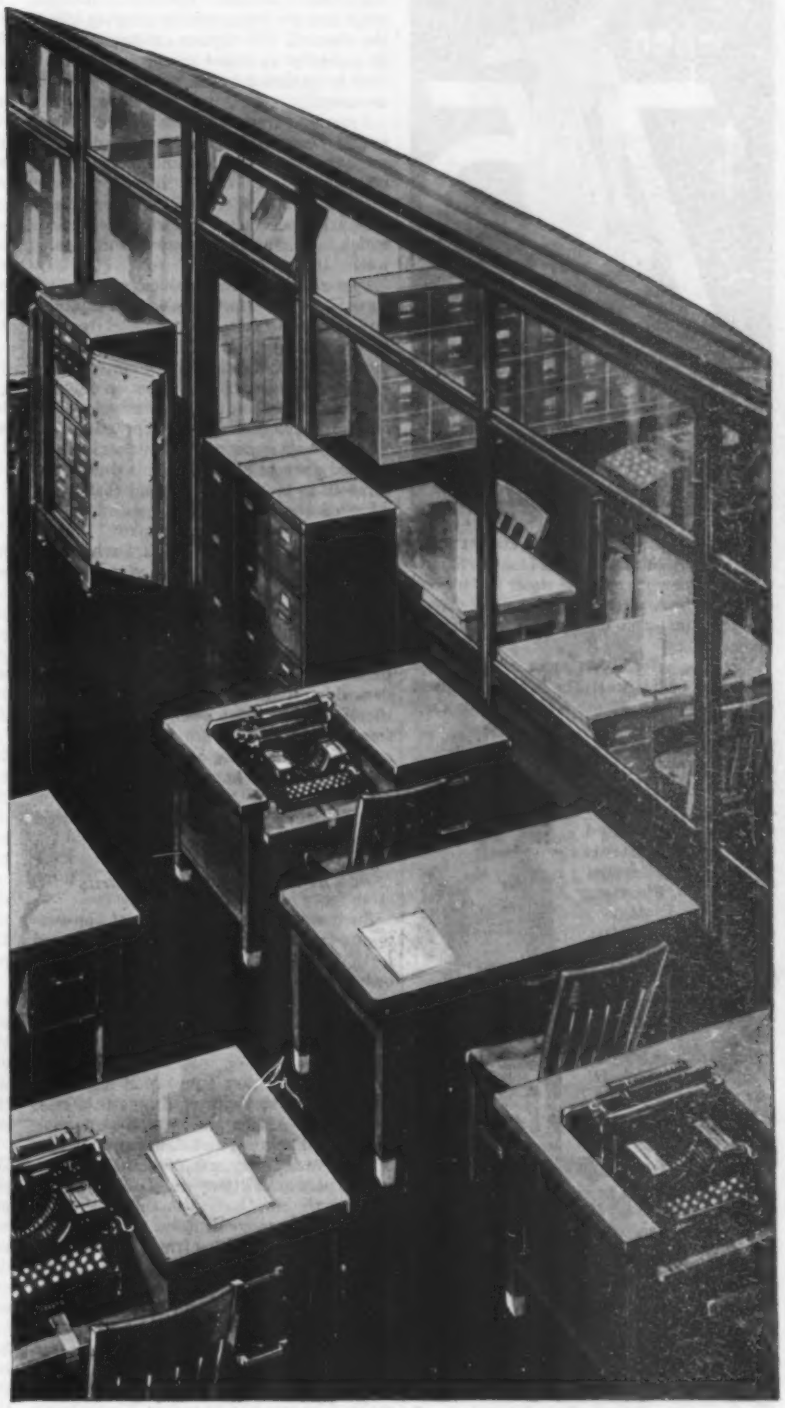

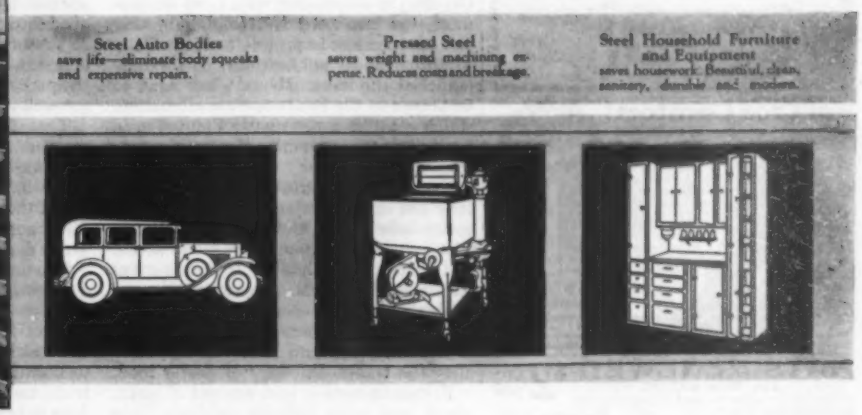
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(Continued from Page 163)

who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel. His virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he will then be gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

I can best round out this chapter of economic travail by quoting an admirable summing-up of the why and the wherefore embodied in a letter written by a disillusioned free trader to the Times. It likewise expresses the new case for protection which is gaining ground with each passing week. Here it is:

"In all industrial production there are three essentials—brains, labor and capital—and, so long as these were allowed free play on economic principles, free trade was undoubtedly beneficial to this country.

"But by the artificial protection of labor, both by legislation and by trade-union restrictions which have been imposed upon it to a wholly uneconomic extent, we have increased the cost of labor in this country by some 40 to 50 per cent beyond that which some of our principal competitors in the world markets, such as Germany, France, Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia, have to pay. In addition, we have indirectly added to that cost by enormous expenditure upon social services, unemployment doles, and the like, which are almost wholly provided by taxation of which the beneficiaries bear no part, and have thereby increased the burden which industry has to bear. We have, therefore, destroyed the basis upon which free-trade principles are founded, and by artificially protecting one of the essentials of production we have rendered inevitable the protection of the product against competition which otherwise we are powerless to meet."

The Merger of Press Lords

Such was the stage setting of the economic tragedy when Beaverbrook stepped forth in the rôle of empire crusader. As owner of the Daily Express and the Evening Standard he was a power in London journalism, but that represented the extent of his public activities, if such they may be called.

No contemporary figure in British politics has had so swift or dramatic a rise. Born Max Aitken, he was a struggling Canadian bank clerk at eighteen, a merger of mergers at thirty, a millionaire at thirty-four, a peer at thirty-seven. Today at fifty-one he is the chief instigator and accelerator of the empire movement.

Beaverbrook was the friend and disciple of the late Bonar Law, who was also a Canadian. It was Bonar Law who helped to revive the issue of protection when it expired with the elder Chamberlain. As premier he expected to propose empire free trade to the Imperial Conference of 1923, but on the day that this ambition was to be realized he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

Through all the succeeding years the idea simmered in Beaverbrook's mind. Last October, in coöperation with Lord Rothermere, the late Lord Northcliffe's brother and his successor as proprietor of the Daily Mail and allied publications, he formally launched the issue. Hence what came to be known as the Beavermere combination, which controls a newspaper circulation in London and the provinces of approximately 10,000,000.

These two powerful "press lords," as they are called, projected a new political entity labeled the United Empire Party, whose slogan is "Empire free trade within and protection without." It meant a tax on foreign foodstuffs. The contention was made that with the exception of oil and cotton the British Commonwealth of Nations is practically self-sufficient. This helped to allay the traditional bogy of dearer food.

Britain imports a vast amount of meat, wheat and other primary products from countries which use the purchasing power thus acquired to buy manufactures from her competitors. She spends £1000 a minute for imported foodstuffs. A case in point is the Argentine. The British imports from the republic in 1928 were valued at £76,788,817 while the British exports to the Argentine were only £31,209,978.

Much British capital is invested in the empire. Instead of the empire's raw materials coming to the United Kingdom in payment, immense quantities of them are sold to foreign countries and the payment reaches Britain in manufactured goods. Imperial economic unity therefore is hailed as essential. With it is the demand for an alteration in the character of imports and exports so that the empire will have an increasing market for its produce and Great Britain in turn a wider field for its manufactures under preferential duties. A concrete operation would be free Canadian wheat for Britain in exchange for free British anthracite coal for Canada. It would also mean a high Canadian tariff on our coal. This, in a word, is the substance of the empire-free-trade creed.

A Rift in the New Party

Linked with it is the determination to impose the highest possible tariffs on non-empire products, which would be a direct blow at the exports of the United States to Britain. The whole formula is aimed at a practical solution of the unemployment problem, because a protected home market with free entry of British merchandise in the dominions would, if realized, speed up John Bull's output.

Beaverbrook is a Conservative. Party loyalty dictated that he put his proposal up to Stanley Baldwin, leader of this group. Baldwin agreed to a nation-wide referendum on the advisability of a free-trade treaty with the dominions. In consequence, the campaign of the United Empire Party came to a sudden stop. It seemed to have died a-borning. The campaign fund of more than £100,000 was returned to the donors. Hope centered on the Baldwin promise of a referendum.

But Baldwin hesitated, for the excellent reason that a considerable wing of his party was opposed to the referendum idea. Beaverbrook, in whom patience is not a virtue, decided to revive the United Empire Party, with the declaration that he would contest the issue in every by-election if the Conservatives would not adopt his idea.

Now came a rift in the Beavermere ways. Beaverbrook insisted that the United Empire Party stick to its empire free trade protection mutton. Rothermere wanted it to embrace such side issues as India, the much-discussed and debated Singapore dry dock, and the muddle in Egypt. In consequence Beaverbrook organized the so-called empire crusade, while Rothermere took over the sponsorship of the new party. Scores of people who had contributed at the beginning of the movement renewed their donations to Beaverbrook, with the result that by July first a war chest of £167,000 was available for the crusade. Rothermere became the angel of the United Empire Party wing, and his newspapers, aided and abetted by the Beaverbrook press, developed into the sounding board of the cause. As a result, Beaverbrook represented a publicly subsidized force while Rothermere was the party. This was the line-up when 1930 got well under way.

That the empire free trade protection program was far from being a two-man show was soon evident in the chain of events which have made history. They so clearly reflect the astounding change in British political and economic thought that they are worth dealing with in detail.

The first was something in the nature of a bombshell. For years the Trades Union Congress—it corresponds to the American Federation of Labor and is both backbone and cash register of the Labor Party—stood unalterably for the Cobden idea of free trade and especially free food imports. In June the economic committee of the general council of the congress formulated a series of resolutions in connection with the meeting of the Imperial Conference. Much to the dismay of the Labor Party and to the joy of the empire free trade protectionists, it declared flat-footedly for the new deal. Among other things, the committee made the following pronouncement:

"The maintenance of close relations with the rest of the world does not prevent us from urging the creation of machinery and, if necessary, formal agreements with the dominions for further development of intercommonwealth trade and for the best possible distribution of economic activities within the British commonwealth."

Still more revolutionary, in the light of past Trades Union Congress history, was this clause:

"Every nation and in practice, if not in theory, every party has long since abandoned the notion of complete freedom of trade. In almost every aspect of economic life, regulation and conscious control of economic factors and forces is the accepted policy. It may or may not be desirable to hold up world-wide freedom of trade as an ultimate ideal, but it is not, and cannot, be a working aim in the immediate situation in the world today."

The second milepost in the movement for empire free trade was set up in the report of the British Preparatory Committee for the Imperial Conference. The committee was recruited from the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, the Federation of British Industries, and the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, and thus represented the organized commerce, industry and shipping of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Its findings were summed up in a sentence which concluded, "that the most urgent necessity exists for increasing to the utmost the trade of the empire." This was based on the following more detailed statement:

"When it is realized that the British Empire has an area of 14,000,000 square miles of territory, occupied by 451,000,000 people, with vast supplies of the food and raw materials required by man and industry, it is clearly essential that, in order to take the fullest advantage of those great resources, some simple, coherent and universally accepted trade policy should be established.

"Such a policy must in the nature of things be designed and developed by people with expert knowledge of the trades and problems involved, and must have stability and continuity in order to maintain that confidence and security which is a vital condition to any form of trade.

"That the British Empire should operate as an economic unit has long been an ideal towards which many efforts have been made. That these efforts have not so far been fully successful is due fundamentally to the lack of proper machinery for the consideration of the many problems that arise, and for enabling proper and suitable action to be taken following the conclusions arrived at."

The Bankers' Manifesto

Far more significant than the two declarations that I have just given was the now famous bankers' manifesto released on July fourth.

It gave economic and political Britain a day of independence all her own, because it aligned a dominating section of London's financial stronghold—the City—which was likewise a free-trade stronghold, not only on the side of imperial economic unity but on the side of full-fledged protection as well.

The manifesto was the result of a meeting of bankers and industrial leaders held at Hambros Bank—one of the greatest of Britain's international financial concerns—presided over by Sir Eric Hambro. In full it reads:

"It is resolved that urgent measures for the promotion of inter-imperial trade are needed to secure and extend the market for

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British products both at home and through the export trade.

"Bitter experience has taught Great Britain that the hopes expressed four years ago in a plea for the removal of the restrictions upon European trade have failed to be realized. The restrictions have been materially increased, and the sale of surplus foreign products in the British market has steadily grown.

"While we retain the hope of an ultimate extension of the area of free trade throughout the world, we believe that the immediate step for securing and extending the market for British goods lies in reciprocal trade agreements between the nations constituting the British Empire.

"As a condition of securing these agreements, Great Britain must retain her open market for all empire products, while being prepared to impose duties on all imports from all other countries."

What reënforced the historic importance of this declaration was the list of signatories. Heading it was Walter Whigham, director of the Bank of England. Even more epoch making was the inclusion of Reginald McKenna, Britain's foremost banker, chairman of the all-powerful Midland Bank, a giant among the big five joint stock banks and a banking world all its own. McKenna has been for years a die-hard Liberal and therefore an uncompromising free trader. His alliance with this group gave the whole of Britain something to ponder over.

Other signers were Sir Harold Snagge, director of Barclays Bank; E. R. Peacock, a director of Baring Brothers, and a former director of the Bank of England; R. H. Tennant, chairman of the Westminster Bank; Sir Harry Goschen, chairman of the National Provincial and Union Bank; Beaumont Pease, chairman of Lloyds Bank; Vivian Hugh Smith, a partner in the London house of Morgan; Lord Ashfield, director of the Midland Bank and head of the London omnibus and underground system; Sir Alan Henderson, another director of the Bank of England; Sir Herbert Lawrence, managing partner of Glyn, Mills and Co.; and Lord Bearsted, head of the far-flung Shell oil interests.

A Body Blow to Free Trade

Just what the bankers' manifesto and its indorsers meant is best summarized in a leading article in the Times. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Times is the newspaper bible of Great Britain. What it says therefore is regarded as little short of gospel in many sections. On the day after the manifesto became public the Times stated:

"The pronouncement of the group of bankers on empire trade can leave little doubt remaining about the movement of responsible opinion in this country. There is no disputing the eminence and authority of those who were present at the meeting. Among the institutions with which they are associated are the Bank of England, the five great joint stock banks, and other houses in the City of international repute. Their statement is at once a representative and a decisive declaration against the policy of free import. It comes from a quarter in which that policy has found its stoutest supporters in the past, and from men whose reluctance to abandon it has been unconcealed even within quite recent years. It must be added to conclusions similar in spirit and effect reached by the chambers of commerce, by the Federation of British Industries, and by the economic committee of the Trades Union Congress. The inert resistance to a constructive economic vision, which has so far been successfully offered by fear, tradition or prejudice, can hardly hope to maintain itself against the grand alliance of finance and industry."

The bankers' manifesto is popularly regarded as a body blow to free trade. What has been called "antiquated fiscal orthodoxy"—that is, adherence to the Cobden principles—seems to be doomed.

Empire free trade, with its rider of a protective tariff, found indorsement that was more concrete at the polls. In the results of three by-elections I can show how the idea has caught the imagination as well as the conviction of the electorate.

Although Baldwin stood from under in the matter of a referendum, he sponsored the assumption of the Beaverbrook policy by Conservative candidates. The first showdown was the by-election of West Fulham, a suburb of London, held on May sixth. In the general election of 1929, Dr. G. E. Spero carried the constituency for Labor with a vote of 16,190 as compared with a vote of 13,979 for Sir Cyril Cobb, the Conservative candidate, and 5920 for G. A. Gale, the Liberal. Dr. Spero resigned and a new contest had to be held. This time Sir Cyril Cobb again ran as Conservative but on a straight empire-free-trade platform, polling 16,223 votes as against 15,983 votes for J. W. Banfield, the Labor candidate.

Leader Takes the Stump

The by-election on June twenty-sixth at Shettlestone, which is part of Glasgow, did not result in a clear-cut empire-free-trade victory, but was nevertheless heartening to its supporters. The Labor majority of 6724 recorded in the last general election was cut down to 396 by W. P. Tempelman, the Conservative candidate who flew the Beaverbrook colors.

The most spectacular of the by-elections was in North Norfolk. In the two preceding ones, Beaverbrook personally remained aloof. The support of his newspapers as well as those of Lord Rothermere was lavished on the Conservative candidates. At North Norfolk, however, Beaverbrook took the field and made what we call a whirlwind campaign, speaking three or four times a day. He proved himself to be a spellbinder of no mean ability and impressed himself as a real force in the struggle. He hammered hard on the idea that Britain was spending £1,000 a minute for imported foodstuffs. In order to get this idea over he invoked an effective aid. It was a small black box which looked like a camera. Inside was a mechanism which produced a loud buzz every sixty seconds. He placed this on a table on the platform from which he spoke. Every time it buzzed he said, "This country has just spent £1000 for imported food."

The candidates in North Norfolk were Lady Noel Buxton, whose husband had been the member for many years and whose elevation to the peerage had necessitated the election. She stood as a Labor candidate. The Conservative was T. A. Cook, who, like his colleagues at West Fulham and Shettlestone, ran on an empire-free-trade platform. In the general election last year Noel Buxton had a majority of 1883. Lady Noel Buxton won, but by a greatly reduced Labor majority of 179. There is no doubt that sentiment had much to do with her success. The fact remains that in what was considered a strong Labor constituency the empire-free-trade candidate made what was generally regarded as a more than excellent showing.

It is obvious that Britain is reversing her free-trade theories. Slowly but surely a considerable part of the nation is bringing itself to the belief that if the business situation is to be saved, empire free trade, reenforced by a protective tariff, is the remedy.

I spent a day and a night with Beaverbrook down at his country place near Leatherhead in Surrey. He was fresh from the North Norfolk campaign. It was a Beaverbrook more matured than I have ever known, and my acquaintance with him goes back to the early war days. I asked him to define the underlying principles of empire free trade. This is what he said:

"The object of empire free trade is to increase the business done between the component parts of the British Empire. It starts from the admitted fact that most of the trade now carried on between British countries and foreign countries can be transferred into trade between British countries to their great mutual advantage.

"To achieve this result the policy of empire free trade proposes to levy import duties on foreign goods when similar goods, including foodstuffs and raw materials, are produced within the empire in quantities sufficient for our purposes. Correspondingly, it proposes to admit goods from empire countries duty-free. To take an important case which illustrates the principle of empire free trade, Argentine beef would rapidly be replaced by empire beef. Under empire free trade certain empire goods would be subject to duty on entry into this country. These would be some goods on which duties would be levied exclusively for revenue purposes—that is, tobacco—or those on which excise duties for revenue purposes are payable in this country. These include alcoholic drinks. In both cases the duties on empire products would be substantially lower than those on foreign goods of the same class.

"The initiation of the policy must of necessity rest with Great Britain. When she has decided to adopt it by establishing an empire-free-trade tariff such as I have described, arrangements will have to be made with the component parts of the empire by which they shall contribute their quota to the common policy.

"The nonself-governing dominions, whose existing tariff policies require the consent of the government of the motherland, could at once be brought into the scheme. Without any essential change in present practice, their tariffs could be made into empire-free-trade tariffs of the kind indicated. That is to say, they would levy import duties on all foreign goods and admit all empire goods duty-free. As in the case of this country, whenever an import duty on empire goods is necessary for revenue purposes, the corresponding duty on foreign goods would be substantially higher so as to give empire goods a fully effective preference.

"In the case of the self-governing dominions, including India, which in practice is self-governing in respect of its tariffs, the arrangements to be made would be different. It would, of course, depend absolutely on their free consent in making them."

"Empire or Impotence"

"These self-governing dominions have instituted tariffs which have two purposes: First, to produce revenue in a very convenient manner; and second, to protect their existing secondary industries. Most of these tariffs grant a preference to British goods by admitting them at lower rates of duty than those imposed on corresponding foreign goods. Sometimes foreign goods are subject to duty while British goods of the same sort are duty-free. The policy of empire free trade takes full cognizance of this status quo and proposes to build on it.

"I confidently expect that in return for secure and protected markets in Great Britain for all their primary products the self-governing dominions will take steps to modify their existing duties so as to give British goods free entry in many classifications and a fully effective preference on others."

I asked Beaverbrook to outline his future policy. His reply was:

"This will largely depend upon the attitude of the Conservative Party. If the party leaders are willing to continue to permit their candidates to advocate empire free trade we will stick to the party alignment. When the empire-trade idea has registered a sufficiently strong representation at the polls, it is possible that the United Empire Party will take the field on its own. It has been demonstrated that imperial economic unity, combined with protection, is the only way out of the existing economic morass with its almost insuperable burden of unemployment. This, and this alone, is the issue of the future."

One final deduction is obvious. Britain will henceforth stake her hope of economic recuperation upon her own kith and kin. It is, as a brilliant London observer declared, "empire or impotence."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will appear in an early issue.

Pastes Papers in Twinkling

Draw Grip Spreader across the paper as you would a pencil—it's as quick as that—only instead of a pencil line you spread a narrow band of mucilage. LePage's new Grip Spreader Mucilage Package is shaped to fit the hand. It has a rubber cap with a self-closing slit that makes it as easy to spread as with a brush. It contains a powerful high-grade mucilage. Easier and quicker to use. Always ready. Keeps fingers of user clean. No loss by evaporation. Can't spill if upset. For home or office. Get a bottle and try it. If not found locally we will send you one Grip Spreader direct upon receipt of 10 cents. Russia Cement Co., 748 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.—makers of LePage's Glue.

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FLEAS

-if you use PULVEX, the powder that *kills* fleas and keeps them off 14 days after a dusting. Pulvex alone contains what U. S. Bulletin 897 declares is *the only powder substance that actually kills fleas.* When Pulvex is used, fleas never revive and reinfest your pet. Harmless, even if swallowed by the animal. Non-irritating, odorless. Easy, pleasant to use.

Keep fleas off the pets your children play with and out of your home. Give your pets a flea-free, scratchless summer with Pulvex. Ask for it today. At drug stores, pet shops, 50c; or from William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., Dept. 1816, 1925 Clifton Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Earn up to $1.50 an hour in easy, pleasant work. For full details send your name and address—a penny postcard will do—to Box 1624 c/o The Saturday Evening Post, 930 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Shaves last longer with Colgate's

...because small-bubble lather softens beard at base . . . razor works closer, smoother

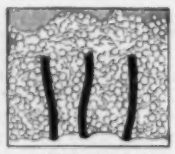
THE closer the shave, the longer it lasts. The problem then, is to get a close shave without the tenderness that too often accompanies it. Every hair in your beard must be soaked soft—to avoid tugging and pulling. Colgate's gets in its good work right at the razor-line. Its active army of tiny bubbles soaks your whiskers right down to the skin and makes your shave a closer, cooler one—gives you a longer time before you'll need to shave again.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will also send you a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect finale for every shave.

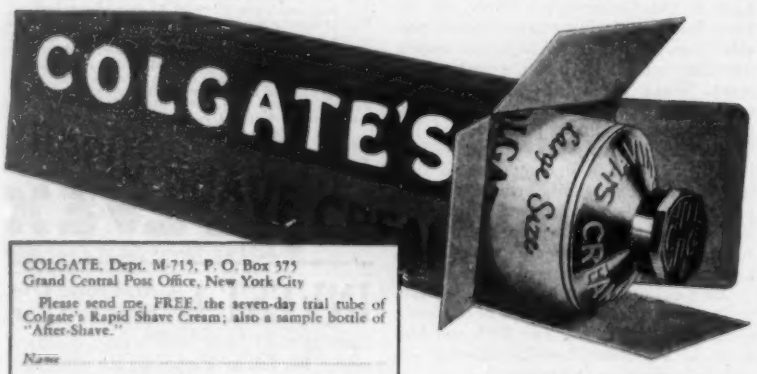
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-715, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

LEAVES FROM THE LIPTON LOGS

(Continued from Page 31)

Thereafter for the first time in my life, but by no means for the last, I stepped aboard my own special train. The conductor put chairs on the rear platform, tested the ice-water tank and saw that the fans were in working order. The engine driver held to his promise and we swept along at a terrific rate. I felt for all the world like a governor general traveling in state. But my friend was gloomy and miserable. The thought of the hundred and fifty dollars was evidently worrying him so much that he paid little attention to the garrulous descriptions of the places we were passing provided by the talkative conductor. So far as I was concerned, these helped to enliven the journey.

As we approached Montreal the conductor suavely expressed the hope that we had enjoyed the trip.

"Splendid," said I.

"Everything to your satisfaction?" he went on.

"Magnificent!" said I.

"That's real fine," said the conductor. "Now, sir, if you please, I'll collect the hundred and fifty dollars."

"Is this Montreal we are coming to?" I asked.

"Sure thing, sir," said the conductor.

"Well," I replied, "Montreal is the place I bought our tickets for and here they are"—handing over the ordinary tickets I had bought at New York.

The conductor's face was a study. Then he commenced to laugh.

"That's a good joke," said he.

"There's no joke about it," said I. "That is, unless you have taken us to some other place than Montreal, and that would be a joke!"

"This is Montreal, and you must settle up or go with me to the manager's office," announced the conductor, now rather convinced that he was up against something unusual, not to say nasty.

So, on our arrival, to the manager's office we went. There, the conductor explained that I had ordered a special train from Rouses Point and now refused to pay for it.

"Excuse me," I said. "All that I told the station master there was that a hundred and fifty dollars was very reasonable for a special train. I paid for two tickets at New York for Montreal, and here they are! When I purchased the tickets I was told by one of your officials that there would be a stop of twenty minutes at Rouses Point. There wasn't, and the train went off without us."

An Expensive Passenger

At first the manager thought I was joking. Then I explained to him again that we had been told that we should have twenty minutes for breakfast at Rouses Point, that we only took fifteen minutes, and then found the train had gone. The porter of the sleeping car was sent for and confirmed my story. The conductor of the train had forgotten to tell the porter of the changed orders, and the porter, in his turn, had forgotten that we were at breakfast.

The manager apologized. "But," said he, "I must, of course, ask you to pay for the special train, and I will give you my word that the amount will be refunded to you."

"There's nothing in this world I'd rather do," said I. "But how can I? I've only got three dollars. You're welcome to that if you want it. Here's my ticket. If this is Montreal, why should I pay more?"

The upshot was that I was fired out of that office. I went to my friend's store, saw his cheese and caught the train back for New York that afternoon. I noticed several people in the car looking at me curiously. Presently an American salesman came up.

"Pardon me," he asked, "but are you the long fellow who rolled into Montreal this morning in such style on a special train?"

"The same fellow," I replied smilingly.

"Well, put it right there!" He extended his hand as he said the words. "You're the first man on this planet who ever got the better of the Canadian railroads! I am going to New York myself," he went on, "and you can have anything you like on the way at my expense. You're sure some guy!"

We noticed during the journey that whenever the train stopped and my new friend and I went to the refreshment rooms for something to eat or drink, we found on either side of us the conductor and the brakeman of the train, and on the salesman asking them, rather querulously, how it was that their appetites and thirsts seemed to keep pace exactly with ours, they replied:

"We have been given strict orders never to let that long fellow out of sight, as, if we did, we would find him arriving at New York in a special train without paying for it!"

More Shops to Sell More Goods

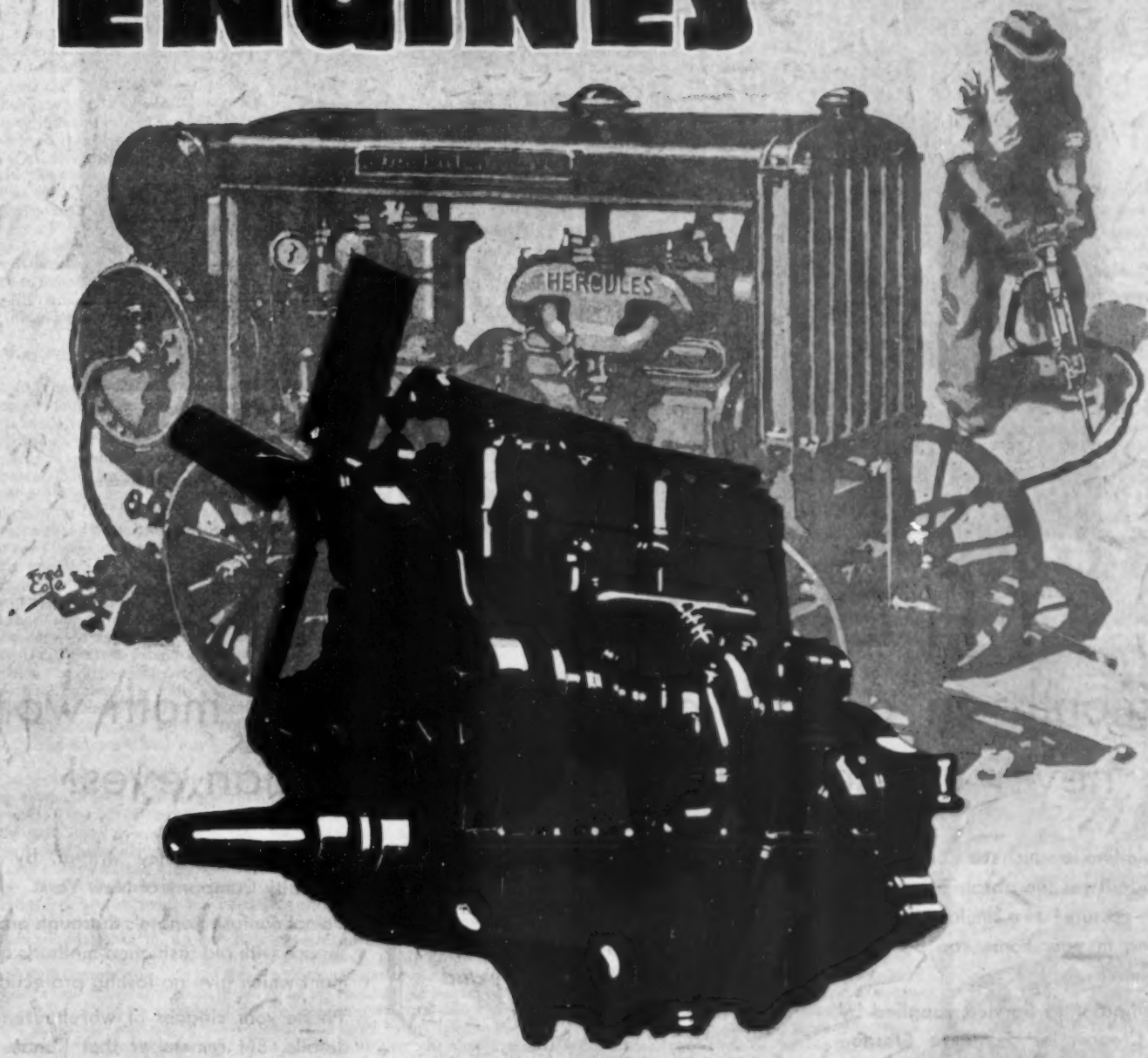
Invigorated and inspired by my holiday in America, on returning home I threw myself with greater energy than before into the still further extension of my business. Things had gone well in my absence—a fact which pleased me exceedingly, because it proved that I had been building on right lines and that my judgment of colleagues and assistants and workpeople had been justified. There is, I always think, something wrong in any business or organization which is absolutely dependent on one man, or, for that matter, on two or three men. The foundation of a business can generally be traced to the determination, the vision, the genius—call it what you will—of one man in particular, but the conduct of that business, after it has been successfully launched and its guiding principles firmly established, should not depend for its smooth running upon the personality of a single individual. The biggest and most prosperous businesses in the world are those in which the chief executive positions are held by men who have grown up with the organizations, who have been trained and confirmed in their methods and their ideals, and who themselves are capable of handling the practical details, if need be, from the bottom to the top of the outfit.

I now concentrated on the opening of many more new shops all over the kingdom. Seldom a week elapsed without a new Lipton branch opening its doors. And every one started without a penny of debt. All the profits of the business went straight back into the business. I realized that I could not have my cake and eat it. My own personal expenditures remained on a very modest scale. It is true that as I prospered it was my pride and joy to see that my mother and father had a bit more comfort, even luxury, but for myself my wants continued to be few. If I got enough to eat and a nice bed to rest in for six out of the twenty-four hours, I was well content. The game of business was always much more to me than the financial results of the game, but it would be stupid on my part to deny that the knowledge of my firm's rapid and successful expansion was at once delightful and exhilarating. Here was all the excitement, all the romance, all the encouragement and, if you insist, all the literal rewards which I required to make my strenuous life happy.

By this time—say, about the years 1884-87—I had gathered round me a thoroughly competent group of managers, buyers, cashiers and accountants, to say nothing of the rank and file. I even had my own architect and solicitor—two most valuable aides-de-camp, considering the large number of new shops I was buying or leasing and the very large amount of technical and legal details involved in the various transactions. These things I could never have

(Continued on Page 173)

HERCULES ENGINES



HERCULES ENGINES EQUIP LEADING MAKES OF AIR COMPRESSORS, HOISTS, CRANES, DREDGERS AND SHOVELS - COMBINED HARVESTERS AND TRACTORS - DRILLING RIGS AND PUMPS - LOCOMOTIVES, TRUCKS AND BUSES. MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED IMPORTANT MANUFACTURERS OF HEAVY-DUTY MACHINERY AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES HAVE STANDARDIZED ON HERCULES POWER - AND THEIR NUMBER IS CONSTANTLY GROWING.

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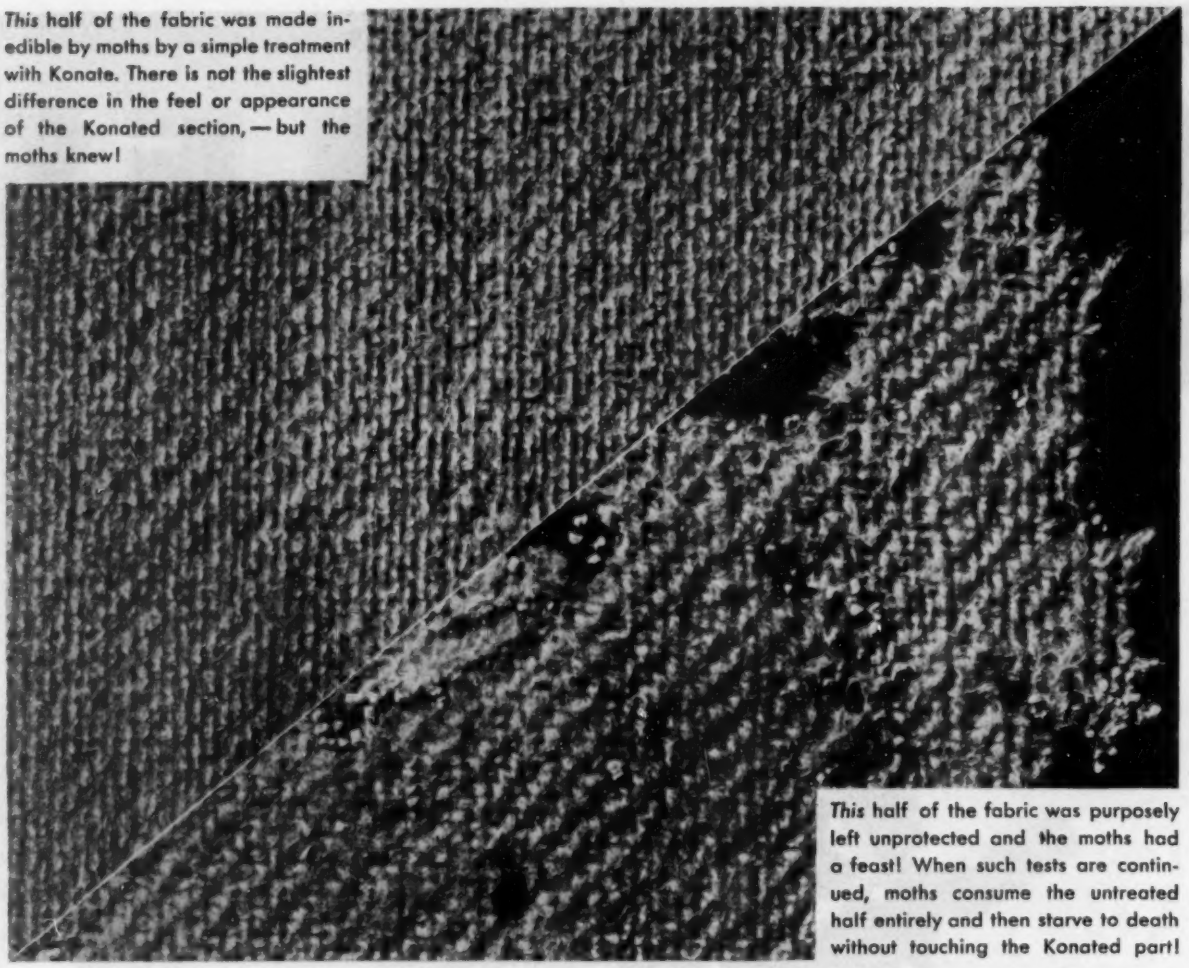

This half of the fabric was made inedible by moths by a simple treatment with Konate. There is not the slightest difference in the feel or appearance of the Konated section,—but the moths knew!

This half of the fabric was purposely left unprotected and the moths had a feast! When such tests are continued, moths consume the untreated half entirely and then starve to death without touching the Konated part!

THE DEAD LINE

Six months in a dark closet and starving moth worms never crossed a line invisible to human eyes!

That invisible line to which the Konate treatment extended was the absolute boundary of the moth-pasture! In a similar way every woolen thing in your home can be made inedible to moths.

Konate Mothproofing Service, supplied by your Dry Cleaner or Furniture Storage Warehouseman, will protect clothing, upholstery, carpets, rugs and draperies against moth damage—absolutely and completely. It will end your constant worry and the enormous amount of effort you spend in your war against moth damage.

Konate mothproofs fabrics by a treatment which renders the fabric inedible to the hungry moth worms. Your Dry Cleaner or Warehouseman will issue a Guarantee that Konated fabrics will remain inedible for three years. This Guarantee is backed by an Insurance Policy written by Lloyds Casualty Company of New York.

We offer you three years of complete protection against moth damage—three years free from the drudgery and worry of moth-fighting.

Do not confuse Konate's thorough protection service with old fashioned methods of treatment which give no lasting protection.

'Phone your cleaner or warehouseman for details. But remember that Konate Mothproofing Service is a franchise not entrusted to every cleaner or warehouseman. In case of difficulty or delay, we will supply you gladly with the name of our local Konate Distributor. He will render prompt, efficient service.

When buying furniture ask the dealer if the upholstery has been Konated.

Konate

A SERVICE FOR GUARANTEED
PROTECTION AGAINST MOTH DAMAGE

AMERICAN CYANAMID SALES COMPANY, INC., 535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 170)

carried out by myself. The architect and the solicitor and myself spent a great part of our lives in express trains careering all over the land; indeed, it became a standing joke with these two gentlemen that they seldom knew in which city of Great Britain they were going to sleep on any particular night. But I myself moved round even more. In one week, I remember, I put in a full working day at each of the following widely separated towns: Aberdeen, Glasgow, Belfast, Newcastle and Manchester, every night being passed in trains or in the bunks of cross-channel steamboats.

Looking back now and endeavoring to mark off in stages my business career, I should say that the years between 1888 and 1898 were easily the most important. For one thing, they found me definitely established in the tea trade, and, for another, these ten years saw the Lipton organization expand tremendously not only in Great Britain but in many different parts of the world.

If I had been leading quite a strenuous commercial existence before setting out to grapple with this tea problem, you may well imagine that now I was just about the most preoccupied merchant in broad Scotland. Still, the joy of the business game meant everything to me, and the bigger the task the better it pleased me. Difficulties only cropped up to be surmounted, and decisions involving big sums of money had to be taken at the gallop, so to speak.

A Tea Planter Overnight

I had been in the tea trade barely a year when an opportunity presented itself for me to go out to Ceylon—this was after the coffee-crop failure in the island. Certain London bankers, representing a group of Ceylon estates, had approached me with the object of prevailing upon me to purchase these and go in for tea planting on a large scale. I was already buying tea in stupendous quantities; why not grow a lot of the commodity myself, they urged. The idea did not displease me in the least. It coincided entirely with the rule I had laid down for abolishing, wherever possible, the middleman between the producer and the consumer. But I did not intend to buy a pig in a poke. So, instead of coming to a decision with the bankers, I secretly booked a passage to Australia on the first available liner, but got off at Colombo, Ceylon. I did not want it to be known that I was going to Ceylon.

On arriving at Colombo, I at once went upcountry to the Kandy and Matale tea districts, where I inspected the estates for sale. Although I knew as much about tea planting as Euclid knew about motoring, I liked the look of the estates. They seemed good to me. Without further consideration of the matter, I cabled off a very low offer to the London bankers, and when they replied "Can't you do better?" I knew the plantations were mine. Within a few hours I became their sole proprietor. That I was not likely to repent of my hurried bargain was made fairly clear to me no later than next morning, when another would-be buyer—one with some experience, too, of the planting business—came along and offered me ten thousand pounds' profit on my deal.

The first estates I acquired in Ceylon were known as the Downall group at Haputale, and they included the plantations known as Dambatenne, Laymostotte and Monerakande. They extended to between two and three thousand acres, but only about half the territory was under tea and coffee. The first thing I did was to arrange that all the land should be cultivated. What was the use of spending money on waste land in Ceylon? Having embarked now as a real tea planter, I rather enjoyed the sensation, so much so that a few days later I bought another estate—this one the Pooprassie plantation at Pussellawa. Before leaving the island I made arrangements for the taking over of other properties as and when they could be secured. Considering the estates I had bought and the big sum of money I left with my agent for immediate future use, I think I must have invested well over a hundred thousand pounds in Ceylon within a week or two of my arrival in that lovely and delectable island of spicy breezes.

I would not like you to imagine that in these early Ceylon transactions, and in the subsequent important developments of my Eastern interests, everything came off for me as easily as if I had been shelling peas. Far from it. A lot of hard thinking had to be done, and much hard work. Many problems had to be faced—human and economic. I had to apply myself diligently to a completely new set of facts and circumstances. "East is East and West is West," and I speedily found it out. But, East or West, common sense generally comes out on top, and my chief aim, after becoming a tea planter on a large scale, was to improve my properties and the condition of my native employes, abolish waste, introduce up-to-date methods and install modern machinery. Without doing all these things, I could see that my investments were not going to be so profitable as at first seemed likely.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Cork Packing Company, in Chicago, I must go on to explain, had only been in existence three years when it was obvious to me that it had outgrown its clothes. Even working day and night, it could not cope with the demands of my business at home. In Chicago, one day I was looking around for a new location for a larger factory, when, over the luncheon table at my hotel, I heard that good land was going a-begging at South Omaha, Nebraska, simply for want of a pork packer with enterprise enough to develop it. I had sufficient faith in the source of the information to take train next day for this, at the period, practically unexplored region. Today South Omaha is one of the most thriving centers of the pork-packing industry, but away back in the 80's it was a very small place indeed, and had a poorly developed railroad service. To tell the truth, I wasn't overimpressed with the possibilities of South Omaha after my experience of Chicago, and my first inclination was to take the earliest train back to the latter city.

An Elastic Contract

But, as it happened, two men with whom I got into touch before I could carry out my half-formed resolve prevailed upon me to sit down and discuss the situation. They were Mr. Paxton, of the Paxton Hotel, and Mr. Gallacher, a local merchant. Between them they owned a strip of land on the outskirts of Omaha, and they did their best to convince me that this land was ideal for the establishment of such a factory as I had in view. They went further than this—they actually offered to build me a large packing house free of all charge whatever, if I would agree to start operations in their town and on their land. Confronted with such a magnificent and sporting offer, I agreed to accept it on the spot. An agreement was drawn up between us forthwith, and the sole condition laid down by my friends Messrs. Paxton and Gallacher was that I should kill every day for a specified number of years. But we all forgot to specify the number of hogs to be killed a day. The killing and dressing of one hog each day would have legalized the contract so far as my side was concerned.

My new factory was duly built and put in operation, and I am proud to think that I was one of the pioneers in building up the town of South Omaha. In the work of developing the new packing house we had somewhat unusual conditions to face. An American town in the making inevitably attracts all sorts and conditions of men. The first time I visited the Lipton Packing Company's building after it had been built and was in full running order, I was quite surprised to learn that the watchmen and certain other of the employes carried firearms. Frequently tramps and rough customers would look in during the day and inquire blandly if there "was a job going." Often there was, but when there wasn't, it was no unusual thing for these gentry to pull out their guns and, in effect, proceed on the principle of "a job or your life." I have never forgotten the first peep I took into the cloakroom of my place at South Omaha. Pistols were lying about all over the place and protruded from many of the coats and jackets hanging on the hooks. It reminded me of an armory.

The task of managing hundreds of men who had such a downright way of looking after themselves would have been no light one but for the fact that I insisted upon the best and most friendly relationships existing between the proprietor and his workers. There was never the shadow of friction. The new packing house prospered exceedingly. Not only was it capable of supplying most of my British requirements but the output was so large that I began to deal with buyers in different parts of the American continent.

The American Plant Sold

Of many contracts I secured, one was for 500 tons of smoked bacon from the Alaska Commercial Company, whose headquarters were in San Francisco, and one of the conditions laid down was that it had to be packed in certain-sized crates, with rope handles attached, suitable for Klondike miners to carry with them on prospecting tours.

The requirements of the growing American section of my trade being rather different from those of my English customers, I latterly split up my Omaha output into two brands; one being sold under the name of the Lipton Packing Company, and the other under the name of the Johnstone Packing House—the "Johnstone" being taken, I may explain, from my own middle name. At one time I had a contract from the powerful firm of Armours for the supply of a thousand dressed hogs a day. Indeed, Mr. Michael Cudahy, who was then the partner of Mr. P. D. Armour, came to me himself on one of my visits to the Middle West and suggested that I might, perhaps, be willing to part with my interests in the new factory to the Armour people. At first I showed no disposition to sell, but I formed a very high opinion of Mr. Cudahy, as honest and upright a man as ever lived, and with whom I was on terms of good will ever afterwards. A few months later, however, I met his partner, Mr. Armour, and he, on his part, renewed the offer on such a handsome and generous scale that I decided to accept it. Frankly, my Omaha packing house had one disadvantage. English people have a decided liking for a leaner variety of bacon and ham than that most suited to American tastes, and the hogs reared on the rich grain lands of Nebraska were just a trifle too fat for the British trade. So, taking one consideration with another, I made a very sound deal when I sold out to Mr. Armour.

Always, I found the great P. D. a splendid man—open, frank, and generously kind in all his transactions. He had a warm-hearted smile and a fine, strong handshake, the same sort of put-it-there grip which characterized the late President Roosevelt. We completed the bargain on Independence Day.

"Of course, you will send a staff to check the stocks which Mr. Armour is taking over from me as per schedule," I said to Mr. Langdon, the head financial expert of the firm. "And there may be other details requiring some slight adjustment," I added.

"I don't think Mr. Armour will do anything of the kind, Mr. Lipton," smiled Mr. Langdon. "He trusts you implicitly. The transaction is completed."

This fine compliment from one of the great figures in American business touched me deeply. The little story is a simple one, and there may not be much to it, but it is worth telling, if only because it throws a charming sidelight upon the character of P. D. Armour.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Blackwood. The sixth will appear next week.

While visiting her daughter, a middle-aged woman slipped on a rug and fell, striking on her shoulder. X-rays showed torn ligaments — and a splintered shoulder bone. *Item from a current newspaper.*

A SLIPPING RUG CAUSED THIS —

RUG-STA would have prevented this painful injury and saved needless expense. Accident figures show that home is a dangerous place. Last year there were 24,000 fatal home accidents . . . The skidding rug is one of home's menacing hazards. Eliminate it from *your* home with RUG-STA.

ENDORSED BY RUG MAKERS

RUG-STA is a remarkable liquid that cannot harm fine rugs nor mar floors. Brushed on backs of rugs, it dries to form an invisible, slip-proof film . . . Sold by hardware, paint, and department stores. ¼ pint, 65c; ½ pint, $1; 1 pint, $1.50. Write for free booklet. Addison-Leslie Co., 19 Bolivar St., Canton, Massachusetts.

RUG-STA *for fine rugs* PREVENTS SLIPPING!

Does Personal Cleanliness Stop at the HAIRLINE with you?
To be clean, odorless, comfortable, heads need to be washed often . . . daily in warm weather. A light shampoo takes but a minute. Glo-co replaces natural oils. Brings hair under perfect control. No shine . . . no gummy feeling. Checks dandruff, too.
50c AND 75c AT ALL DRUG STORES
GLO-CO
UNSCENTED
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

ITCHING FEET AND TOES

This skin infection—known as "Athlete's Foot," "Gym Foot," also "Golfer's Itch" and ringworm—is quickly relieved by this new treatment—SOLVEX—perfected by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, recognized foot authority. At drug, shoe, dept. stores. $1.00 jar.

For booklet write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

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now a MAGNET sharpens blades!

to new and unheard of keenness . . . . . with *no work whatever* on your part!

To use the new MONROE Magnetic Sharpener, just leave your blade in it between shaves. No honing, stropping, or crank-turning — no time, no work! Yet this marvel of automatic operation will delight you no more than the uncanny *shaves* which follow.

Below, an unusual free trial offer pledges the return of more money than you send us if the MONROE Sharpener fails to meet your highest expectations. Yet, we tell you now to expect coolness and smoothness never before *mechanically possible!* . . . This is why:

Enter Magnet—Exit Strop

Every razor edge is split into hundreds of invisible, microscopic "teeth". True keenness depends entirely on their pointing in the proper direction.

Now, even your barber's soaped leather strop, employed solely for that purpose, has never put these teeth in absolutely *perfect* alignment. For even a strop is not microscopically *smooth.* But the MONROE Sharpener DOES IT! How? *By pulling the teeth FLAT against the GLASS-SMOOTH poles of its powerful MAGNET!*

That patented *magnet* revolutionizes home-shaving. It ends stinging, "pulling", dullness, and after-shaving irritation. It makes blades *last,* by improving and preserving the *maker's fine edge.* No grinding out of second-rate "home-made" edges! You start with a *new* blade, and the MONROE *keeps it better than new.*

Better Shaves

Here, at last, is a safety-blade conditioner that is an economy and much more—that saves time, temper, and faces, as well as blades and money.

Price, $2.50 in handsome brown bakelite. Guaranteed for five years. Fits new and old style, standard-size, double-edge blades. Quite new, but already sold and guaranteed by hundreds of the better department, cutlery, drug, and men's stores. If they're accessible, try your local dealer first. Otherwise, use the coupon below.

Part of a blade-edge, greatly magnified

1—After a shave. 2—After "MONROE-*ing*"

What users say

Each phrase below from a different *voluntary* letter of appreciation. Names and addresses on request.

"The Monroe Sharpener has unfailingly given me a smoother shave than I had hitherto dreamed was possible."

"Each morning, I open up the wonder-box and say to myself, 'Here's where you fall down.' But, to my absolute amazement, the d——n blade improves with each treatment."

"It wasn't so much the 52 shaves from one blade, as the *kind* of shaves that amazed me."

"After having experimented with almost every other sharpener on the market and finding them all unsatisfactory, the results I get from yours have been so satisfactory I cannot refrain from writing you."

"While formerly I was obliged to change the blades every week, I can now obtain a minimum of sixty shaves with the utmost comfort."

"Shaving is quicker and better in every way. There is that delightful sensation of smoothness without smarting which results only from a perfect blade."

"As the owner of a very stiff beard with tender skin, I have searched for years for a razor blade, or sharpener for blades, that would allow me to enjoy a clean, painless shave. You have given me the above results through my Monroe."

"I am enjoying the most wonderful shaves I have ever had. The Monroe Sharpener does its work and does it well."

"In three months, I have used only two razor blades, and never before was I able to get such satisfaction in shaving with a safety razor even when I used new blades."

TO DEALERS:

THERE will be heavy national advertising behind this sensational new gift item during the coming holiday season. Therefore, if you are not yet handling the *Monroe,* write us now.

Special Trial Offer

DEPT. D, MONROE SPECIALTY CO.
119 W. 23rd Street, New York.

Enclosed find $2.50, for which please send, postpaid, one *Monroe* Sharpener on trial. It is understood that, if I return the device within 20 days, my money will be refunded at once, and with *ten cents added to defray return postage.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

THE FUTURE OF STOCK SPECULATION

(Continued from Page 21)

commission will substitute common sense for the dictates of fancy. Nor can you teach a child to keep away from the fire by telling him to read Professor Jones' treatise on the effect of fire upon the human skin. Responsibility is taught by experience and by meeting temptation, not by coddling. As far as the prices of stocks themselves are concerned, speculation swiftly eliminates and readjusts its own excesses.

But impressive as these arguments are, the subject cannot be left here. President Hoover recently said, "I do not accept the fatalistic view that the discovery of the means to restrain destructive speculation is beyond the genius of the American people." Unfortunately, the speculator is not the only one to suffer the results of his own misdeeds. It surely is not coddling, nor does it show any lack of red blood, to try to prevent cancellation of orders, the closing of factories, unemployment and bread lines. Those who argue that speculation cannot be curbed are wonderfully persuasive, but they throw up the whole sponge in respect to economic equilibrium and stability.

Granting the futility of prohibitory laws, we still have to consider three agencies with a direct responsibility in the premise, and which are able to exert a very great influence. I refer first to the stock exchanges, and especially to the New York Stock Exchange; second to the banks, and especially to the New York banks; and third to the Federal Reserve System. First let us consider the Stock Exchange and its members.

It is perfectly clear that the direct, immediate cause of most of the losses in last autumn's crash was the inability of customers to meet margin calls as prices fell. This, of course, was not a new phenomenon in the history of stock markets, but let that pass. The outright owner lost nothing, except, temporarily, on paper, or unless he was foolish enough to sell because of the prevailing hysteria. But thousands upon thousands of margin holders lost their entire investment because they could not meet fresh calls for more margin fast enough—that is, they were wiped out.

Now, it is true that many of these persons had very large margins, as measured by previous experience. But the downward sweep was so rapid, as the avalanche of margined holdings developed, that many customers whose debt to their brokers was extremely small lost as completely as those with much smaller margins; in fact, they lost a great deal more. The important point is that customers in so many instances were not able to meet the calls which brokers had the right to make upon them.

What is a Safe Margin?

Obviously, then, the problem would not be solved by fixing a minimum margin, either by law or Stock Exchange mandate, unless it were possible to forbid all borrowing upon securities, which is, of course, utterly out of the question. Suppose the Stock Exchange should adopt a rule that no margin less than 60 per cent be accepted. In a severe panic a poor man with a margin account of 60 per cent would be far more likely to be wiped out than a man with larger resources on a 30 per cent margin, but who could promptly meet a call for the other 70 per cent.

In the same way, the amount which the broker himself should be permitted to borrow from the banks depends on many different factors. A skillful, honest broker with a small capital may be doing a safer business by far than a less able, more reckless and possibly less scrupulous broker with a very large capital. Both with the broker and the customer, so much depends upon sagacity, judgment, conservatism and ability to draw upon outside resources when the need arises. Hard and fast rules are extremely difficult to draw up.

Then, too, it is very difficult to convince individuals that they are not competent to speculate or that the capital which is convenient or customary for them to engage with is insufficient. Credit touches one's honor, and honor, in turn, is very touchy. The relation between broker and customer is personal and confidential. If that relationship is constantly being changed by demands for more margin, the customer is likely to exclaim: "Don't you like me? Isn't my money good around here any more? Send the stock to my bank and they'll take it up."

Yet it would give a wholly wrong impression to say that brokers were in no way responsible for the excesses which speculation reached. Too many of them became careless in their extension of credit, taking on almost any customer who had a little money, without much regard to that person's ultimate ability to pay or to his character, financial standing and earning capacity. It is true that failures among reputable brokers last fall were insignificant. Yet, on the whole the credit policy of brokers could not have been sound and prudent or else they would not have been obliged to sell out so many customers to protect their loans. Selling out customers wholesale is a very poor sort of business, any way you look at it.

Small-Fry Speculators

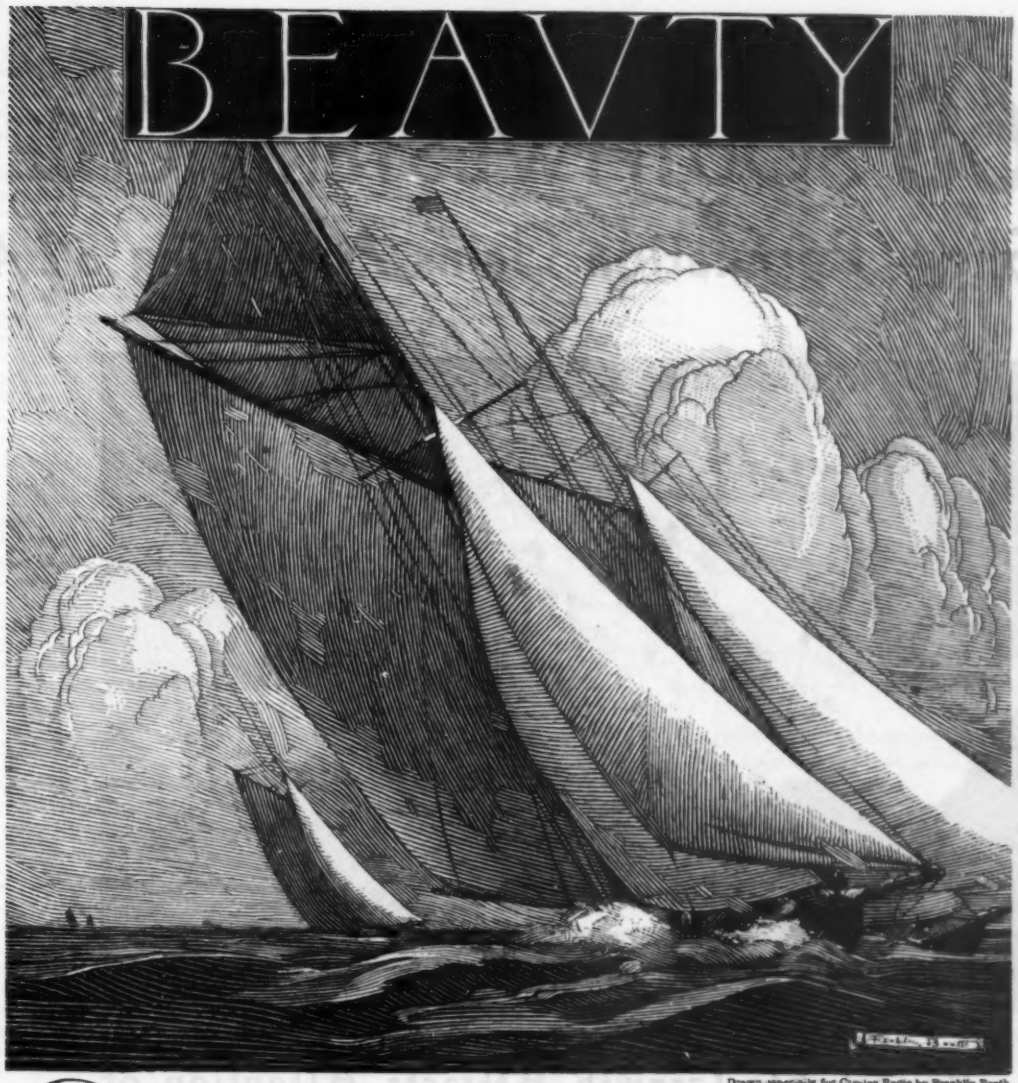
In May, 1922, I wrote an article for this magazine entitled Protecting the Small Investor, which consisted largely of an interview with the then president of the New York Stock Exchange, the late Seymour L. Cromwell. Then, as now, the country was in a period of headache following the debauch, but at least one marked difference is to be noted. At that time people were mourning not only the losses sustained from falling prices but from the failure of scores of so-called brokerage houses of the bucket-shop type which were not connected with the Stock Exchange and which the Exchange had been fighting. Mr. Cromwell told me of the evils of speculation on the part of bootblacks, chambermaids, and the like, and how the bucket shops had hired many of these people to induce their friends to speculate. He added:

"I will say that if we found a house of ours that had been responsible for a thing of that kind and had not looked carefully into the position and standing of these people, we would take most drastic action. But how to prevent them dealing in these other outside houses I do not know. There is a certain type of speculator who really prefers a bucket shop or other cheap place where he is made to feel at home and not asked embarrassing questions. Provided he has a few hundred dollars, he is accepted without question, and often feels at home much more than he would in a legitimate brokerage office where his financial credentials are more carefully looked into."

But it was this very type of speculator to whom Mr. Cromwell referred that rushed into the 1929 market in such hordes. Nor did he have to deal with a bucket shop, either. He found plenty of real brokers who were only too glad to execute his orders, who asked him no embarrassing questions, who made him feel at home and who were members of reputable stock exchanges or were connected by wire correspondents with such members in a system that had come to reach hundreds of out-of-the-way places all over the country.

It is unnecessary to be more specific than this, except to say that the whole evil reached its head in the mushroom development of an individual known as the customers' man, or business getter. As everyone knows, this is the person who deals directly with the customer and who corresponds to the salesman in other lines of

(Continued on Page 177)



Drawn especially for Crosley Radio by Franklin Booth

You're there with a CROSLEY

A truly versatile instrument that provides complete entertainment for any occasion in the modern home. Soft, crooning music from the air as a background for conversation . . . then someone says, "Let's dance!" Instantly the radio receiver is switched to the electric phonograph and the latest dance hits. The CROSLEY ARBITER livens up your parties . . . . . makes your home the center of social attraction for the youngsters and their elders. A cabinet of superlative beauty, a super-selective and sensitive radio receiving set, a power speaker of utmost tone flexibility. Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, A. C. electric, electric phonograph . . . all these are yours in the new CROSLEY ARBITER for only . . . . . $137.50 LESS TUBES

The Arbiter
Electric Phonograph and Radio Combination

Available with induction type self-starting motor at $147.50

BEAUTY . . . a spanking breeze and the long, rolling eloquence of tangy water across which white sales glide with incredible speed in a pageant of endurance. There is a cup to be won, and well to the fore this great, gleaming gull spreads her fourteen thousand feet of snowy canvas with an eagerness bespeaking her lineage. The *will to do*—the stamina, the scientific principle of every essential part, has been *built into her*. She *must* win! And *does!*

BEAUTY . . . radio, as it is, one of the most astounding inventions of an astounding age—voicing, as it does, all of the beauties and musical intricacies of the centuries—calls for beauty, as well, in physical aspect. In the new Crosley radio receivers BEAUTY has been made the keynote—they denote a new era of the truly beautiful in radio cabinet design and construction. Beauty of reception-quality is characteristic of them, too. To such painstaking design and manufacture comes, naturally, the sure reward of leadership—the cup-winning ability. There is, after all, sheer beauty—super-excellence of mechanics—superlative performance—*built into* Crosley radio. It *must* win—it *does!*

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Home of *"the Nation's Station"*—WLW
CINCINNATI

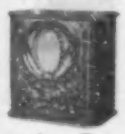
Also manufacturers of CROSLEY *Battery Radio Receiving Sets, the* CROSLEY ROAMIO *Automobile Radio Receiving Set, and the famous* AMRAD RADIO

CROSLEY RADIO

The CROSLEY NEW Companionship Series

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

The NEW Buddy



An exquisite table, mantel or clock type self-contained receiving set, with power speaker, only 15⅝" high, 15⅝" wide, and 9¾" deep, so small in size and light in weight that it is easily moved from place to place. Contains the same type receiving set as THE PAL and The MATE. Employs three *Screen Grid Tubes.* Nothing ever equalled it at so low a price . . $64.50 WITH TUBES

The Pal

A marvelously beautiful cabinet, 25⅝ inches high, suitable for use as an end, bedside or occasional table. Contains the same receiving set and power speaker as The MATE and employs the same number and type of tubes. The price is amazingly low for the quality and performance . . . . . $69.50 LESS TUBES

The Mate

A delightfully designed and executed cabinet that harmonizes with any surroundings in the home. It contains an entirely new receiving set and power speaker. Employs three type -24 *Screen Grid* tubes, one type -45, and one type -80. The unusual value of The MATE at the exceptionally low price is self-evident . . . . . $75.00 LESS TUBES

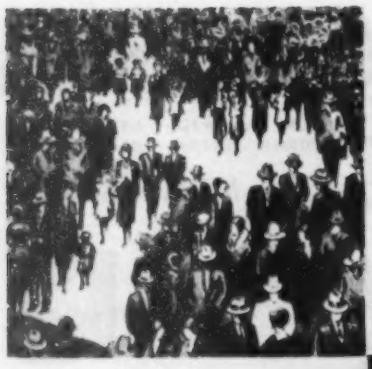
The CROSLEY NEW Leadership Series

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

The Director

A particularly beautiful cabinet containing a receiving set employing three *Screen* Grid tubes type -24, one type -27, two type -45, and one type -80. Positive automatic volume control, local-distance switch and dynamic-power speaker are features of this set. Astonishingly low in price . . . $107.50 LESS TUBES

The CROSLEY ARBITER *Electric Phonograph and Radio combination is a member of the* CROSLEY NEW *Leadership Series*



68 SOUTHWESTERN CITIES*

Show Population Gains Averaging 52.4%

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*

Growth of Southwestern Cities With 10,000 Population or More in 1930

	1930 Population	Percentage Increase 1920-1930
TEXAS		
Abilene	23,179	125.6
Amarillo	43,878	183.2
Austin	53,118	52.3
Beaumont	57,483	42.2
Big Spring	13,731	221.4
Borger	11,966	1,857.6
Brownsville	22,050	87.0
Brownwood	12,781	55.4
Cleburne	11,466	—10.6
Corpus Christi	27,789	164.1
Corsicana	15,299	34.7
Dallas (Corp. limits)	261,010	64.2
*Dallas (Metropolitan area)	319,889	74.4
Del Rio	11,676	10.3
Denison	13,851	—18.8
El Paso	101,975	31.5
Fort Worth	163,227	53.3
Galveston	52,081	17.4
Greenville	12,506	1.0
Harlingen	12,125	579.5
Houston	290,811	110.3
Laredo	32,661	43.8
Lubbock	20,612	408.8
Marshall	16,219	13.4
Palestine	11,439	4.0
Pampa	10,453	969.2
Paris	15,644	4.0
Port Arthur	49,107	120.7
San Angelo	25,304	151.7
San Antonio	254,562	57.7
San Benito	10,789	112.7
Sherman	15,636	4.1
Temple	15,333	38.9
Sweetwater	10,844	150.0
Texarkana, Tex.-Ark.	27,328	38.5
Tyler	17,115	42.0
Vernon	10,073	95.9
Waco	52,825	37.2
Wichita Falls	43,607	8.8
OKLAHOMA		
Ada	11,260	40.6
Ardmore	15,789	11.3
Bartlesville	14,749	2.3
Chickasha	14,019	37.8
Enid	26,331	58.8
Lawton	12,175	36.3
McAlester	12,078	—0.2
Muskogee	32,006	2.7
Oklahoma City	182,845	100.3
Okmulgee	18,014	3.3
Ponca City	15,833	124.5
Sapulpa	10,529	—9.5
Shawnee	23,276	51.6
Tulsa	140,531	94.9
ARKANSAS		
El Dorado	16,420	322.4
Fort Smith	31,434	8.8
Helena	16,554	81.7
Hot Springs	20,115	72.0
Jonesboro	10,315	9.9
Little Rock	81,624	25.3
North Little Rock	19,416	38.2
Pine Bluff	24,830	28.8
LOUISIANA		
Alexandria	23,010	31.4
Baton Rouge	31,465	44.5
Bogalusa	14,086	17.4
Lafayette	14,622	85.4
Lake Charles	15,753	20.5
Monroe	32,545	156.7
New Orleans	455,792	17.7
Shreveport	76,659	74.7

*Official 1930 count by the Bureau of the Census. Greater Dallas is made up of the incorporated municipalities of Dallas, Highland Park and University Park, and a number of residential and industrial districts beyond the corporate limits of these three cities. The corporate limits of Dallas proper include only 44.5 square miles, approximately half of the actual area of Greater Dallas. Because of this situation, the Bureau of the Census authorized an official census count for the Metropolitan Area, as a means of determining the true size of Dallas without regard to political boundaries. The resulting figure of 319,889 places Dallas among the first twenty-five cities of the country, a climb from forty-second place in 1920.

Remarkable Growth Attracts Attention of Sales Executives Seeking New Markets

GROWTH OF Southwestern cities has been the sensation of the 1930 census. Sixty-eight cities, of 10,000 and above, *show a combined average increase of 52.4 per cent.* Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, Fort Worth and El Paso, Texas cities ranging from 100,000 to 300,000, made an average gain of 66.7 per cent! Dallas and Fort Worth, in adjoining counties, now have a combined population, for their metropolitan areas, of *more than one-half million.*

What section can approach the record of West Texas, where ten cities of 10,000 and upward *increased an average of 188.8 per cent,* with many smaller cities showing equally remarkable growth? In the Rio Grande Valley, along the Gulf Coast, in Central and East Texas, throughout Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana, many cities far exceeded national averages. Thirty-eight Texas cities, listed in the column at the left, gained 62.3 per cent; fourteen Oklahoma cities, gained 62.8 per cent; eight Arkansas cities averaged 36.7 per cent and eight Louisiana cities, 28.7 per cent.

Startling as this record is to the Nation at large, it is not "news" to officials of more than 2,000 national concerns that now have facilities at Dallas to serve the Southwest. Year-by-year increases in sales volume have acquainted them with the tremendous development of this market.

For the executive who has not yet discovered the Southwest, a new book, "The Southwest Market," has been prepared, its 144 pages filled with valuable market data. The supply is limited, but a copy will be mailed without obligation to any executive whose organization seriously contemplates establishing a plant, a sales office or a warehouse to serve the Southwest from within. Write on your letter-head or use the coupon—all inquiries held strictly confidential.

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Please send free copy of your new book, *"The Southwest Market,"* to:

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Dallas

Southwestern Headquarters to American Business

(Continued from Page 174)

business. It is his job to produce commissions for his employer, and the more often his customers can be put in and out of the market, the better for him. Now, it is a great deal to ask of any body of men that they reduce their own volume of business and their own profits. Yet it is only fair to say that the experienced and highly realistic governing authorities of the Stock Exchange are well aware of the evils which developed in the employment and activities of customers' men, and have been seeking remedies.

At one time there were something like 5000 customers' men and women in the brokerage offices. No one can be so innocent as to suppose that these persons were selected primarily for their knowledge of stocks and bonds. It is safe to say that they were selected primarily because of their connections and the business they could bring in. Anyone who had a following of friends, no matter what line he came from, was welcome at a fat remuneration. Young men who had themselves speculated successfully threw up their jobs elsewhere to advise customers. From college athletics, the cloak-and-suit trade, society, politics, and what not, came the army of business getters, and along with them came the discretionary account in all its glory.

To his friends, the customers' man said: "I have the inside dope. You put up $1000 and I will put up something also, and we will double your money in no time." Obviously, if the Stock Exchange can enforce, not only now in dull times but when the next big boom comes along, the rule which it has adopted recently, after six months of study, to restrict the freedom of customers' men in accepting discretionary accounts, a real forward step will have been taken.

Another new regulation compels brokers to give their customers' men a preliminary training of from three to six months in the brokerage business before they are allowed to blossom forth as full-fledged, high-pressure stock boosters. Also, under the rules recently adopted, the salary of a customers' man may not be changed oftener than once in six months, and the payment to him of a bonus may be considered a violation of the rules. These rules at least furnish weapons against the extravagantly paid and irresponsible type of business getting.

When we come to the part which the banks and the Federal Reserve System might play in preventing excesses of speculation, a subject is broached which is too complicated to be more than touched upon in this article. Yet a few essential points can be stated briefly. Whether the banking system as a whole, either within or without New York City, had become too highly involved in collateral loans, without which margin trading is impossible, is such a highly debatable question that nothing is gained in discussing it.

Lenders Become Panicky

Another delicate question is whether a number of important banks, or officers in them, were not too much interested in the sale of more or less speculative securities at high prices. On the other hand, many banks took a very conservative attitude toward the extension of speculative credit, and, indeed, the New York banks, as a whole, did not expand their collateral loans to any extent in 1929.

It is apparent that the chief harm was done by loans made by others than the banks themselves. It was this additional credit which carried the market on into the danger zone. But when the crash came, the industrial corporations and other lenders than banks withdrew $1,300,000,000 of loans from the stock market within a single week, and this sum had to be replaced by the banks to prevent complete disaster. Evidently, then, however safe these call loans may be from the point of view of the lender in ordinary times, it is an unsafe practice for so many outsiders to make them. These outsiders overdo the lending, more than is true of the banks, when times are good and retire in too panicky a fashion when prices drop.

But how can loans by others be kept from mounting too high? A legal curb on the high interest rates on these bootleg loans—that is, a usury law—would not, in the opinion of bankers, have the desired effect. I do not see any reason, however, why the New York banks themselves could not limit the rapid increase in bootleg loans, if they chose to coöperate sufficiently. All loans, even by outsiders, are made through these New York banks, and though the banks hesitated in lending more of their own funds to a crazy stock market, they did not have the courage to get together and refuse to handle the funds of corporations and other outsiders.

Then, too, if it were not for the element of competition among the banks themselves, they could coöperate to cut down the lines extended to brokers who secure the bootleg loans. After all, no other country gives the margin stock buyer and his broker such free access to credit as this. In England, a customer has a line of credit according to his standing, and finds it difficult to get more, no matter how much collateral security he offers. Governor Young of the Federal Reserve Board, in a recent address to the executive committee of the American Bankers Association, spoke very frankly and to the point:

"We bankers have a responsibility beyond our own balance sheet. We must look beyond the safety of the collateral offered us for a loan to the safety of the aggregate volume of collateral that we know is being offered for loans at all banks. When we see an unhealthy development getting under way we must not only protect our own institution but must act with reference to the interests of the entire community."

Might-Have-Been Remedies

But what can the Federal Reserve System do to prevent undue speculation? It is charged with more of a public interest than either the banks or the brokers, and certainly has a very real responsibility in the premises. Paul M. Warburg, who was a member of the Federal Reserve Board from 1914 to 1918, and at one time its vice governor, reveals, in his recent book on the origin and growth of this banking system, that early in April, 1929, a definite proposal was made that the New York Clearing House Committee, acting under the auspices of the Federal Reserve System, should invite the Stock Exchange authorities to ask each member firm to reduce its borrowings "by a given small percentage of their loans." Mr. Warburg significantly adds that if this had been done "the top of the market would have been reached then and there."

Also it is highly probable that if the Federal Reserve Bank of New York had made several sharp, successive advances in the discount rate in the spring of 1929, a stop in the dangerous speculation would have been reached at once. Nor is it fair to say that both these statements represent hindsight; each was advocated at the time, although Mr. Warburg's idea was unknown beyond a very limited circle. The real trouble with both measures was not their unsoundness but their extreme unpopularity. It was feared that rate advances might hurt business, although if they had been made early in the speculative mania and quickly reduced after an orderly stock-market liquidation had been effected, the harm would probably have been shortlived.

As for a direct appeal to the Stock Exchange, there was reluctance on the part of the Federal Reserve, for fear that such a measure lay outside the lawfully prescribed functions of the system. European central banks of issue, it may be noted, have no such compunctions. Their job is to control the credit situation, and they do not feel that they can ignore the stock market in so doing.

One serious difficulty early in 1929 was that most people thought the stock market

WHAT SHOULD A POLE LOOK LIKE?

NOT so many years ago, poles were solely an engineering problem. No one gave much thought to their appearance. The poles were there for a specific purpose and they served that purpose.

But Union Metal engineers had definite ideas as to how a modern pole should look. They put these ideas to work. And so, after years of research and designing, the Fluted Steel Pole was developed.

Here was a pole made for the modern city, gauged to the tempo of 200-foot boulevards, airports and skyscrapers. A pole that did its work surely but unobtrusively.

So well is this pole designed that it blends into the background of city streets—becomes a part of the city plan.

As for strength, Union Metal Heavy Duty Poles often replace two old-style poles. They support trolley-span wires, street lighting units, distribution lines and other electrical equipment. One type of pole carries all services.

Many of the largest utilities in the country have installed these distinctive poles, for they realize that by so doing they are contributing to the City Beautiful movement. Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Los Angeles and Topeka are typical of the larger cities which are benefiting from this type of pole.

Each installation means a better looking street, an uncluttered curb. To the utilities it means economical lines, uninterrupted service and the building of permanent good will.

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SALES OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Boston
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Krack-proof Krystal.
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BLOW HOT BLOW COLD
Tip-Top Watches defy heat and cold, old enemies of timekeeping accuracy.
Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, compensated for temperature changes, silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and other refinements, $1.50. Radium dial, $2.25
Tip-Top Quintet, compensated for temperature changes, silver face, full chromium-plated case, raised numerals, and Krack-proof Krystal, $2. Radium dial, $2.50

In these days of "most-for-your-money" buying, you'll find no finer value than the new Tip-Top Jr. wrist-watch. For just a five-dollar bill you get features, refinements and dependability formerly found only in high-priced watches. Very important: Tip-Top Jr. defies heat and cold, old enemies of timekeeping accuracy, because it is compensated for temperature changes as expensive watches are. Beautiful, too: raised numerals on silver dial; chromium-plated case and metal-mesh strap; smart, small, thin size; exclusive-style strap-at-an-angle; artistic hands. With leather strap, $4.50. And Tip-Top pocket watches are extraordinary values too—compensated for temperature changes and possessing all-star features at prices as low as $1.50. Ask for Tip-Top at your dealer's.

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would cure itself. Really drastic action by the Federal Reserve would have brought forth a storm of protest from those who were profiting, directly or indirectly, from stock speculation. But looking to the future, it is plain that no matter how unpleasant the duty may be, politically or otherwise, the Federal Reserve will have to learn how to budget credit more effectively. There is a further reason for this, not yet touched upon in this article.

Before the Federal Reserve came into being, the banks, especially in New York City, felt it their duty so to conduct their own affairs as not to endanger the financial fabric of the country. Bank reserves were small and excesses in the use of credit brought a quick correction, almost automatic in nature. But, as Governor Young says, "The feeling of responsibility on the part of the banks has relaxed as a result of confidence in the Federal Reserve's ability to stand by in the hour of need." Besides, the Federal Reserve has provided a sort of artificial elasticity to credit which did not exist before and which the speculators have been abusing. Therefore, this new banking system has a peculiar duty to budget credit if such a step proves necessary at any time.

If disastrous endings to stock-market booms are to be prevented in the future, there must be a broadened public conception of the duties of the Federal Reserve System and more public support for corrective measures when taken. Instead of ignorantly and loutishly denouncing the Federal Reserve authorities for their mild efforts to maintain business stability, the public should insist upon stronger and more clear-cut efforts in the same direction.

Upsetting Stability

Since the crash of last November the newspapers have been filled with the accounts of conferences, conventions, speeches, and the like, all devoted to the ideal of business stability. I don't suppose there is any business man who hasn't used this magic word. Yet stability was upset for a while quite largely because so many of the leaders of business themselves, as well as the small fry, were gambling. In other words, we cannot expect our coöperative and governmental agencies, like the Federal Reserve, to protect us if men in high positions are going to devote their energies to marginal operations in the stock market from time to time.

Men with ample incomes and important constructive work to do should be above such operations. There is no justification economically, not to mention the ethical aspects, for persons in high positions, whether in churches, politics or industry, to speculate on margin accounts. Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., was on very solid ground when he told the Chicago Association of Commerce last December:

"Opportunist speculation in the hope of quick profit must more and more give way to systematic planning for the assurance of permanent gain. This is equally true of individuals and business enterprises."

Gambling in High Places

No one questions the wisdom of corporation officials' becoming large owners of the stock of their own companies. The great fortunes of this country have been made by ownership in the companies which ambitious men were building up. But trading in and out, especially on margin, takes a man's mind off his work and often makes him untrue to the trust imposed in him. Frequently his idea is to unload, and thus he has a motive to mislead other stockholders. Certainly he cannot serve his fellow stockholders whole-heartedly. As an experienced Wall Street financier recently said to me, the problem is not what happens to the speculator's money but what happens to his character. The outright owner, whether insider or outsider, is not warped like the gambler; he is not subject to such temptations.

People in high places have an example to set, and the speculating insider has set a very unworthy and shortsighted example. He does not need to gamble to make a fortune, and he has plenty of other kinds of excitement. For him to talk about business stability after the crash and to bemoan falling orders resulting therefrom is bad sportsmanship. Any man who speculated recklessly in 1929, and now complains because business is not so good as it should be, has only himself to blame.

What we come to finally, then, is the attitude of the individual. I have spoken in some detail of what the brokers, the banks and the Federal Reserve can do to prevent dangerous excesses of speculation. But the future lies no less in the hands of the individual who has money to place in stocks. What is needed is more of an investment attitude toward stocks.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The seventh and last will appear in an early issue.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Office-Building Construction in Philadelphia

That Leaky Roof

How to make it thoroughly, lastingly waterproof at lowest practical cost.

HERE'S a money-saving method of repairing leaky roofs that thousands have used successfully. It adds years of life to the roof, yet it costs only a fraction of what a new roof would cost. You don't have to buy a new roof. You don't have to bother with or pay for frequent small repairs. And you save possible loss through leak damage. Simply give the roof an all-over coating of Rutland Roof Coating. It's as easy as painting.

Forms tough mineral coating

Rutland Roof Coating is made *only* of asphalt, asbestos and a slow-drying mineral oil. After application, the oil dries out and leaves on the roof a tough mineral coating of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres—thoroughly, lastingly waterproof.

Neither rain, snow, cold nor heat has any effect on Rutland. It is elastic. It adapts itself to the expansion and contraction of the roof. It thoroughly seals and waterproofs every crack and crevice. It will not crawl, sag, harden, peel or blister.

For roofs badly worn, Rutland No. 4 Paste Roof Cement should be used to fill holes, worn places, around flashings and ventilators, gutters, etc., before applying Rutland Roof Coating.

Let Rutland Roof Coating save money for you. Use on any roof except wood shingles. Ask for Rutland at your paint or hardware store. It comes in two colors—black and red, in one and 5 gallon cans, as well as in 25 and 50 gallon drums. Rutland No. 4 Paste Roof Cement, black and red, in 5 and 10 pound cans. If you cannot find it locally, write us direct. Send coupon for free leaflet, "Watch Your Overhead". Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont.

EASY TO USE

Can you wield a paintbrush? Then you're a master hand at applying Rutland Roof Coating. It's just like painting and just as easy.

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For the roofs of factories, apartment buildings, hotels, office buildings, public buildings, etc., Rutland Roof Coating can give the same money-saving, roof-renewing service that it has rendered in thousands of cases. Specify Rutland Roof Coating at dependable supply houses. In 25 and 50 gallon drums. Rutland No. 4 Paste Roof Cement in 225 and 450 pound steel drums.

The splendid waterproofing qualities of Rutland Roof Coating highly recommend it for many other uses. Coat outside of foundation walls below grade. Repair cracks in basement walls. Coat outside of underground tanks. Coat outside brickwork of boilers. Coat outside of silos and cisterns. Dip fence posts. Use around chimneys, drain pipes, ventilators, gutters, etc.

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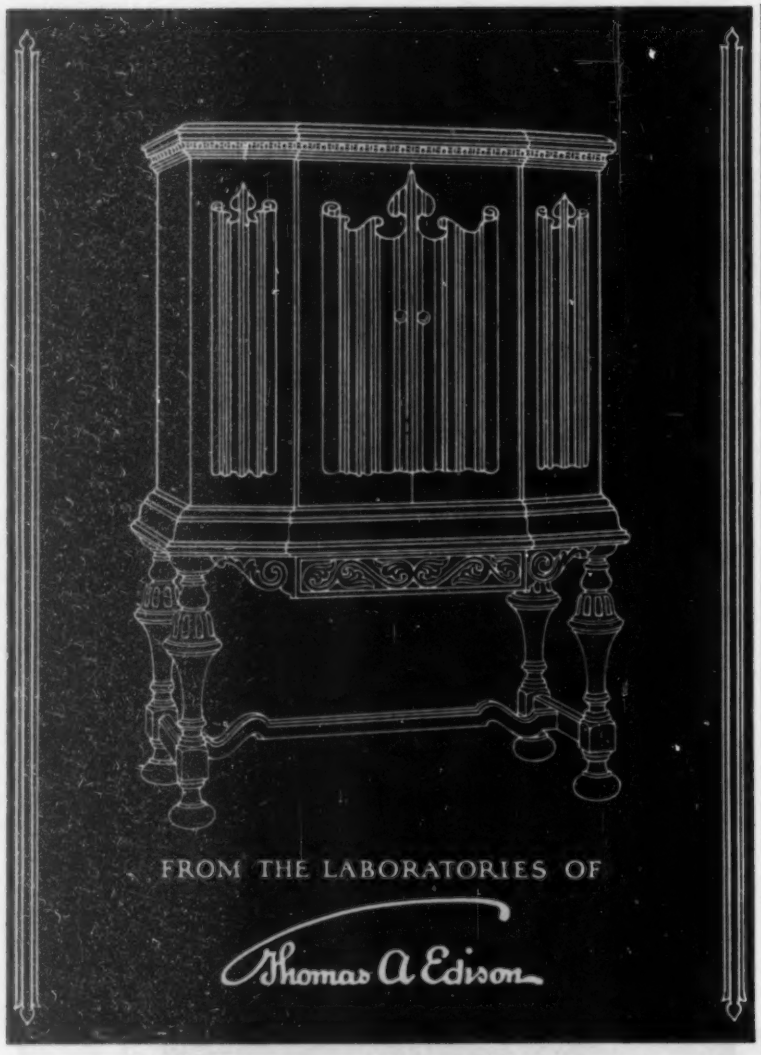

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EDISON
LIGHT-O-MATIC
RADIO

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A ROOSHAN

(Continued from Page 49)

Even as he looked, three cars halted at this gate and disgorged the admiral and his staff.

For a moment the new arrival caused much confusion among the guests. Some of them pointed to Mr. Glencannon, while others stared at the admiral and shrugged. All of them were jabbering volubly. Plainly they had not been expecting two admirals.

The doughty Greek recognized his hat from afar, strode over and snatched it from Mr. Glencannon's head. Then he snapped his fingers thrice beneath the Scotsman's somewhat auburn nose, emitted a derisive "Bah!" and bade his henchmen summon the constabulary. When the *guardias* appeared, they found Mr. Glencannon snoring peacefully.

He was aroused by the bell in the spire of São Thiago as it boomed the twelve strokes of midnight. At first he thought he was in his room aboard the Inchcliffe Castle, but as he became fully awake he realized that he was in a prison cell. Like a flash he connected the time, the place and his five-pound bet with Mr. Montgomery. He had lost! Ah, lackaday!

His gusty sigh brought response from the adjoining dungeon. "Hello," came a vaguely familiar voice. "You're awake, are you?"

Mr. Glencannon, who was just discovering that he had a splitting headache and a thirst which had never been equaled within the history of man, was in no mood for conversation.

"Be quiet, my good mon," he said. "I dinna know ye, nor wad I care to."

"Don't know me, eh? Well, I'm Smith, the chap who footed the bills. They arrested me too."

Slowly, Mr. Glencannon began to remember the events of the day. Smith? Yes—a blond, pale-eyed, flabby person with just the trace of an accent.

"Weel," he confessed, "I can dimly recall ye, Muster Smeeth, but the reecollection is vurra unpleasant indeed. Ye ha' cost me five poonds, ye ha', so from now on we're total strangers."

"But see here," came the voice. "How about that favor I asked you yesterday—getting me aboard your ship and all?"

"Dinna disturb me," growled Mr. Glencannon. "I ha' troubles o' my own." And mumbling, "Five poonds—five poonds," he dropped off into fitful slumber.

In the morning he was routed out of bed by three policemen and brought before an official who scrutinized his papers, sputtered at him in broken English, warned him to beware the company he kept, and ordered him to go aboard his ship and stay there.

Mr. Smith was nowhere to be seen.

II

THE Inchcliffe Castle was plowing a furrow eastward through the sea. Madeira lay a night and a day behind her. On the lower platform of the engine room—a gloomy cavern, the air of which was hot and heavy with a mist of oil and filled with the clamor of machinery—Mr. Glencannon was deep in meditation. He was thinking of the five pounds which he would shortly pay over to Mr. Montgomery, and the thought was bitter indeed.

He was startled from his reverie by footsteps on the ladder, and turning, he beheld Mr. Montgomery himself—Mr. Montgomery, and yes, the pale-eyed Mr. Smith!

"Weel, I'll be domned!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon, unable to conceal his surprise.

"Oh, then you do know 'im, do you?" inquired the mate incredulously. "'E's a bleddy stowaway, 'e is, but 'e said as 'ow 'e was a friend of yours, and that you invited 'im aboard."

"Ah, noo, there must be some mistake," stammered Mr. Glencannon, shaking his head. "I dinna know yon waster from Adam."

Mr. Smith laughed unpleasantly and winked at him over the mate's shoulder. "Mistake?" he repeated. "Oh, why, Mr. Glencannon! Don't you recall telling me about your five-pound bet with this gentleman, and asking me to come and bear witness that you and I played cribbage all night in the Golden Gate Hotel?"

A great weight fell from Mr. Glencannon's spirits. "Ah, o' coorse—o' coorse!" he beamed. "I reecognize ye noo! But why did ye hide yersel', and no' come to me before we left port?"

Mr. Smith simulated embarrassment. "Well, I suppose I have made an ass of myself. But you see"—he laughed—"I'd been drinking a bit, and when the boatman put me aboard you in the darkness, I crawled under a lifeboat cover and didn't wake up till just a while ago."

"Well," said Mr. Montgomery, "it orl sounds fair fishy to me, it does. But if this cove's really a friend of yours, I'll leave it to you to fix it up with the Old Man."

"Vurra weel," said Mr. Glencannon. "Oh, and before ye go, Muster Montgomery, I'll just remind ye that ye're my debtor in the amoont o' five poonds."

"Oh, orl right, orl right!" grumbled the mate, counting out five one-pound notes. "'Ere you are, and I 'ope it burns you."

"Ah," sighed Mr. Smith, glancing after him as he departed up the ladder, "I certainly feel a whole lot easier. If I hadn't escaped from that damned jail, they'd have given me ten years in the Lisbon pen. Yes"—he smiled sourly—"yes, and what's more, if I hadn't blackmailed you just now, I'd have been sent back there from the next port. I say, come to think of it, you're a pretty nasty specimen, aren't you?"

Mr. Glencannon winced. "Hold yere tongue, Muster Smeeth—hold yere tongue," he threatened. "Remeember ye're in my engine room, where I have a pairfect right to clout ye."

"Oh, go and take a good whistle for yourself!" replied Mr. Smith with irritating nonchalance. "I have half a mind to tell that mate about your being in jail anyway."

Mr. Glencannon leaned back against the platform hand rail and by dint of considerable effort arranged his face into a smile. "Ah, come, come, Muster Smeeth," he wheedled; "can ye no' tak' a jest?"

"Well, it all depends," said Mr. Smith. "And you know what it depends on. So just run along like a good fellow and fix things with the captain. I don't intend to work my passage, mind. I'm your guest this trip, and I don't want you to forget it."

To Mr. Glencannon, the days that ensued were most unpleasant. Never for an instant did Mr. Smith permit him to forget the sordid pact between them. At meals, the passenger delivered tedious harangues on his pet subject of internationalism, and once Captain Ball was forced to call him to account for talking to members of the crew in a manner subversive to discipline. Mr. Montgomery was of the opinion that Smith was an escaped lunatic or a dangerous criminal, either status, according to his theory, fully explaining Mr. Glencannon's friendship for him. But young Mr. Levy, the wireless operator, had other ideas.

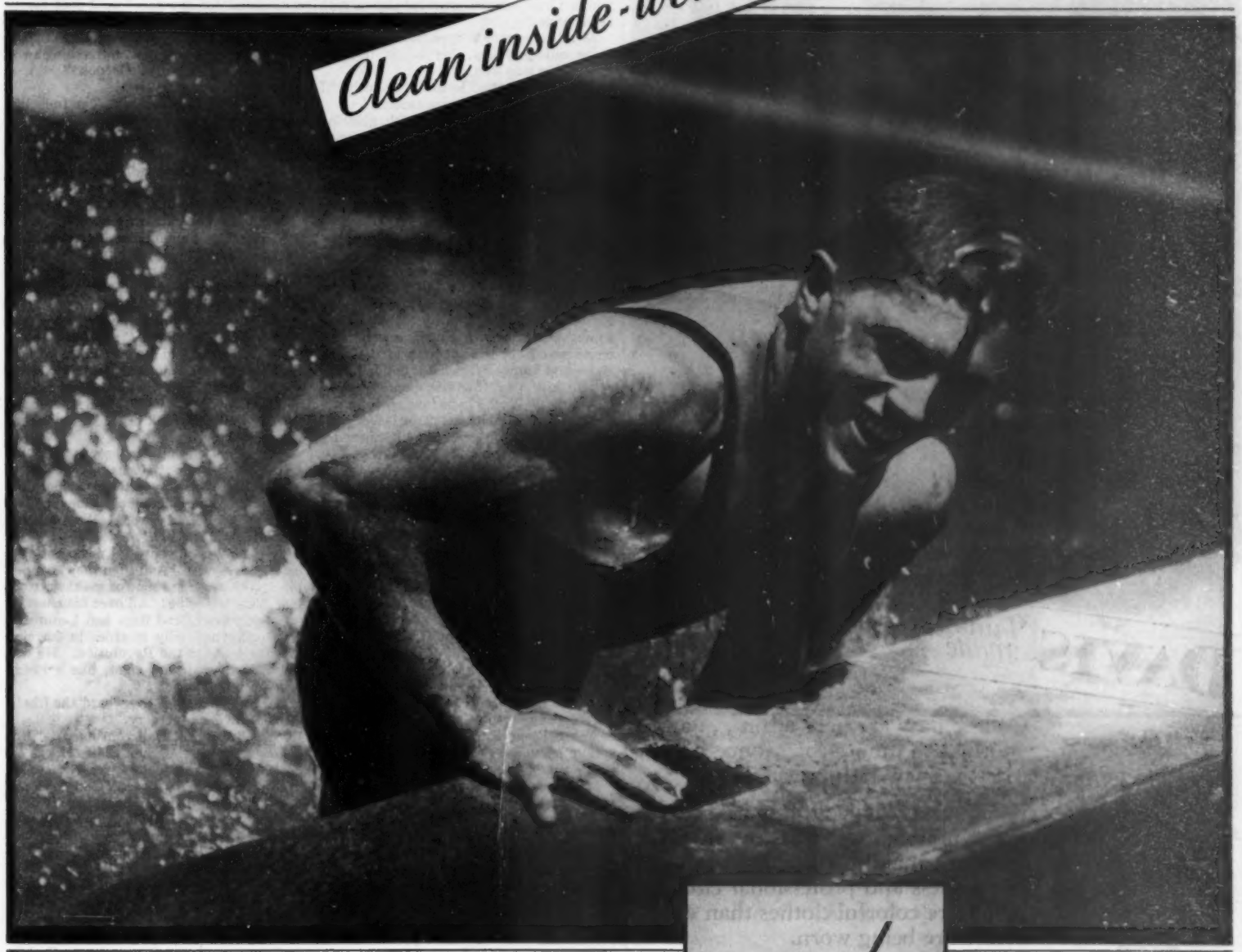
"I've seen that bloke before, I 'ave," he declared. "I can't plyce 'im to be sure, but I think 'e was standing on a soap box at 'Yde Park Corner, myking speeches about the coal strike."

"That's reedeeculous, Muster Levy!" said Mr. Glencannon. "Muster Smeeth has been known to me for years." But just the same, he was bitterly disappointed when the mysterious passenger did not disembark at Gibraltar.

"I've got my own private reasons for steering clear of a British crown colony," said Mr. Smith. "Genoa's good enough for me, as long as you're buying my ticket."

(Continued on Page 182)

Clean inside - well outside!



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and he looks it ★

"FAT chance I'd have of clipping a tenth off the record, if I had to take medicine to keep in shape! Not me. The trainer put me wise to the natural way, and do I feel better? Boy, it's like comparing an Australian crawl to a breast stroke!"

How do the professional athletes keep well? If *they* need help in one vital essential for health, how much more so do the rest of us!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

Nujol

health

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy the happiness of "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

You may not be able to swan dive, but you can swim through life with a smile if you feel well. Why don't you *try* Nujol, and begin today?

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College days are here again . . . and youth, a million strong, once more is setting new fashion standards.

For campus, club and sports wear, smart new fabrics, weaves and patterns are making their appearance. In business and professional circles, too, more colorful clothes than ever before are being worn.

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Let the local Davis man show you this notable assortment in the convenience of your home or office. Write for his name, and your copy of our new, correct attire booklet, "The Fall Parade of 1930."

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The P. H. DAVIS TAILORING CO.
Tailorcrest Cincinnati, O.
PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES IN 3000 CITIES AND TOWNS

(Continued from Page 180)

"Stay with us till Geenoa then," Mr. Glencannon acquiesced. "But I'd like to ask ye to explain what ye mean about my buying yere teecket."

"I mean that you'll pay my passage out of those five pounds, you Scotch swindler!" snapped Mr. Smith. "If it comes to less, you can buy yourself some rat poison with the change."

Mr. Glencannon's eyes narrowed, and, quite automatically, his hands doubled themselves into fists.

"Muster Smeeth," he said ominously, "I warn ye to be vurra, vurra careful."

"Same to you!" sneered Smith, glancing toward the bridge and Mr. Montgomery.

III

LATE one night the Inchcliffe Castle steamed slowly between the granite walls of Genoa harbor and let go anchor in the sheltered inner basin. The lights of the city danced in endless ranks upon the water, and on the hill the Albergo Miramare glowed like a giant liner passing at sea.

Mr. Glencannon, coming up from the engine room, stood viewing the scene and wiping his face with cotton waste. Mr. Smith slid from the shadows of the deck house and lounged familiarly beside him.

"Oh, so it's you," Mr. Glencannon greeted him coldly. "Weel, I hope that as soon as we dock tomorrow I'll be seeing the last o' ye!"

"You will if you give me a little friendly coöperation," promised Mr. Smith. "Of course I can't set foot ashore without papers, unless they think I'm an officer of the ship. But you won't mind lending me a uniform jacket and cap, will you?"

"It's against my preenciples to lend things," said Mr. Glencannon. "And anyway, I've a mind to toss ye overboard."

Mr. Smith laughed a nasty laugh. "Better not do anything hasty, comrade," he warned. "Now that our—er—charming association is almost ended, it might interest you to know that I'm a rather important person in certain circles, and not the half-baked article you seem to imagine. Why, see here! Look!" He stepped into the light of a porthole and bared his breast.

"There!" he said, a strange, exultant note in his voice. "Do you know what all this means?"

Mr. Glencannon looked, and gasped in amazement. "Weel, weel, weel, I never!" he declared. "That's cairtainly vurra interesting! Do ye pop into my room a minute, Muster Smeeth, while I examine ye the closer." He opened the door and stood politely aside. As Mr. Smith stepped confidently over the sill, a horny fist caught him under the ear with a soul-satisfying smack, and his knees seemed to melt from under him.

"There, my meesteerious friend!" chuckled Mr. Glencannon, dragging the limp form to the middle of the floor. "That was one I'd been saving for ye! Noo feerst let us see what ye ha' in yere pockets. . . . H'm, three and foor mak' seven, and twa mak' nine—nine poonds and some odd sheelings. Muster Montgomery must be reimbursed, though whoosh, how the idea rankles! And noo"—he reached to the washstand for towels—"we'll just tie ye up, Muster Smeeth, and spend a pleasant hour improving ye. After that, if ye're conscious, ye'll go for a nice, refreeshing swim in yon sewery waters o' Geenoa!"

It was the following noon. The Inchcliffe Castle's officers were half through dinner when Captain Ball stormed into the saloon in his shore clothes and a towering rage.

"I say!" he demanded, scaling his bowler hat on to the locker cushions and taking his place at the head of the table. "Where in Gehenna is that blithering Scot?"

"Mr. Glencannon?" volunteered Mr. Montgomery. "Why, 'e nipped orf ashore as soon as we docked, the syme as 'e always does. 'E was acting a bit thirsty, sir, if I might s'y so."

"Well, there's something queer been going on aboard this ship," snorted Captain Ball. "They've had me over in their Dago Scotland Yard all morning, trying to crime me for smuggling in that cove Smith."

"No, you don't s'y!" said the mate. "Why, come to think of it, 'e 'asn't been around orl morning."

"Of course he hasn't; he's in jail," retorted the captain. "His name isn't Smith; it's Petroslav or Slavovitch or something. Anyway, he's a dangerous Bolshevik."

"Bolshywik? My word! Wot did you s'y to them, captain?"

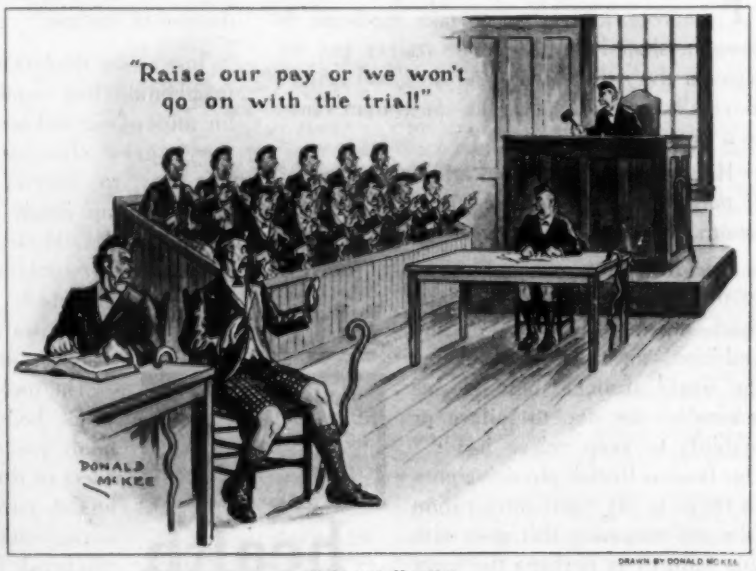
"Say? Why, I swore I'd never set eyes on him in my life. And then they stripped him to the waist and showed me the tattooing. Yes, tattooing! All over his chest, it was—pictures of red flags and Lenin and Trottersky and silly mottoes in furreign languages about the Revolution. He was literally covered with signs, like a ruddy London bus."

"Well, bly'me if I ever 'eard the like!" gasped Mr. Montgomery.

"Yes," Captain Ball continued. "But his chest wasn't the worst of it. It was his back. Across his shoulders, freshly tattooed in big black letters, it read 'God Save the King!' And a little farther down, it says, plain as day, 'Mr. N. Glencannon, Esq., is a better man than I am.'"

"It did? W'y, blarst my eyes, sir. And was there anything else?"

"Yes," said Captain Ball, lowering his voice and making sure that the mess boy was out of earshot. "Yes, Mr. Montgomery, there was. Farthest south of all there was a picture—and to tell you the truth, Mr. Mate, it was a crude but a very plain likeness of you."



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To many, these laws are little understood . . . as unknown as the mysterious cell from which life emerges. During the months of waiting, your physician should be your counsellor. Through years of study, he has become familiar with the forces in operation . . . with the mysterious succession of developments.

It is his mission to help you . . . to direct you to live in accord with the physical laws which govern both the born and unborn. He has it in his power to help you during a trying period . . . to assist you to pass on to your children a splendid heritage of health. Consult him frequently, for there is deep significance in all that manifests itself.

After the baby comes, your physician's responsibility is two-fold: mothers need expert guidance . . . and babyhood is a period of extreme delicacy, appealing helplessness, utter dependency. Be directed by the one who knows . . . by the one who devotes his life to the help of humanity . . . your physician. Conform to his suggestions.

No greater responsibility ever falls on human shoulders than to care for another human life . . . a baby. Completely helpless, it depends upon you for strong bones, good teeth, a sturdy constitution, and a stable nervous system. You have much of its future happiness and well being in your hands. You need the guidance of your physician.

This advertisement has been reviewed and accepted for publication by the American Medical Association and by eminent pediatricians.

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Most folks *wait too long* to change tubes. They get accustomed to the poorer reception that develops gradually as the tubes are tiring out.

When one tube finally gives out completely, they change it . . . But still their reception is feeble and lacking in tone quality—because the remaining tubes are tired, even though they haven't quit working entirely.

If you haven't changed all your tubes recently, get a complete set of Ken-Rads—the fine tubes of radio. Then your radio will have a voice that is full of life and vigor—and you'll really enjoy the many fine programs coming on the air now.

Made carefully and well—by skilled, intelligent workers—Ken-Rads are the fine tubes of radio

Ken-Rads have won their fine reputation because they are endowed with exceptional vigor and tonal qualities that last unusually long. They don't tire out so soon—because they are made so carefully and so well.

Don't deny yourself the richness of tone and the clear, powerful reception that a complete new set of these fine tubes will bring you.

You may not find Ken-Rads in the first corner store or radio shop you enter. But somewhere near you is a quality-appreciating store that has them.

You'll be well rewarded for taking an extra step, if necessary, to get Ken-Rads, the Fine Tubes of Radio.

•

THE KEN-RAD CORPORATION, *Incorporated*
Owensboro, Kentucky
A Division of Ken-Rad Tube & Lamp Corporation

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 50)

These men in the laboratory are the ones who actually find a way to cut costs so that products sell without relying altogether on salesmanship.

"One of the things we have in mind, and on which we have been working in the laboratory four years, will move immediately to market, and when we are ready we will be able on the first day to take care of 30 per cent of the total consumption in that particular commodity.

"Our theory has been to study the staples of business where there is always a demand. We would rather make the staple parts than the finished article, because the demand has already been created.

"Some of our oldest employes were responsible for our start in the direction of mechanization. Watching them do the same thing over and over again, day in and day out, prompted us to find a way to mechanize 100 per cent."

And so the visitor observes an automobile frame at ope end of the long line of mechanical operations which has been converted from a strip of steel into an automobile frame during the short space of half an hour, coming out at the rate of one frame every six seconds, passing through a series of metal arms and fingers which set 1,000,000 rivets a day.

All this is a sign of the times—the triumphs of the engineer whose scientific research is resulting not in eliminating salesmen but in making their jobs automatic too.

The Poets' Corner

Agra

THE rosy walls, unguarded, but strong as of old,
Which sheltered dynasties now dust on the air;
The Indian sunsets, lilac and green and gold;
And the little skirl of a pipe from one knows not where;

These things may fade from me if not written soon.
But the sudden gleam in a cloudy night on the dome
Of the Taj Mahal beneath a ray of the moon,
Like a pearl held up for a moment clear of its home

By a dying diver, to sink again in the deep;
And the mosque unseen coming suddenly into sight,
And smiling once and going back to its sleep;
These must remain with me while my eyes have light. —*Lord Dunsany.*

Autumn

AUTUMN comes dancing with cymbal and drum
(Sodden and tearful, dreary and glum).

Singing a song that is merry and gay.
(That's twenty times I have sneezed just today.)

Beautiful, bountiful, gracious and kind.
(I'll get my death if I sit in this wind.)

Autumn comes garlanded, offering flowers.
(It has been raining the past twenty hours.)

Bringing delight to the old and the young.
(I could be happy while seeing her hung.)

Beautiful autumn, your praises I croon.
(Hurry the quinine, and get me a spoon.)
—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

Changeling

Contemporary Portrait

WHEN first I knew him, beauty was enough;
Along his loom life gave the shining stuff
That he wove into music; with deft care
He fetched new wonder from earth, sea and air,
From plains, from mountains and the towns of men;
Till echoing hearts returned the words again.
The world had been worse for those songs, unsung.
They held a soul that was forever young.

I missed him then a space, yet waited, sure
That he'd but left to cherish and secure
Some orb of grander passion, greater song,
Fruit of full noonday when his sun grew strong!

But when I found him next a change had come;
He beat harsh monotones upon a drum;
A thing had seized him, bitter and intense;
He raged, all theory and violence!
He'd found a way to set the whole world right,
And everything was either black or white;
There fell no shade between; the certain scale
Sank; 'twas his truth, or nothing, must prevail.

If you chose entrance at another gate
He rose against you with a cry of hate.
His ultimate persuasion was a blow—
He said his love for mankind made it so!
—*Harry Kemp.*

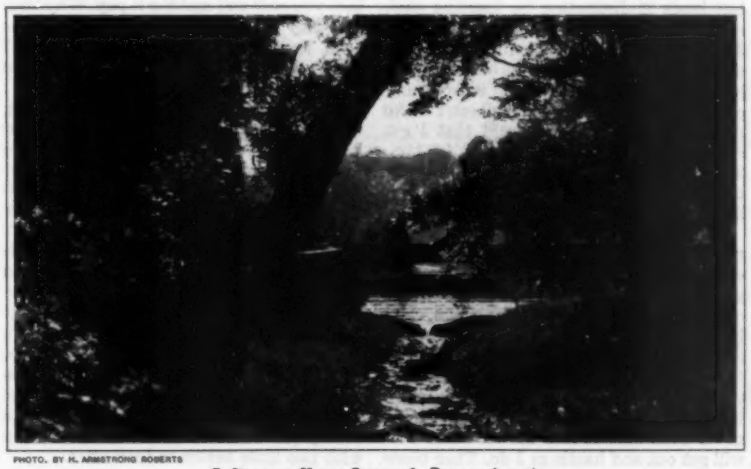


PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

A Stream Near Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

THE constantly increasing use of electrical equipment in modern buildings demands unusual flexibility in electric wiring systems.

BULL DOG CENTROLS (Electric Panelboards) provide for any increase or change of circuits by merely adding or changing *SAFtoFUSE* units.

Greater safety and higher quality are insured without cost penalty. *Complete data on request.*

Lighting and Power CENTROLS (Panelboards)
SWITCHBOARDS
AMP SYSTEMS of Distribution
SAFETY SWITCHES
FUSENTERS
Pro-DUCT, Bus-DUCT Trol-e-DUCT

BULL DOG ELECTRIC PRODUCTS COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN · Offices and Stocks in Principal Cities

BULL DOG ELECTRIC CONTROLS

OVER 25 YEARS OF RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

FRIENDLY FIVE Shoes

© 1930, J.S.Co.

The SARATOGA
Black No. 166
Genuine Calfskin
Combination Last

A new pair of Friendly Five Shoes is sold *every five and one-half seconds of every business day.* Tremendous, isn't it? But there is a reason. Well dressed men, in swelling numbers, are finding in Friendly Fives at five dollars a pair, all of the desirable points expected in footwear of much higher price. There is a dealer near you. See him.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, *MANUFACTURERS*, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

MOST STYLES AAA TO E

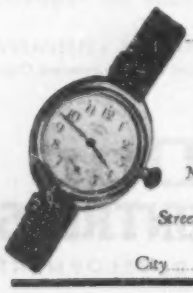
Girls! *Use Your Spare Time*

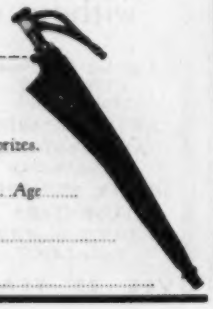
EARN MONEY!

Wouldn't you like to know why Eleanor Hill looks so happy? Well, here it is! She's happy because she earns dollars of her own to spend as she wishes. And she earns them in the moments after school, too. . . . Marianna McGinty, another schoolgirl, earns for outdoor equipment; Nancy K. Brown has earned $7.00 in one day. It will be just as easy for you to earn with our pleasant subscription plan.

WIN PRIZES!

Wouldn't you like to earn fascinating prizes along with the money? A gay silk umbrella . . . a snappy sports watch on a leather strap are but two of the many you can choose from. You'll win honor awards, too, and wear a lovely blue-and-gold honor pin. All the information about our earning plan will be hustled to you as soon as we receive the coupon below. No expense to you; no obligations.





The Curtis Publishing Company
929 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how to earn money and prizes.

Name ..... Age .....
(Please print name and address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Getting On in the World

First, Get a New Idea

NEARLY all my friends tried to discourage me when I opened my own shop some eight years ago. I admit I was taking a long shot and that no one had previously made a success of the printing business on the basis upon which I planned to operate. But I was born with a sort of hard-headed Dutch obstinacy.

I had learned, in my more than twenty years of actual work in every department of various printing offices, that too elaborate service departments frequently slowed up the job and added to the cost. Again and again I came in contact with customers who wanted small jobs done in a hurry, requiring no elaborate planning or layout, to whom low cost and high speed were the all-important considerations. My brilliant idea was to the general effect that there was enough of this small-time stuff lying around for one man to make a good living, and something over, in doing it in the way it was wanted, eliminating fuss and feathers and putting in a lot of the personal touch. I believed that, in catering to this class of trade, I should conflict very little with my previous employers. Generally speaking, their profit on these small rush jobs was negligible.

I figured I would be my own salesman, my own estimating department, my own shop foreman, my own accounting and billing force. In the well-equipped shop the routine of passing a job through the departments usually takes all of two days—fair enough in the case of a catalogue or book which requires a week or two for production, but a source of much annoyance to the man who wants a few hundred or a few thousand simple folders run through the mill in a hurry. These fellows give us the copy at ten A.M. and want the stuff in the mail by three P.M.—day before yesterday, if possible. My plan of battle was to comb the business district for jobs of this caliber, and when one was landed I could take it right down to the shop and put it into production, then deliver it and get my money.

A One-Man Business

By some sort of miraculous financing I got hold of the remnants of a shop, with one peripatetic journeyman thrown in. The whole layout was nicely balanced by a mortgage a little more impressive than the equipment itself. The first day out I landed three jobs and had them all out and paid for before one of my more elaborately organized competitors could have furnished an estimate. By the end of the first week I was able to meet the payroll, had forty or fifty dollars left over for myself, had dug up one steady customer. This was Joe, the Greek restaurant keeper in our block, and he has since proved to be a mighty good source of business. He runs a place very much like the ordinary ham and beanery, but lends it distinction by handing each customer a clean and freshly printed menu. Joe says this makes all the difference in the world—is willing to take time out to explain how much different his place is from any other in our end of town. It doesn't make much difference to me, except that I get six jobs a week doing these menus for him. Sometimes he does not get his copy to me until ten A.M., but I always have the finished menus to him by eleven-thirty.

Of course a personalized business like mine can't grow very big. I have tried several times to take the first steps in a program of expansion, but in each case speed of operation has been cut down and costs increased by the necessity of departmentalizing, accounting or cost keeping. I have tried hiring salesmen. Maybe I'm not patient enough, but this has cost me more than it has gained. In the first place, I have never been able to find the salesman who will get out and hustle as I do. Then there is a tremendous loss of definiteness in any sort of dealings through an intermediary—which, in the last analysis, is all that a salesman can be. Finally, they are always pestering me for drawing accounts, but I'm not on any drawing account myself and I can't for the life of me see why they should be.

My final conclusion about salesmen is that they are a very necessary part of businesses organized differently than mine. I started out to give a personalized printing service. I can't make it go by methods which are suitable to an entirely different type of institution. Unless I want to start all over again on another basis, there is a critical size above which I would best not attempt to build, and that size is just about what I can carry in my head and in my coat pocket.

The Formula That Works

To be sure, I am doing a very nice volume of business. My profits last year were a little more than twelve thousand dollars. The shop today is much more pretentious than it was eight years ago, the mortgage is paid and the equipment is all new and up to date. I can tackle some pretty high-class booklet work, in colors and on expensive parchments, doing all the work on my own stones and presses. Still I do not dare reach out too far for fear of destroying the very thing upon which the whole structure was founded.

And the thing about it all which makes me wonder is why so many of my friends—all of them at the heads of their own profitable enterprises—urged me so strongly against taking the first venturesome steps into a business of my own. For, in my observation, every business man who has made a go of it has done fundamentally the same thing. He has built something which, to him at least, seems to be new and different and tremendously important and very much needed by those whom he serves. I have never known a really successful man who was not all stirred up over the fact that his place is something wholly unique. Nor have I met with one who has not met with discouragements and troubles enough to break an ordinary heart—trouble which has been overcome, in every case, by bull-headed obstinacy and a terrific willingness to get out and hustle.

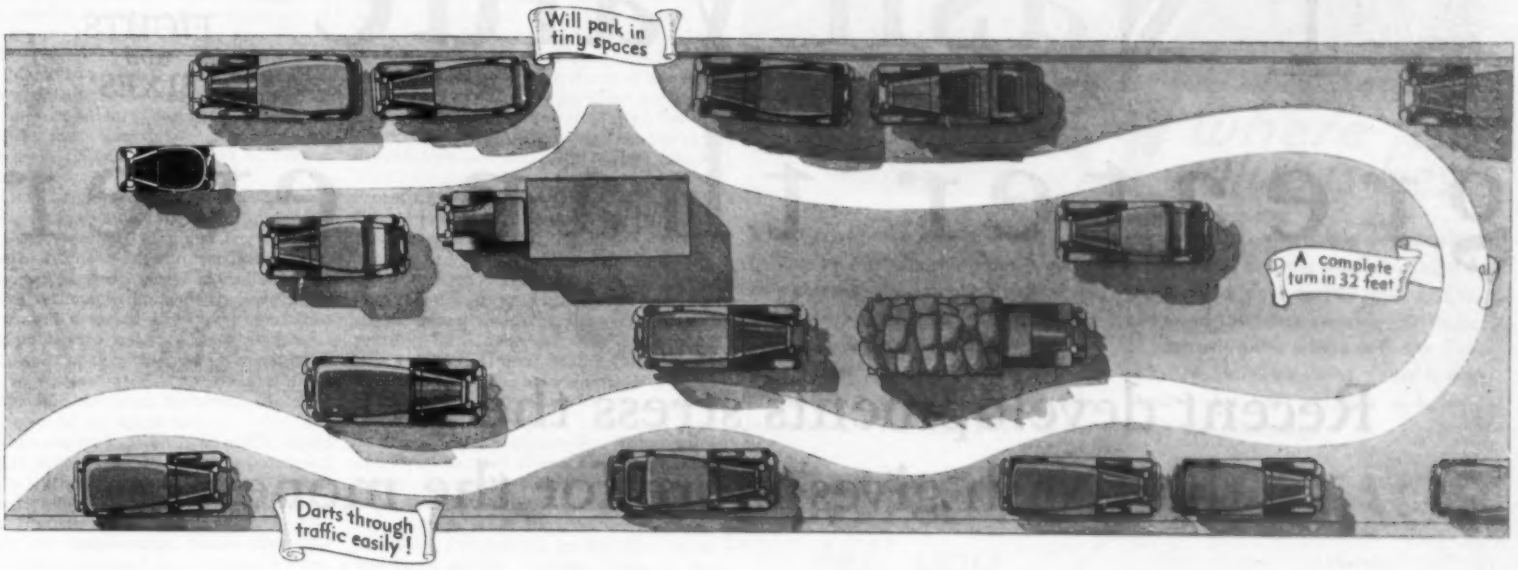
That is the formula by which business enterprises are built. First, get a new idea about something which the public wants or needs. The imitator of another man's good idea seldom succeeds—that is, unless he adds something which, at least in his own estimation, is enough improvement to get all excited about. Second, work like a dog through or over or under all sorts of discouragements.

Now these men who advised me so enthusiastically not to take the gamble for myself had done everything according to that formula. They had individually had their own big idea and were working it to a fare-you-well and making it pay. Why then did they so unanimously refuse to mine even an encouraging pat on the head? That's the question to which I have no answer.

Myself, now, I always try to give a young man sound advice when he calls for it. Just yesterday a bull-necked young Swede who has been second cook over at Joe's place for the last two years came to me to get estimates on the necessary printing for a new eating house he is planning to open. I didn't get it all, but it's a new style of place he is planning, with counters and chairs arranged differently and with the cook up in front—in the show window, in fact. That poor nut is staking all he has saved in his thirty-two years, and going into debt in the bargain, just to experiment with some weird idea about a new kind of eating house. Of course I told him what a fool he is to give up a steady job at Joe's—he's a married man with two little babies to look after.

—*As told to* GEORGE BIGGS.

Where others fear to tread

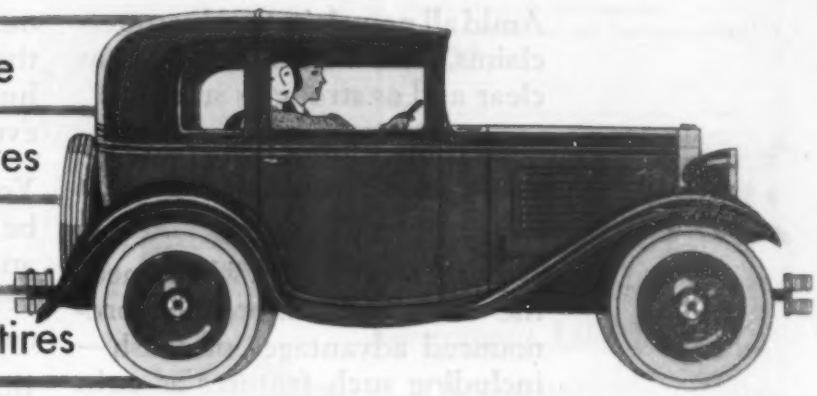


Forty miles on a gallon of gasoline

¾¢ a mile for gasoline, oil and tires

Forty miles an hour in second

20,000 to 40,000 miles on a set of tires



The traffic blockade seems to melt away before the supple swiftness of the bantam Austin. It parks in those tiny spaces where you never dared venture before. Turns completely around in a thirty-two foot street.

The bantam Austin is large enough to carry you and a companion, in comfort, anywhere... no larger... a minimum bulk of metal, rubber, gasoline, to move you smoothly through a crowded world . . . that is sensible transportation . . . bantam transportation.

It runs on pennies . . . three-quarters of a cent a mile for gas, oil and tires . . . five miles for less than four cents. To town . . . to school . . . to market . . . for less than your carfare.

Over 500 medals and cups in its eight years of intercontinental glory

It eases you over rough roads with a smoothness that will amaze you. What surprises all new Austin drivers is that bumps are absorbed immediately with none of that bouncing up-and-down-after-motion.

The Austin has been greatly honored abroad . . . over 500 cups and medals for competitive prowess. The American Austin is a mechanical duplicate of the Austin of international fame . . . with a smart, new-world body design.

Service facilities are now established all over the country.

Think of its possibilities as the second car in your family. It soon earns its cost ($445 at the factory) in large car mileage saved. Have you ridden in one yet?

THE AMERICAN *Austin*

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR COMPANY, INC., BUTLER, PA.

Nash value greater than ever

EIGHTS *and* SIXES

Recent developments stress the fact that Nash gives more for the money

Amid all new claims and counter-claims, one fact stands out as clear and as strong as sunlight.

That is the unmistakably greater value which you get when you buy a Nash.

No other car at anywhere near the Nash price affords the pronounced advantages of Nash—including such features as twin ignition, with its greater power, speed, smoothness, and saving of oil and gas.

Such a feature as twin ignition is highly important—but it is even more important as *indicative* of the superior engineering and in-built value which distinguish every Nash car.

You know Nash beauty. You may be familiar with Nash performance; Nash comfort and convenience; Nash thorough-going quality.

But until you compare what the Nash *is* and what it *does* with the *remarkably low cost at which it may be purchased today*—you cannot appreciate its *wholly unexampled value.*

Let your local Nash dealer appraise your present car—*Now*

NASH

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

(Continued from Page 60)

for recent years. Is it possible that this nation, as a whole, is not concerned in the production of a basic industry that provides nearly one-half of its foreign commerce, as well as an occupation for one-fourth of its people? Such an attitude seems to me incredibly absurd. We spend millions every year on a consular and trade organization that has for its sole purpose expansion of our export business. Are we abruptly to abandon a large portion of it? Somehow, I am unable to accept the wisdom of such a policy, unless there is no other answer for the farm question. I am not yet ready to concede that the statesmanship of this country is unequal to the task of finding an answer.

It is an axiom among politicians and psychologists that people in masses are moved by their emotions and not from reason based upon information and analysis. There is a sort of generally accepted tradition that captains of finance and industry have broad vision and accurate knowledge, and that their actions are based upon superior intelligence and not upon the same plane of emotion or instinct as the activities of their humble and unknown brethren. Which is tommyrot of the worst sort.

When one looks at business and business leaders in the mass, one must be impressed by the truth that mass psychology is just as potent in big as in little business; that the great banker or industrialist has, relatively, no longer-range vision than the small-town merchant and, beyond his immediate business and surroundings, does not think of his country and its problems in terms broader and more sweeping than his unknown neighbor.

Do you think this is inaccurate or untrue? If so, consider just two examples—both in the last ten years.

When the Great War ended we should have begun industrial as well as military demobilization, but we didn't. Leaders of business, practically without exception, had a part in the inflation of 1919 and the first months of 1920. In this period, had we been wise, we would have recognized the inevitable and begun to prepare for it. Had we done so, the disastrous effects of the greatest deflation of all history in commodity values might have been averted—at least minimized. But led by our leaders, we plunged ahead for eighteen months after the Armistice, going from one peak of inflated values to another. Business activity became more and more feverish; until the disaster of 1920–21 was the result.

Does Experience Teach?

Do we learn from experience? Not much. In 1929—only nine years after—came another crash; this time amid parrotlike phrasings from the prophets and high priests of capital in its various forms that "the greatest prosperity the world ever saw was here to stay" and would go from one new record to another, and so on. And all amid assurances from leading bankers that the stock market was only reasonably anticipating the great profits to come from new methods and better management and wide demand. And great was the fall in October, 1929, A. D. The effects are still with us, and likely to continue with us for some time in some degree. Not even the use of that well-loved phrase, "Business is fundamentally sound," can change the fact.

In dealing with the farmer as an individual, and with agriculture as a business, and with the farm as a place and manner of living, I do not want to be answered by a statement that this subject has been given consideration by the best business brains of the nation and, therefore, nothing remains to be said.

In the first place, the preponderance of the evidence is to the effect that there is no such animal and, secondly, if, after ten years of an undoubted continuous depression in our greatest and most fundamental industry, the best business brains have given the subject thought, then that thought must have been between strokes on the golf course or puffs of after-dinner cigars. Certainly there is no evidence of any general understanding of the situation by big business. There is no conception of the gravity of the agricultural problem to the nation as a whole, socially and politically, as well as financially and industrially. There is no realization that we are at a crossroad of national policies, where the choice of the road we will travel will have an effect upon our future equaled in importance only a few—a very few—times in our history. And in saying this I am not unmindful of the Business Men's Commission selected by the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Industrial Conference Board to report upon agriculture—the causes of its difficulties and the remedies. It made an exhaustive study and a good report. I have read that document. How many of the men whose money paid for the research and printing have done so? And in May of this year the United States Chamber of Commerce, moved by the cries of a small but influential portion of its membership, in its annual convention repudiated substantially all its commission had written and recommended after a most exhaustive survey. So much for the understanding or lack thereof of the great business leaders of the country. They have no more and, in all justice, I should say no less than many leaders of smaller business living in the agricultural regions. There is less excuse for the latter class, for they live in the midst of the trouble, and their business, or their bank, is directly affected. And yet, many of them, taking their cue from their big brothers, close their eyes to the whole question.

Mr. Legge Hits Back

As the result of pledges made in the 1928 campaign, Congress enacted the Farm Marketing Act and created the Farm Board. Everyone is hopeful that the operations of the board and its plans for marketing will be successful and helpful to the farmers. But the Board had only begun operations when it became the object of an assault from organized industry as represented by the United States Chamber of Commerce.

A terse and pointed statement relative to the attitude of business toward agriculture was made by Alexander Legge, Chairman of the Farm Board, in his reply to the attacks of the Chamber in the annual meeting. Mr. Legge said:

"There has been considerable evidence the past several months that entirely too many of your members were for the principle of coöperation so long as it did not work. I do not recall, in years gone by, of hearing you men making any such complaint against government aid that was extended to the manufacturing industry, to transportation and to finance. And these all played their part in adding to the disadvantages of the farmer, as did also the preferential treatment to labor through immigration restriction and other measures."

In that paragraph is the farm situation in a nutshell. Government aid has been extended to industry in every possible way. One step has been taken for agriculture. We seek parity for agriculture and industry.

Recently it was suggested by high authority that some classes of agricultural production would have to be limited to domestic requirements if any relief were to be given. Wheat was specifically named as one of these crops.

I find a general impression that wheat production in the United States has been expanded out of proportion to the growth of population and business. Such is not the case.

From 1897 to 1902, inclusive, the average production of wheat in the United States was 692,850,833 bushels a year. From 1923

Tags tell

where the value is best

It pays to know what you are buying. Denney Advertags are designed to give complete and concise particulars about the articles you are selecting—what they are made of, how they're used, their unusual features, their price, guarantee and other valuable information. The facts given on the tag will enable you to buy where value is best. You can rely on Advertagged products, for only quality merchandise can stand the frank searching analysis of comparing the article with the description, point by point. That is the reason why only reliable manufacturers use Advertags.

DENNEY ADVERTAGS tell you

For Manufacturers and Merchants Interested in Tags

DENNEY TAG CO., West Chester, Pa.

I am interested in Denney tags. Please send me further information.

Name .....

Firm .....

Address .....

Boys! Football!

Do You Want Equipment Like This?

MAN, OH MAN! With football togs like these, you can hit the line harder, and play a better game. And you'll have lots of fun earning it, too!

You can earn all this football equipment—and 300 other prizes—by serving *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to your friends and neighbors.

Spending Money Too!

You'll earn plenty of spending money with your prizes, too. Curtis boys pay their own way. And Dad and Mother will want you to start, for the business training you'll get.

Ask Dad or Mother—Then Mail This Coupon TODAY!

The Curtis Publishing Company
928 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Dear Prize Man: I'm after that football equipment. Please send me my first copies and full instructions quickly.

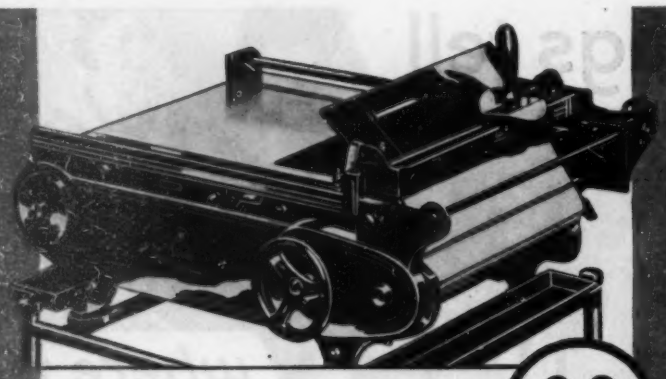
Your Name ..... *Age* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(Have one of your parents sign the following statement)
I am glad to have my boy take advantage of your business training.

(Signed) .....



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Duplicating and Billing Equipment

2253 West Harrison Street, Chicago

Will YOU Take $10.00 For a Few "Odds and Ends" Of Your Time?

JUST a few odd moments tucked away almost any time during the day. At lunch hour. While commuting. In the evening. These are the "odds and ends" of your time that can be worth real money to you.

In more than half of the towns in this country there's a live opportunity for someone to represent the subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. This offer is made only to people who want extra money. Who are willing to try the easy, dignified plan we will promptly mail. All the details are yours, cheerfully, if you will but clip and mail this coupon.

----------SCISSORS HERE----------

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
872 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me all the details of your offer. Age.....

Name..... (Please Print Name and Address)

Street..... State.....

City.....

to 1928 the production averaged 816,611,116 bushels, an increase of 17.86 per cent. But from 1897 to 1928 population increased 53.5 per cent.

It is correct to say that the wheat situation is worldwide and that we must gauge our ability to market our surplus of wheat by the requirements of the countries which produce a deficiency below their requirements.

Using the official reports of the Agricultural Department as my authority, I find that the average world production of wheat—all official figures exclude Russia and China, because of uncertain and changing conditions in those countries—for the years from 1909 to 1913, inclusive, was 3,041,000,000 bushels; for the period from 1921 to 1925, inclusive, the average production was 3,307,000,000 bushels, an increase of 8.75 per cent. Between these periods the production of wheat in many countries, including France, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania and Lithuania, actually decreased, and in most of them substantially. Africa decreased its wheat production, while Asia showed a slight increase—in other words, the area of wheat production was shifted, but the total increase as between these two periods was not great, and was, substantially, confined to the United States, Canada, Argentina and Australia. It should be added that in these years the world consumption of wheat increased because the standard of living of more people was raised to the wheat-bread level, the best staple food known.

The Individuality of the Farm

This being the case, why should the wheat farmer shrink his business 25 per cent and the United States diminish its foreign trade to that extent? It would not avail the farmer to plant cotton, or corn, or oats, or hay crops, for we have a surplus in those lines above our domestic needs which is more difficult to dispose of than wheat.

The suggestion is that the land thus released be permitted to lie idle. I cannot subscribe to that doctrine. The men who make it are thinking of agriculture in terms of factory or mill or mine production—something easily controlled. In such cases, production is limited by the simple expedient of shutting down.

This elemental premise must be understood. Agriculture is not organized like industry, and I do not believe it can be thus organized. The farm is a place of residence and a manner of living. Its turnover is once a year, not once a day or a week. The weather is all-important. When a crop is planted, no one can forecast production. The same number of planted acres may vary from 25 to 50 per cent in the harvest. Talk of controlling agricultural production as industrial output is controlled strikes me as idle chatter.

And if agriculture could and did limit its production to the domestic requirements of the United States, what then? It would have surrendered its right to equal consideration in our national economy and accepted a position definitely subordinate to the industrial life of the nation—producing only what those engaged in industry might consume. There would be fewer people on the farm and more driven to wage labor. Our foreign trade would be decreased both in exports of agricultural commodities and in imports, to that extent, and the result would be that workers released from the farm would have to produce, in order to live, those things which our agricultural exports now are traded for. The suggestion is contrary to what I conceive to be a sound national policy. We should try every other possible remedy first, and, as yet, we have tried next to nothing.

A suggestion frequently made in recent years is that agriculture must be organized on a mass-production basis so as to reduce costs. There are a number of reasons why this cannot be done. To begin with, the great bulk of farming does not lend itself to such operation. Truck gardening is still an individual operation. Most of the fruit will continue to be grown on tracts on which live single families that use seasonal help as needed. Dairy farming on a large scale is seldom encountered, and the nature of the business is such that it is most successful where a farmer and his family carry it on. To a lesser extent, the same may be said of livestock production. The great cattle ranches of the West have largely disappeared because modern development made them inefficient as compared with small units that produced both grain and livestock. Poultry raising is mainly a by-product of the farm or is carried on in small units individually operated. These things simply do not lend themselves to mass production. There is too much of individual care and attention required, too much of human sympathy and understanding needed, they demand too much of love for the work and sentiment for the animal or tree or soil and for the place of production as a home for this kind of business to be successfully conducted on a factory basis. There are exceptions, of course, but they are few.

Some kinds of farming lend themselves to large-unit methods which do reduce production costs. Wheat comes first on this brief list. Development of machinery—great gang plows, tractors, disks and combination harvesters and threshers, known as combines, are increasing the size of wheat farms and lowering costs in sections where the conditions permit such machinery to be used. Western Kansas, the Panhandle of Texas, Eastern Colorado and Montana are the places where this development is most pronounced. And even in this region some of the largest-scale experiments have not been successful. There is no virtue in size alone. But it may be said fairly that modern machinery has affected wheat production costs very substantially where it can be used, but it cannot be used to advantage on wheat fields the size of those in Pennsylvania, Ohio and the territory between these states and the section mentioned, and this territory has been producing considerable wheat. Wheat is used there more or less as a rotation crop, and will continue to be so used, even if not so profitable as in sections where lower-cost production is possible.

The Machinery Revolution

Wheat requires no cultivation. Harvesting, plowing the land and seeding the next crop is done in a period of from 75 to 100 days, and for the rest of the year there is nothing to be done on that crop itself. If machinery is used—as is almost universally the case in the main wheat-growing sections—there are no farm animals to be cared for through the winter and there is no need for anyone to remain on the farm for nine months of the year, so far as the wheat crop is concerned. That is why machinery, with a small amount of seasonal labor, is revolutionizing wheat production in regions adapted to these methods.

To a lesser extent, machinery is coming into cotton production; also in sections where it can be used. To a still lesser extent it is being used in corn production. Both corn and cotton require cultivation of the growing plant, and harvesting machinery for these crops has not been developed to any degree comparable with wheat. Even at that, the American corn farmer and the American cotton farmer, using the machinery he has, is the most efficient farmer of the world in his line of production. American corn and cotton are already being produced on a large-scale basis as compared with the rest of the world. What further can be done remains to be developed.

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The wonderful new glass for windows transmits ultra-violet sun rays. YET IT COSTS NO MORE . . . . .

HERE *is* a new glass that transmits shorter ultra-violet rays, *and it costs no more than ordinary window glass.* Besides, Lustraglass is a better glass than the window glass you have always been accustomed to, clearer, flatter, more lustrous, and almost entirely free from the greenish color common to all window glass. This "whiteness," this absence of color, alone makes Lustraglass a more beautiful, and desirable glass for windows. It transmits a substantial amount of the shorter ultra-violet sun rays of a wave length of 313 mu.*

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The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

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The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

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As previously pointed out, agriculture has not lagged behind industry in increase of production per unit of labor. That there will be further improvement in farm production is beyond doubt, but any notion that the American farmer is more inefficient in production than the American industrial worker should be dismissed.

What I have been trying to point out is that agriculture, being our largest basic industry, has fallen by the wayside through no fault of its own. It has slipped tremendously in recent years, while organized industry has gone ahead apace. The farmers do not begrudge the progress industry has made, but it is simple justice to ask that forces which have done so much for industry should be directed toward similar effort for agriculture. Farmers do not ask for money subsidies. They urge that whatever measures may be needed to improve their situation be supplied and channels of trade be extended and their interests watched over as carefully as are those of industry.

The problem of parity for agriculture with industry constitutes a challenge to American economic and political statesmanship. I do not think it is overstating the case to say that we are at a turning point of national destiny, and the course pursued will influence our national future as much as any policy adopted or rejected in our nation's history.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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